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Very Truly
Geo E Flower

LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
GEORGE EDWARD FLOWER

EDITED BY
ISAAC ERRETT

CINCINNATI
STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

1885

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PREFACE.

The Biographical and Historical Lectures which form the larger portion of this book were originally delivered from the pulpit, with a view to cultivate in the hearers, and especially in the young, a taste for reading and study. The interest they awakened, and their influence in leading many to the formation of studious habits, led to their publication in the CHRISTIAN STANDARD, the readers of which manifested a lively and constantly growing interest in the series. It was the intention of the author, in the light of this general and hearty approval, to add three lectures—one on Whitefield, one on the Wesleys, and one on Alexander Campbell, and then publish the completed series in a book; but death came before this purpose was accomplished. In response to a widely-expressed wish, it has been decided by those most directly concerned in honoring his memory and perpetuating his usefulness, to fulfill his purpose of publishing these Lectures, even though the series is incomplete, and to accompany them with a brief sketch of the life and character of their author. Being honored by his family with the task of preparing this biography, and editing these writings, I accepted it as a labor of love due to the memory of one to whom I stood for many years in

relations of intimate personal friendship, and whose character and work I greatly admired. I have discharged my trust as best I could—the thoughts and sentiments of my heart always so far exceeding the skill of my pen, that with great diffidence I submit my imperfect work to the scrutiny of the public. It has, however, the merit of sincerity and of faithful endeavor. The simplicity of taste and the severe truthfulness that belonged to the character we have attempted to draw, forbade all labored eulogy, and all exaggeration, even had I been prompted to these by the warmth of my friendship or the fervor of my admiration. The value of a biography is in its entire truthfulness. Without this, its lessons will be valueless, and may be mischievous. We have sought to make this sketch as true to life as possible, in color as well as in outline. If there are no serious blemishes or deformities in the picture, it is because they were not discoverable in the original. We are not without hope that, because of its naturalness, it will speak with power to many hearts, and lend inspiration to many lives. With this in view, we send it forth on its mission.

Our author left enough miscellaneous essays and addresses to make another volume. Of these we have only space in this volume to furnish two specimens—enough to give an idea of his style, spirit and aim in his numerous writings.

We are indebted for numerous and valuable memorabilia to Mrs. Olive Flower, now of Evansville, Ind., Alfred Flower, of Paris, Ill., and James A. Huston, of Paducah, Ky. To Mrs. Flower we are under obligations for the manuscripts and journals of her lamented husband, as well as for much other valuable information; to Alfred Flower for the journal of George Flower's travels, the valuable History of the English Settlement at Albion, Ill., and many interesting items of family history; to James A. Huston for a knowledge of many interesting particulars concerning the work of George E. Flower in Paducah, Ky. The names of others who have furnished us with information will appear in their proper places.

ISAAC ERRETT.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 25, 1884.

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LIFE OF GEORGE EDWARD FLOWER.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

Importance of the question of Ancestry—Law of heredity—Birth of George Edward Flower—His father, Alfred Flower—His mother, Elizabeth Flower—The Oranges and Luntleys—The home of the Flowers—George Flower, his Life and Character—Richard Flower—Edward Fordham Flower—Benjamin Flower—William Flower, the Martyr—The Fordhams.

We do not know that George E. Flower had any pride of ancestry. If he had, it was never manifested, either in his bearing or in his conversation. Although he might have said, with some justice, to those who indulge in that kind of boasting, "If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more," we are not aware that he ever showed even a gleam of consciousness that he was "propped by ancestry" of more than ordinary merit and distinction. Had he been interrogated at this point, he would, we judge, with Tennyson, have "smiled at the claims of long descent," and said:

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

It was N. P. Willis, we believe, who compared those whose chief distinction is found in their illus-

trious descent, to the images of stars in the waters—"deriving all their glory from their bright originals in heaven." "Do you know, sir," said a vain and blustering mediocre lawyer to a sensible and shrewd old gentleman, "Do you know, sir, that I am a direct descendant from Miles Standish?" "Is it possible?" replied the old gentleman. "*What a descent!*"

Yet the question of ancestry is not unimportant. Though, in some of its phases, its value has been absurdly exaggerated, and ridiculous as well as unrighteous assumptions of special privileges and honors have been based thereon, the common sense of mankind has yet shrewdly recognized a knowledge of one's ancestry as an essential factor in working out the problem of his character. The researches of modern science support and enforce this judgment. There is a biological law of heredity, "by which all beings endowed with life tend to repeat themselves in their descendants." Whatever may be the antiquity of the human race, it is clear that much of the "old Adam" is seen to-day in all his children, and no regenerating power has yet been sufficient to stamp it out.

Character is, in part, a heritage. It falls not within our sphere to discuss this question in its scientific or theological bearings, but simply to note the fact of heredity as necessarily entering into a just and enlightened estimate of any human character.* While it is true that the apostle Paul's boast that he was "of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews," was surrendered as worthless, so far as

*Those who are interested in this question, and yet have but limited means of investigation, will find a valuable, though brief, discussion of it in B. A. Hinsdale's "Schools and Studies," in the first Study, entitled "The Origin of Character." James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1884.

it had been supposed to warrant *any ground of boasting, or any basis of acceptance in the sight of God*, it still remains true that Paul's character can be profitably studied only in the light of his ancestry, and that, when occasion served, he was not slow to affirm that he was not only a Pharisee, but "the son of a Pharisee" (Acts xxiii. 6). When the doctrine of heredity is pushed so far as to make it all-controlling in the formation of character, and man is but the inheritor of virtuous or vicious tendencies over which he has no power, it becomes a mischievous falsehood. On the other hand, when we ignore all pre-natal influences, and entirely exclude the operation of the law of heredity, we put it out of our power to understand ourselves, or to form a true estimate of our fellows. In either case we take but a partial view of the forces that play upon the life; our premises are too narrow, and our conclusions must be false. We deem it proper, therefore, in attempting to furnish the materials for a just estimate of a life and character in some respects quite remarkable, to pay suitable attention to this question of ancestry.

GEORGE EDWARD FLOWER was born near Albion, Edwards county, Illinois, October 16, 1847. He was the son of Alfred and Elizabeth Flower—the first of six children, namely: George E., Richard C., William F., Alfred H., Benjamin, and Elizabeth. This family circle has been broken for the first time in the death of George.

His father, Alfred Flower, the eldest son of George and Eliza Julia Flower, was born near Albion, Ill., July 8, 1822, and grew up amid the rugged experiences of western pioneer life, inured to toil, fond of sports, especially of hunting, and trained to the self-reliance

and energy without which that frontier life could not have prospered. In his seventeenth year—June, 1839—he devoted his life to Christ, and became a member of the Christian Church in Albion. Seven years later—August, 1846—we find him entering the Christian ministry. On the 31st of October, 1846, he married Miss Elizabeth Orange, the eldest daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth Orange, also a native of Edwards county. For twenty-four years we find him combining the callings of farmer and preacher—the preachers in a new country having to depend largely on themselves for support. This called not only for constant activity, physical and mental, but for rigid economy and much self-denial. Only where the religious sentiment was in supreme control could such a double life of toil and care be cheerfully accepted alike by husband and wife. His life has been one of temperance, frugality, physical and mental activity, and spiritual devotion. He has ever been held in high esteem as exemplifying in his life the virtues and graces, domestic, social and civic, of the religion he teaches. His ministerial labors have been not only acceptable, but largely fruitful, alike in conversions and in the education of Christians in the lessons of righteousness and holiness. He is still active and energetic. He now resides in Paris, Illinois, and ministers acceptably to the Christian Church in that city.

Daniel and Elizabeth Orange, the parents of Mrs. Elizabeth Flower, mother of George E., were among the early emigrants from England to the English Settlement in Edwards county, Ill., in 1818. They, with their eldest son and daughter, under the ministry of Elder Elijah Goodwin, were the founders of the Church of Christ in Albion, in the summer of 1842.

We have but limited information of their family lineage and history. Daniel Orange was descended from a Huguenot family. His grandmother, when about twelve years of age, was taken away secretly from France to England by her mother, to prevent her being sent to a nunnery for life—which was one of the devices of Roman Catholic persecutors to effect the annihilation of the Huguenots. Mrs. Elizabeth Orange was a Luntley, and the Luntleys, for several generations, had been devout Baptists. She and her husband were, however, never identified with the Baptists. They joined the Christian Church in Cincinnati, under the preaching of Alexander Campbell, at the time of the Campbell and Purcell debate, in 1837, and were immersed by Elder D. S. Burnet. But the strong faith that dwelt in her ancestors dwelt also in Mrs. Flower. She yet lives, and the time has not yet come to say all that may be justly said of her lovely character. For our present purpose it will suffice to say that, according to the standards of female education then prevailing, she was liberally educated, and this education has been steadily supplemented by reading and study. A mind of superior natural endowments has been diligently cultivated; a heart naturally warm and generous has been, from girlhood, swayed by a faith of unusual strength and steadfastness; a life so surrounded as to encourage and almost compel the development of courage, patience and self denial, has been disciplined into gentleness, perseverance, and an implicit trust in God: the result is a character of rare strength and beauty. Without cant or affectation, her life is intensely religious. Her character in her own home combines motherly tenderness with gentle dignity. Her intel-

ligence, her affection, her self-control, her practical wisdom, and, above all, her ever-peaceful trust in God, have given her a peculiar sovereignty over her children, by whom she has always been greatly revered and beloved, and by none of them more devotedly than by her eldest born, George, the subject of this sketch.

We must add here, that while the home of the farmer-preacher, Alfred Flower, was, like most western pioneer homes, the abode of honest poverty, void of many of the ornaments and luxuries that adorn and enrich even the ordinary farm-house of to-day, it was, in one important particular, an exception among the western homes of that period. Richard Flower, the grandfather of Alfred—an anti-trinitarian, and for many years an intimate associate of Dr. Priestley, but a broad-minded, warm-hearted, pious man—when he came to this country from England, brought with him what was at that time a very large and costly library, largely historical, biographical and theological. It was large in its scope, for its owner, though rather unorthodox in faith, had a general intercourse with the various orthodox denominations; his home was open to ministers of all persuasions, and his reading spread over the entire field of theological literature. His library was as wide in its range as that of his own free spirit of inquiry. The principal share of the biographical, historical and theological books passed into the hands of Alfred Flower on the occasion of his marriage—so that his otherwise humble home was enriched with rare intellectual treasures, to which his children had access from their earliest years.

To go farther back, we find some remarkably strong characters among the Flowers. George Flower, the

grandfather of George E., and Richard Flower, his great-grandfather, were English gentlemen of wealth and culture, who, in consequence of political troubles in their own country, and their strong republican tendencies, were induced to leave their fine estate in Hertfordshire, England, and emigrate to Southern Illinois in 1818 and 1819—George going two years in advance to prepare the way for an English Settlement. We have now lying before us a volume of manuscript, containing George Flower's diary or journal of travel, from the time he left Liverpool, June 11, 1816, until he reached Virginia in December of that year. Landing at New York, he passed on to Philadelphia, and thence, on horseback, to Pittsburgh; from Pittsburgh, across Ohio, to Cincinnati; thence through Kentucky to Nashville, Tenn.; and through Tennessee to Virginia, where he made his home for some time with Mr. Jefferson, at Monticello. His intention was to settle in Virginia, but his abhorrence of slavery overruled this purpose. His journal reveals a man of strong affections, suffering keenly at the thought of breaking the ties that bound him to his native land, yet ruled by a high purpose to confer a lasting benefit on multitudes by opening homes for them in a new country. His notes of travel are brief, but exhibit keen business insight, quick and accurate observation of men and things, great power of endurance, and a lively interest in the growth of society under a republican government. There is not the slightest trace of egotism, and there seems to be a careful avoidance of any expression of sentiment on religious questions.

In 1882, the Chicago Historical Society printed an octavo volume of 402 pages, written by George Flower,

entitled "A History of the English Settlement in Edwards county, Illinois, founded in 1817 and 1818 by Morris Birkbeck and George Flower," which contains an abridgment of the written journal already referred to, and continues the history of the founding and growth of the English Settlement to 1860. From the Preface to that deeply interesting volume, we extract the following tribute to the character of the author, written by Dr. Barry, then librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, and published in the Chicago "Tribune" of March 22, 1862:

A great and good man has recently passed from us. English by birth, American by choice, for near half a century he has lived among us—so long that the tide of events and the rush of adventurers had buried from general notice the silver-haired veteran who once was known, esteemed and loved in both hemispheres—the honored founder of a prosperous colony, the enterprising agriculturist, the philanthropist of large and noble aims, the strong, true-hearted and upright man.

Born in Hertfordshire, England, in affluent circumstances, after gaining some distinction in his native land by continental travel for the benefit of British husbandry, he came to America in 1816 (about thirty years of age) as the associate of Morris Birkbeck in founding the English Colony at Albion, Edwards county, in Illinois.

It was no mere sordid impulse that moved either of these noble-hearted men in their scheme of colonization. Republicans from deep-seated sentiment and conviction, the Great American Republic drew them hither as to a congenial home; and here they jointly established a thrifty and successful colony, transplanting on our virgin prairies the arts and improvements of the old mother-country. The large wealth possessed by Mr. Flower gave him a commanding, a responsible, and, we may add, a laborious position in the new colony. His spacious mansion, of rare extent and furnish in a new settlement, was the scene of frank and elegant hospitality. Strangers of distinction sought it from afar. Improved husbandry, with the importation of the finest fleeces of England and Spain, followed the guiding hand of the master-mind. When the history of the Albion Colony is written, it will form the truest and best eulogium of its founders.

The calm and philosophic wisdom of Mr. Flower, united with a rare benevolence, has left bright traces upon our Western history. In the eventful strife which accompanied the daring attempt in 1823 to legalize African slavery in Illinois, no one enlisted with a truer heroism than he. We of the present day, and amidst the dire commotions of civil war, can but poorly comprehend the ferocity and the gloomy portents of that struggle. So nearly balanced were the contending parties of the State, that the vote of the English Colony, ever true to the instincts of freedom, turned the scale—a handful of sturdy Britons being the forlorn hope to stay the triumph of wrong and oppression, whose success might have sealed forever the doom of republican and constitutional liberty in America.

The failure of that nefarious plot against our young and noble State, led to an outburst of persecution and wrong against free negroes and their humane protectors, transcending even the insidious hostility of our so-called Black Laws, and Constitutional Conventions. This wanton and vindictive display of inhumanity it was, which gave birth to Mr. Flower's plan for the colonization of free negroes in Hayti, in which he had the confidence and coöperation of President Boyer, and which attracted an approving notice throughout the Free-states of the North. Although but partially successful, its necessity being from the pressure of subsequent events less urgent, its conception and management reflect the highest honor upon its author, whose name will merit a place among the benefactors of mankind.

Mr. Flower was one of that class of men whose fine insight, large views, and calm force, raised him above all claimants to popular favor. In his early maturity he numbered among his friends and correspondents such personages as our American Jefferson, Lafayette and the Comte de Lasteyrie of France, Madame O'Connor (the daughter of Condorcet) of Ireland, and Cobbett of England. By these, and such as these, his superior tone of mind and character was held in true esteem. In the depths of our yet unfurrowed prairies, and amidst the struggle and hardship of a new settlement, a mind and heart like his might fail of a just appreciation by his contemporaries. This sad realization he doubtless felt. But now that he has passed from the scenes of his voluntary exile, let it not be said that a true and gifted manhood was here, and we knew it not. There are those, now and to come, who will keep green his memory, and take pleasure in recovering the traces of a noble mind, that lived, thought and acted only for human good.

It needs to be added that George Flower's wealth was exhausted in his heroic efforts to build up this English Settlement, and his last years were spent in poverty. The following paragraph, from his own pen, closes his book of History :

The last three years of George Flower's life in Illinois were marked by pecuniary difficulties and disasters. His home, flock and farm, sold at a low price, passed to the hands of a stranger. In the year 1849, himself and wife, his two youngest sons and youngest daughter, left Illinois, never more to return as residents. They crossed the Great Wabash with household furniture and some family plate, with two dollars and fifty cents in cash, to begin the world anew in the pleasant town of New Harmony, Ind. In 1860 he is residing in the town of Mt. Vernon, on the banks of the Ohio, seventy-four years of age, possessed of a sound constitution, and in the enjoyment of good health. From deafness, much increased within the last ten years, deprived thereby of the solace of conversation, he has to draw more largely from the resources of book, pen and pencil. In poverty, but not in destitution, happy in his children, and blest in the companionship of the dear partner of his life, who has shared with him the toils, anxieties, and happy days of the past, they both enliven the last stage of life's journey by cheerful reminiscences of the past and enjoyment of the present. Accepting the prerogative accorded to age, of extracting happiness from a multitude of minor sources unheeded by youth and overlooked by middle age, they probably gather more flowers in the evening of life than they did in the noonday of existence. Resting on the shady side of the road, spectators of scenes in which they once took a part, they watch the pilgrims toiling in the path they once so zealously trod, sometimes a little weary of their journey, ready to lie down to sleep.*

In January, 1862, Mr. and Mrs. Flower, while visiting at Grayville, Ill., were both taken sick on the same day. They had often expressed the wish that they might pass away together. Mrs. Flower died at dawn, January 15; Mr. Flower in the evening twilight

* Hist. Eng. Settlement, pp. 359-60.

of the same day. They sleep in one grave at Grayville.

Richard Flower, the father of George, and the great-grandfather of George E., we have already mentioned as coming to this country, bringing with him a large and costly library. It will give an idea of his wealth when we state that he sold his dwelling and lands in Marden, near Hertford, for £23,000, or \$115,000. Though called a Unitarian, and enjoying intimate relations with the celebrated Dr. Priestley, he was rather an Arian, and accepted Unitarian theology only as less difficult than the Trinitarian. He was never fully satisfied concerning the Divinity of Christ. But he was a deeply pious man, and in England had extensive intercourse with ministers and public men of various persuasions. He sacrificed much in the struggle to abolish the slave-trade, and slavery in the West Indies. At the English Settlement he was one of the most prominent of several persons in conducting public religious services; and when he became too infirm to travel from his residence to the town, he held public religious meetings in his library every Lord's day, for his family, relatives and near neighbors. He took an active part in opposition to the introduction of slavery into Illinois, and was widely known for his princely hospitality. No better commentary on his reputation for wisdom and integrity is needed than the bare statement of the fact that when George Rapp, the head of the New Harmony settlement of German Lutherans from the kingdom of Würtemberg, thought of selling out the concern, he sought the counsel of Richard Flower, and finally commissioned him to go to Europe to offer the entire New Harmony property for sale. Mr. Flower accepted

the commission, returned to England, and effected a sale of the property to the celebrated Robert Owen, who, in 1824, purchased the Rapp village and twenty thousand acres of land for \$150,000, and established the colony of New Harmony, which became so famous as furnishing a practical test of Mr. Owen's godless social philosophy—the utter failure of which completely squelched this pretentious infidel theory of human nature and human society.

Edward Fordham Flower, brother of George, also came, when a lad, to this country, but returned to England in 1824, to be educated. He settled in England, and rose to wealth and honor. M. D. Conway, in a letter to the Cincinnati "Commercial Gazette," dated March 29, 1883, says:

He was a good speaker, full of shrewd sense, humor and tact. He was an excellent Magistrate in Warwickshire, five times Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, and, if he had not been disgusted at the amount of dirt candidates had to eat, would have sat in Parliament. . . . In the many years of his mayoralty at Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Flower and his wife entertained the most eminent Americans, and with some of them—Emerson, J. T. Fields, and others—formed intimate friendships for life. . . . If the visitor to that town now finds the relics of Shakespeare preserved, his house in perfect order, a public-spirited interest in the associations of the place prevailing, a Shakesperian library and museum, he need only inquire into the facts to learn that these things are due originally to the generosity and energy of Edward Fordham Flower and his family.

One of the special phases of this gentleman's benevolence and public spirit, was seen in his earnest, persistent and largely successful efforts to do away with the bearing-rein by which horses were so cruelly tortured. At first these efforts were met only with ridicule and insult; but he persisted until he revolu-

tionized public sentiment and concentrated a powerful opposition to this form of cruelty. We have now before us a pamphlet of fifty-five pages, written by him on this subject, abounding in facts, arguments, instruction as to the proper harnessing and managing of horses, and graphic pictorial illustrations of the cruel and needless suffering inflicted on this noble animal by the bearing-rein. The public spirit, the benevolence and generosity, the scorn of a false public sentiment, the fearless and persevering advocacy of unpopular truth, and the intellectual and moral force, which we have found in his brother George, were equally manifest in Edward, though developed in other fields, and under widely different circumstances.

Of Benjamin Flower, the uncle of George and Edward, Mr. Conway says, in the same communication :

The family stock that remained in England showed that all its vigor was not transplanted. In England, old Benjamin Flower was a resolute radical in both politics and religion. He was editor of the "Cambridge Independent," a paper which almost alone ventured to publish in full the persecutions and trials of Hone, Horne Tooke, Richard Carlile, James Watson; insomuch that the files of that paper are now of historic importance. His daughters, Sarah and Eliza, were nearly the first ladies of culture and refinement who devoted themselves to advanced ideas; Sarah (who married Mr. Adams) wrote some beautiful hymns, among others, "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" and Eliza set them to music. They were left wards of the celebrated orator, William Johnson Fox, M. P., who was the Theodore Parker of London, and Eliza was the organist in South Place Chapel, for which that famous hymn, and others now widely used, were written.

Finally, to complete our view of the Flower ancestry, we quote George Flower's own statement :

Our ancestors were men of strong and impulsive feeling. One of them, William Flower, is recorded in print and picture in "Foxe's

Book of Martyrs," folio edition. He is there represented tied to the stake; the fagots piled around him; refusing to recant; but offering his hand, which the executioner has lopped off, and is holding on a pike, as an atonement for an act which he acknowledged to be wrong—striking a priest with a wood-knife whilst officiating at the altar. My mother lived some years after my father, at Park House. She was the daughter of Edward Fordham of Kelshall, a village on the borders of Hertfordshire, near the town of Royston. Clustering around the bleak hills of that district, in the villages of Sandon, Kelshall and Therfield, the family of Fordhams have long resided. In the wars of the Protectorate, they were as numerous as they are now. With a company of some seventy or eighty men, all blood relations, and of one name, they joined Cromwell's army. Ordered to ford a river, there stationed to check the advance of the royal troops, they were all killed but one man, and he left on the field badly wounded. From this one man, the seventy-three uncles and cousins—all Fordhams—that made me a farewell visit at my house at Marden before I sailed for America, all sprang.*

It will be seen that, for many generations, the Flowers were marked by Anglo-Saxon firmness, pluck and perseverance; that they were mostly of a radical and progressive type in politics and religion, ready to become reformers, revolutionists or martyrs; that they were public-spirited, benevolent, enterprising, philanthropic; often quick-tempered and impulsive, but always conspicuous for mental and moral force. To all the solid qualities of the Flower stock were added, in George E. Flower's heritage, the vivacity and religious fervor of French Huguenot stock derived through the Oranges, and the steady faith and sturdy independence and uncompromising devotion to principle, of the Baptist Luntleys. So far as heredity contributes to the formation of character, we can see the possibility and probability of a happy combination of intellectual, moral and spiritual qualities and tendencies in the

* Hist. English Settlement, pp. 315-16.

heritage of George E. Flower. We have been at pains to gather these facts, not as furnishing any ground of boasting, but as throwing light on the character we are about to sketch.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Peculiar advantages of his child-life—Home education—His baptism—
Participation in the exercises of the prayer-meetings—Goes to the
University at Indianapolis—Home-sickness.

The child-life of George E. Flower was, in most respects, that of the average child of the western prairies in pioneer times. What was peculiar in his case may be summed up in three particulars:

I. *His heritage.*—Not that in respect of material wealth, he had any special advantage. Although his grandfather and great-grandfather were gentlemen of wealth, it was largely spent in promoting the welfare of the English Settlement at Albion, in the exercise of a princely hospitality, and in benevolent and patriotic outlays for the political, agricultural and social welfare of the young State of Illinois. Thus the large fortune which George Flower brought with him to the prairies was dissipated during the long years in which he sacrificed his private interests to those of the Settlement. As a correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune" sums it up: "Hundreds of dollars were spent for postage on letters at twelve to twenty-five cents each, replying to inquiries for the benefit of others about the chances in the new country. Subscriptions to schools, libraries, and other local institutions, absorbed large sums. For thirty years his spacious Park House was never without its visitors from every country in Europe and every State in the Union. They were made welcome if their

stay was for a week, a month, or a year. The work that did so much for others brought ruin to him who led in it." Allred Flower, therefore, did not inherit wealth from his father, and George E. was the son of poor parents, dependent on their industry for a living. But when we speak of his *heritage*, we refer to something of much higher value than lands or money. He inherited the superior treasures of intellectual and moral qualities—the mental keenness and energy, the sturdy independence, the unbending integrity, the philanthropic spirit, the deep religiousness, that belonged, as we have seen, to a refined Anglo-Saxon ancestry, increased in value by the infusion of French vivaciousness and the liberty-loving, heroic, martyr spirit that gives such luster to the name of Huguenot. If we may so express it, the spiritual endowment—the intellectual and moral capital with which our hero set up the business of life—was superior to that of most of his contemporaries.

2. *The religious atmosphere of his home.*—Homes that were religious at all, at that time, were probably more devotional in spirit than are the Christian homes of to-day. Outside attractions were fewer. The pressure of business was comparatively light; the demands of society were few; the excitements of life were less feverish; there was leisure for Bible reading and family worship; the songs of Zion were a delightful home recreation; and as religious meetings were one of the few attractions that relieved the monotony of every-day life, and religious enthusiasm was one of the very few diversions from the hum-drum toils of the farm, the religious home was quick to catch the religious fervor of revival-meetings, and repeat the new songs and inspiring prayers snatched from the pioneer preacher's lips.

Alas, that the insane greed of wealth, the intrusions of fashionable follies and vices, and the multiform extravagances of dress and equipage, of luxury and pride, should have smothered the spirit of devotion and hushed the voice of prayer and praise in so many of our professedly Christian homes!

But the home into which George E. was born was religious beyond most of the religious homes of that time. His father was a preacher as well as a farmer. His thoughts, his readings, his studies, his conversations, were religious. Religion was, in a sense, the *business* of the family, and George was from infancy accustomed to breathe in a religious atmosphere. As his reason unfolded, and he began to form conceptions, from his surroundings, of the meaning of life, religion entered into these conceptions as one of the most important factors in life's problem. He never had a thought of life separated from the sentiment of religion. Then his mother, to whom he was always supremely devoted, and who furnished to his child-heart its loftiest idea of goodness and loveliness, was preëminently religious. Her entire life was suffused with a sweet and gentle spirit of piety. Her faith in God, her love of the Bible, her steady joy in Christ her Saviour, threw their combined radiance over the every-day life of that humble but happy home. We have read of a picture of Holman Hunt's, called "Jesus the Carpenter," in which the young Nazarene is seen in the carpenter shop, with the tools and implements of his trade lying about him. There is no light from without—yet the humble workshop is radiantly illuminated. A halo of glory encircles the head of the man of toil, and the rude walls, the carpenter's bench,

the mechanic's tools, are all bathed in light, and the very shavings that curl on the earthen floor are aglow with a heaven-kindled splendor. The artist would thus teach that the glory of God rests on the scenes of honest and useful labor—that the presence of Christ lends dignity and beauty to the commonest employments of life. The lofty faith and serene piety of this lovely Christian woman invested her daily life with such a *nimbus* as glorified that humble home—so that, while there came no light from without to make it glitter with the attractions of wealth, it was brighter than earth could make it with the light of heavenly truth and grace. It was at the knees of such a mother that George learned his first lessons of life.

3. *The library.*—Beyond most poor boys, he was blessed with the means of literary as well as religious culture. His eyes were from the first familiar with books, and as soon as he could read he had access to the ample library of which we have already spoken. Thus from childhood he grew into a passionate fondness for the Bible, general history, and the memoirs of eminent men and women, and was possessed of a rich store of information in these departments of literature while yet a boy. It was not merely that he read these books. His mother was well read. Her children were accustomed to go to her for the solution of difficulties that arose in their courses of reading, or to ply her with questions suggested by their readings, but reaching out beyond their means of information. Such was her self-command that she would pause amidst the most pressing domestic employments, however annoying or exciting the circumstances might be, to answer their questions, to relieve them of mistaken impressions, and to

start them on a proper path of study. In such a home, with such means of information, and such a mother to guide him, we need not wonder that the foundations were laid broad and deep for that mastery of historical and biographical literature, and for that felicitous skill in Scripture exposition, which distinguished George's early manhood.

Possessed of a delicate and sensitive physical frame—too frail to meet the demands of a spirit so strong and restlessly active—he never enjoyed robust health. Yet in his boyhood he was fond of childish pleasures and sports, and bore his part in them with moderate zest—always cheerful and active, never rude or quarrelsome. As his father followed the two-fold calling of farmer and preacher without intermission for twenty-four years in the neighborhood of Albion, his family, like the families of all western preachers in that day, had to observe the strictest rules of economical living; and to these early lessons of economy and self-denial George remained conscientiously faithful during life. He was early accustomed, notwithstanding his delicate health, to the variety of work incident to farm-life, and took a lively interest in it, though generally working much in excess of his physical resources. He took delight also in hunting—a trait inherited from his father and developed through his father's example; for Alfred Flower, in addition to his reputation as a farmer and preacher, was known as something of a Nimrod—his early life as a shepherd-boy making him familiar with dog and gun in defending his flocks from attacks of wolves and other wild animals. He was also fond of pets—so much so that to give them up, even at the call of necessity, was a sore trial to his affectionate

nature. From early childhood he had a sensitive conscience. Whether at work, at study, or at play, a keen sense of right and wrong was ever manifest. His life gravitated to a moral and religious center. As a child he was always cheerful, and often playful even to merriment, but never sought his own advantage at the expense of others, or indulged in any mischievous pranks to the injury of others. Ready to yield to the wishes of his associates, always studying their preferences and respecting them, he could not be tempted a hair's breadth beyond the line of right.

He was, moreover, singularly *pure*. His early life was carefully guarded from evil associations. So scrupulous were his parents at this point, that they would not allow him to attend a public school at any time during his childhood. How far this is a correct method of child-training, may be an open question; but we have here to do only with the fact. When he was twelve years old, and his brother Richard ten, they had one year's schooling at home, under the instruction of an English governess, Miss Lillie Luntley, now Mrs. Joshua Edwards, residing in Nebraska. His parents had another peculiar conviction—that three hours' schooling per day was quite enough for children of that age. So these little prairie-boys were kept in school only three hours per day during the year, the afternoon of each day being spent in work on the farm. Of course, this peculiar—and, as some of the neighbors regarded it, proud—notion, was in marked contrast with the popular view, which consigns children of six years of age to six hours' daily confinement and employment in the school-room, and enforces as much study as possible in the evening, after school-hours, and

again in the morning, before school-hours. There is no doubt that for George, with his delicate health, this combination of out-door exercise with in-door confinement and study, was a wise arrangement; and we have little doubt that for young children generally some such system would be vastly preferable to the crowding and cramming processes now in vogue.

This one year's schooling, joined with the educational process that was constantly going on in the home and the library, was all the education George received before going to college.

In his fifteenth year—June 22, 1862—George was immersed on a confession of his faith in the Lord Jesus, and united with the Church of Christ in Albion, under his father's ministry. We have no record of any remarkable religious experience at this time. He had grown up into such a knowledge and love of Jesus from his earliest years, that it was not to be expected, at this period, that there would be any sudden or violent change, either in his convictions or his feelings. As, in the change from darkness to sunrising, it cannot be said that there is any particular moment in which to locate the change from darkness to light—the greatness and completeness of the gradually-wrought change being only apparent by looking at the two extremes, the darkness that preceded it and the perfect light that crowns it—so, when children are wisely “nurtured in the chastening and admonition of the Lord,” the change from the dominion of nature to the dominion of grace is apt to be so steadily and gradually wrought as to exclude the possibility of *sudden* conversion. Yet, when consummated, it is a great change “from darkness to light”—from death to life. From the scrupulous

conscientiousness that marked the whole course of George's life, we may be sure that this public consecration to the service of Christ was not decided on without the most profound sincerity and earnestness; and from all its fruits in after life, none can doubt that it involved a genuine, intelligent and heartfelt trust in, and devotion to, Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. Whatever importance may be attached to the special emotions that sometimes characterize the hour of decision; whatever fondness we may have for lingering over the phenomena attendant on wonderful conversions; it is yet true that the only sure final test of the genuineness of conversion is to be sought in a subsequent supreme devotion of heart and life to the service of God. "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him" (John xiv. 21).

Soon after he united with the church he began to take part in prayer-meetings, and in the social religious gatherings that were often held at his father's house and the houses of near neighbors. But this was a sore struggle against his extreme diffidence, and was only successful through a strong sense of duty which, with him, was supreme. In a journal which he kept for some time, beginning with his public confession of Christ, he says: "I sometimes desired to take part in the prayer-meetings, but was afraid to make the attempt. Pa used to say it was a lack of faith—and perhaps it was; it was a lack somewhere, I know." It was evident to his parents and other close observers that, with all his natural timidity, his heart was more and more possessed of a desire to speak forth the faith

and love that inspired it, although his sensitiveness and diffidence prevented him from saying so. His growing aptitude of speech and evident heart-longings to communicate to others the love of God that filled his own soul, gave great joy to his parents, and they became very anxious that he should enjoy the benefits of a course of instruction in some college, the surroundings of which would be favorable to the development of his religious faith and his natural gifts. But their means were so limited that they could indulge this only as an anxious wish or a fond dream. At this juncture, his aunt, Mrs. Emma Pentecost, who was then living in Indianapolis, and who knew of the decided religious tendencies and the educational needs of her nephew, sent a most kind and pressing request to his parents to send him to the Northwestern Christian University (now Butler University) in that city, and to regard her house as his home free of all expense as to board and lodging. This most propitious offer was thankfully accepted, and George was at once sent away to Indianapolis. He was now in his seventeenth year, and had never been from home except on short trips and for a few days at a time. We may well imagine that his sensitive and affectionate nature was tremulous with interest and anxiety, questioning whether, with his timidity and inexperience, he could live away from home; and whether he could pursue his studies among strangers, in the absence of all that he so tenderly loved. To such a nature as his, it was a trying crisis—as, indeed, it is to most tender-hearted youths when they first launch forth into unknown seas, and face the terrors of that appalling experience known as “homesickness.” Suppressing his fears, and smothering what

it is evident from his diary were most painful and overwhelming emotions of grief at bidding farewell to family and home—words which summed up all his past experience—he went to Indianapolis, in September, 1864. As a revelation of the affectionateness and timidity of his nature, we quote the following from his diary: “This was the first time I ever was away from home for any length of time. Until then I never knew how dear home was to me. I was almost afraid to speak to any of the students, lest they might answer me roughly. Prof. W. W. Dowling was very kind, and seemed to know how lonely I felt.” His father’s account of the first day in Indianapolis is more complete. He says:

I accompanied him, and remained the first forenoon with him in the college-room, intending to return to Albion in the afternoon. But at dinner-time George was missing. After search and inquiry, one of the servants reported that he was locked up in his room. The door being opened, he was found prostrate on the bed, his face bathed with tears. In agony of feeling, and with many sobs, he said, “I can never learn those lessons. It is no good to try. I must go home.” This obliged me to remain the afternoon and accompany him again to the college, where I placed him under the special care of Prof. Dowling, informing him of his peculiar sensitiveness and timidity. Prof. Dowling’s kindly interest in him, and attention to him that afternoon, dispelled all his fears, and the next morning all was bright before him. From that time forth Prof. D. became one of his never-to-be-forgotten friends, and the University one of the dearest spots to him in the world.

Let us not treat with levity this seeming weakness. It is not weakness, it is strength—the strength of pure and warm affections. He who can readily break the tenderest home-ties may not be expected to hold any other ties more sacred. He who ventures without tremor into new paths of life, and carelessly assumes

the responsibilities of selfhood, may be set down as thoughtless, if not reckless. Lay your trust and expectations on him who honors his parents and loves his home—for his heart is true; and on him who ventures with fear and trembling on the strange path in which he is to journey alone and work out his own fortunes—for he has seriously and intelligently considered what is before him, and when the time comes to be brave, he will not be found wanting. We shall yet see this homesick, timorous, sobbing boy rising to a noble manhood—a manhood which had never been his if he had not honored his father, loved his mother, and, in true humility, trembled in weakness at the first full outlook on the stern struggles of life.

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE LIFE—FIRST SERMON.

Summoned home from college—President A. R. Benton's recollections of him—W. W. Hopkins's reminiscences—Conviction that his life would be short—Effect of this on his spirit and conduct—His first Sermon—David Utter's account of it—His own statement concerning it.

From September, 1864, to May, 1868, was the period of George's college life—nearly four years. He did not quite complete the course necessary for graduation. We quote from his journal: "On the Monday following [Monday after the fourth Lord's day in May, 1868], I left school and Indiana with no little reluctance. As my father was about to take a trip to England, it was necessary for me to be at home." His studies had been subject to occasional interruptions on account of ill health. As he was almost constantly employed, during his student life, in Sunday preaching, and sometimes in protracted meetings, and his vacations were almost wholly devoted to preaching, it will be seen that his studies were pursued under serious difficulties. It was little more than a year after he entered college that he began preaching, and such was his success that his services were in constant demand. Hence his student-life and his public ministry are so blended that it is difficult to separate them. There is, however, little to be said of his college life, except to record his diligence in study and the excellence of his deportment.

A. R. Benton, at that time President of the Northwestern Christian University, says of him as a student :

I have a clear remembrance of his general character, deportment and scholarship. He came to the University when quite young. His fair complexion and unaffected manner gave him a very youthful appearance. He was very earnest in his spirit. He entered with enthusiasm into his work—was industrious and enterprising. He was so eager for learning, that he made many sacrifices to obtain it. He could not always hire his board in families, but often boarded himself with some others. He was always modest in deportment, and simple in his manners. This simplicity, I think, he never lost. It was ingrained. In his scholastic work, I remember his fidelity and conscientiousness. He recited to me in Greek, and was quite proficient, though he was compelled by ill health to break off his college course. During this time he was engaged in preaching. It was apparent to me that he was doing too much about this time. I once visited him when sick, and remember my caution to him about overwork. His zeal and earnestness were such that he could not be moderate; especially his ambition to be a preacher led him to exert himself beyond his strength.

He was evidently conscious of a power to sway the minds of others. This was apparent from his literary work in college, and his public performances here. I remember his easy and natural elocution, his ready flow of language and ideas, all of which marked him out for a public man. These powers received inspiration and strength from his deep religious feeling. Nature seems to have marked him out for a preacher; and well he fulfilled this predestined work.

W. W. Hopkins, of Ottawa, Kansas, one of his schoolmates, writes as follows :

I first met Geo. E. Flower at Thorntown, Ind., at one of his preaching visits to that place, during the summer of 1868. I became a room-mate and class-mate with him at the old Northwestern Christian University, the following September. Austin Council, Geo. E. Flower, Richard Flower, and the writer, boarded themselves in the garret of the old "Monmouth Bakery," in North Indianapolis, during the terms of 1868 and 1869. Prof. A. R. Benton was then President of the University. Our room had very plain furniture, much of which was made from store-boxes. Our food was simple, but amply served the wants of nature. We attempted regular hours for rising and retiring, for meals and exercise, for book study and evening worship. Austin Council and

the two Flower brothers would leave the city every Saturday, each to fill an appointment to preach at some railway town—Geo. E. Flower generally going south, Austin Council west and north, and Dick Flower north and east, while the writer would be left to keep house alone over the Lord's day. Monday evenings were always used by the preachers in comparing notes of the several trips, also of purses, and results of their visits.

In my associations with Geo. E. Flower in our boarding-room and in the school-room, I can not call to mind an instance of anything unseemly, unkind, or unbecoming the dignity of a Christian and a preacher of righteousness. Kind in word, zealous in work, and very sympathetic with those in affliction, was the brother whose life you are about to set forth in a book. I can think of no instance, during one year's association with him, that emphasizes any one of his many virtues over others, or that makes any one event most prominent in his life—so even was his temper and regular his exercise of mind and body.

His general health was poor during all of that winter we were together. Sometimes he would be confined to his bed a few days at a time with fever, which occasionally would make him delirious. I often cared for him during such attacks. He never entertained an idea of living long in this world, but was anxious that his few days might be full of sweetness. In his suffering he did not complain or murmur. His was a pure and noble character.

We could multiply evidences of this character, but it is needless. All who were familiar with him during this period, bear witness to his purity, gentleness, cheerfulness, unbending integrity, and unassuming piety, as well as to his diligence in study.

It is evident, too, that at this time, and from this time forward to the close of his earthly career, his earnestness was quickened by the conviction that his life would be short, and that what he had to do must be done quickly. This thought seems to have given him no sadness. To the very last day and hour of his life his irrepressible cheerfulness made his presence ever gladsome, and his genial humor gave him everywhere a welcome. But his naturally ardent nature was quick-

ened, in all its powers, into peculiar intensity by the ever-present thought, "The time is short." He lived on the border of the invisible world, and became so familiar with thoughts of death and eternity that the unseen became to him the real; and what we are apt to deem the real, was to him but shadow. There was nothing sickly in this sentiment. It imparted no sadness to his life. It gave no unhealthiness to his piety. It threw no gloom over the beauties and pleasures of earth. He enjoyed the present life; was in hearty sympathy with all its genuine interests; shared with great delight in its pure friendships and loves, and gratefully enjoyed its manifold blessings. The conviction that his stay here would be short simply intensified his desire to make the most of mortal life while it lasted, alike in the enjoyment of its blessings and the performance of its duties—a healthy, robust piety, which puts to shame the stereotyped cant about the "weary pilgrimage" through this "wretched wilderness," this "vale of tears," which, shame to say, passes current as worthy evidence of genuine godliness. Our Lord's life gives countenance to no such sickly sentiment. The shadow of death was over His path continually, but it did not disturb Him. He loved the sunlight, the birds and the flowers, the green grass and the waving grain, the hum and stir of life, and everything bright, beautiful or grand. He took pleasure in feasts and weddings, and entered freely into the sympathies and solitudes of domestic and social life, and the activities and cares of the sons of toil. He delighted in the winsome ways of little children, and paused amidst the pressing cares and anxieties of His public life to bestow on them His blessing. He loved men,

and was never too weary to labor for their good—never so weighed down with His own sorrows that He could not seek to infuse courage into the hearts of the despairing or lift up the despondent to nobler views of life and duty. The consciousness of approaching death made Him not sadder, but more earnest to accomplish His work while it was yet day. As was the Master, so should be the disciple. It is a poor return to Heaven for the innumerable benefits enjoyed in the beautiful world that God has given us, to spend our days in unavailing murmurs over the shortness of life and the transitoriness of earthly joys. An enlightened and genuine piety will thankfully accept a life which, though brief and shadowy, and subject to the discipline of sorrow, has in it the germs of immortal blessedness, and opens to its possessor the sublimest possibilities of eternal honor and glory. Nay, a true piety will rejoice even in the tribulations of this earthly pilgrimage, regarding them as tributary to the great purpose of educating the soul for its eternal destiny; and “songs in the night” will cheer the path of the pilgrim on his way, through darkness and storm, to the light and peace of the heavenly home. In the piety of George E. Flower there were mingled, in just proportions, a hearty and thankful appreciation of the blessings of the present life, and a confident hope of the superior blessings of the life beyond. He thus verified, in his own experience, the truth of the inspired declaration, that true godliness “is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come” (I. Tim. iv. 8). This settled conviction of the nearness of death—this constant familiarity with the

realities of eternity—is no small part of the secret of his remarkable power and success as a preacher, as it gave peculiar directness and earnestness to his sermons.

As a connecting link between his college-life and his ministry, it will be appropriate to give just here, from an eye and ear-witness, an account of

HIS FIRST SERMON.

We have already learned of his first trembling efforts to speak in the home prayer-meetings. His first year in college was so absorbed in study that he does not appear to have made any farther attempts in the line of public speaking, and whatever desire for the ministry had been previously kindled was smothered. In his journal he says: "I stayed at college nearly five months, and went home sick. During that time I gave but little attention to anything but my books; I had about given up the thought of preaching. In the autumn of 1865 I again came back to college with a desire to become a Doctor of Medicine. But the students having formed a religious Society, I joined it. With that, my ambition to study medicine fled. I well remember my first performance in the Society. It was an essay. I selected Prayer as my subject, and studied a long time on it. When I got up to read it, I could scarcely see my paper. The chief benefit I received from the Society was the acquaintance I formed with the most religious students in the college."

We are indebted to Mr. David Utter, one of his college mates, for the following graphic description of his first appearance in the pulpit:

A copy of the "Christian Standard" has been sent me containing a notice of the death of my old friend, George E. Flower.

As we were boys together in school, boy preachers together, perhaps I might say I feel moved to write a few words in sorrow over his early death, and in tribute to his many manly qualities. He was a man without guile, and one who loved his kind, and who was universally beloved.

Our school days together were spent in Indianapolis, where we were students in the Northwestern Christian University, then under the presidency of Professor Benton.

Little did I think when I first met him there that I should live to hear him called the "first preacher of the Christian Church." Now, I have no doubt that sentence is in every way a just and proper estimate of the man.

I think it was in 1866 when some friend told me that there was a "little fellow" living down at one of the hotels who said that he was going to be a preacher.

I sought him out, talked with him of the matter, and found that such was his intention and hope.

I may confess now, that my prevailing feeling, in hearing this declaration of his, was one of pity; I believed entirely in his purity and perfect goodness, but I saw no faintest hint of the ability that he afterwards showed us as a preacher. He told me that his hotel life was very unpleasant to him, and that he wished that he could get away and live among some of the young men who were preparing for the ministry. I thereupon, with the boundless hospitality of youth and poverty, asked him to share with me

"My humble cot and homely fare."

Not that said cottage was of the lowly kind; on the contrary, it was quite up in the world, being an attic in the third story of what we then called "Brown's Bakery." This attic, in company with some other young men, we shared for many months, doing our own cooking and house-keeping, and living in a very economical fashion, as befitting our poverty, and high hopes and lofty aims.

Now, the first sermon, that I am to tell about, happened on this wise:

I had been going from place to place on Sundays, preaching, and had agreed to hold a meeting of several days' continuance at a little place some twenty miles east of the city, called Oakland, I think. To this meeting I invited George Flower to accompany me. I knew that

he wished to make an attempt at preaching, and my intention was to give him an opportunity, if I could do it—if I saw the way to do it without hindering the progress or the good results that I hoped for from the meeting. I felt sure that his attempt would be a very complete failure, but in my love for him I thought that it would be as well that he should make that failure then, as to make it later. I could break the force of his fall, and encourage him to continue trying; thinking all the while that the utmost to be hoped was, that he might make merely a tolerably good preacher, after a long time trying. The opportunity came, the attempt was made, and I shall never forget the revelation that hour brought to me: the boy could preach, and preach well, and “without ever having learned.” His text was, “Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”

He showed no embarrassment; held all his faculties in perfect control; and, as one of the good women said the next day, made us all “wonder whether he were boy or angel.” And much as I was delighted, my surprise was still so great that I even yet greatly underestimated his powers. The meeting was mine. I was the preacher. I was totally unprepared to find, as I did find, during the next and following days, that he was accepted by the hearers as one in every way my equal, and by many as the one they preferred to hear.

At the close of his sermon an invitation was given for persons to come forward to confess their faith in Jesus. As we arose to sing, I had not the slightest idea, although I knew that brother George had preached well, very well, indeed, for a boy, that any one would accept the invitation. The song sung, I remember, had a refrain to the effect:

“Oh, I can no longer stay away,
I can no longer stay;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
And I can no longer stay away.”

George Flower probably never learned to sing; at least, he seemed then not to have the slightest musical faculty. We went down out of the pulpit and stood together, waiting for some one to come forward and make the confession. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and as the people warmed up to the song, they swayed to and fro under the refrain, “I can no longer stay away.” Two young persons came forward, and, as is usual on such occasions, the fervor of the singing increased. As we took the young penitents by the hands I noticed that George was joining in the song. The words were all pronounced on the same low note. Indeed, he did not sing; he simply *said*:

“The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
And I can no longer stay away.”

He preached several times during the week; always acceptably, and with abundant manifestation of the peculiar powers of utterance and ability of reaching the hearts of the people that have made him so prominent during all these years. But then it seemed little less than miraculous that such a boy as he should preach with the zeal, wisdom and perfect good taste which he always showed. He was very boyish, indeed, in his appearance; he was small, and his light complexion and round, freckled face, the slight lisp with which he spoke his words, made the impression upon all that he could not be more than fourteen or fifteen years old. He was very young. I will not say what his age was, for I do not remember; but I am sure that this first sermon was in the year 1866.

Now I have told my story. I will leave the moral of it to others.

It is more than fifteen years since I last saw my old friend, and the separation between us has been wide and deep, in more ways than one. I have become a heretic of the heretics, while he remained faithful to the creed of our childhood. We wrote but few letters, and none in recent years; yet my heart is touched and my eyes are filled with tears as I read the story of his last painful days. Would that I could have seen him once more in these latter years, to talk over with him the days of the beginning of our ministry. But as this could not be, I now send greeting in this way to all who love him, and drop this tearful tribute on his grave.

Of all the men my life has known, no one was a better man than
George E. Flower.

DAVID UTTER.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14, 1884.

In his journal we find a brief account of this first attempt at preaching, which, as confirmatory in all particulars of Mr. Utter's statement, except as regards the text chosen, and as affording a better view of his own personal experience at this trying crisis, we here subjoin:

A few weeks before the close of the session, Bro. Utter asked me if I would not like to go out to Oakland—a small town on the Bellefontaine railroad, where he was going to hold a meeting—and help him. I told him I would like to go, but did not think I could say anything.

He told me to come, anyhow. We went out on Friday, June 8, 1866. The house was full. Bro. Utter preached, and one responded to the gospel invitation. It seemed to me to be a good, warm country meeting, free from any city form or style. Bro. Utter persuaded me to try to preach Saturday night, telling me that the people were not hard to please, and if I became embarrassed, to say that he would go on with the preaching. So I thought I would try. I took for my text, John v. 39: "Search the Scriptures." When I got through, I turned to Bro. Utter, who was sitting in the pulpit, and asked him to close. He told me to go on and give an invitation. I had nothing to go on with: so I gave the invitation. Two came forward. That night I slept but little. Sunday morning, Bro. Utter preached, and at night I preached again, and eight more came forward to confess their faith in Jesus, the Christ. Bro. Trowbridge came out to help with the meeting. The first two times I preached, I much exceeded my own expectations; but the third time was near a failure: only spoke fifteen minutes—got my ideas and sentences all mixed. Almost wished I had never tried to preach; thought I would never try again. But since that time I have thanked God many times for that failure. I preached one more sermon there; got along better. The meeting closed with thirty-six conversions. It is a meeting long to be remembered by me.

There is a lurking humor in the sober sentences with which he closes this account:

I formed many pleasant acquaintances, and a few that were not so pleasant. One old man with whom I was talking on religion, turned on me very sharply, and said with an oath that a boy should not teach him scripture; for the Bible said that "every tub should stand on its own bottom"—that he had read it many a time!

From this time forward we shall be mainly interested in his career as a preacher.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG EVANGELIST.

The discipline of poverty—Struggles with excessive timidity—An empty purse—Preaching at various points—Why he succeeded—Protracted meetings at Carmi and Grayville, Ill., Mechanicsburg and Fairfield, Ind., and other points—Great success in Evansville, Ind.—First pastorate—Meetings at Vincennes, Mt. Sterling, and Paducah—Practical character of his preaching—Yet ready for controversy when it was needed—His opinion of a church cringing to popular sentiment—His opinion of Christians in the lodges of Masons and Odd-Fellows—His style of preaching.

How far struggles with adversity are essential to the development of manhood, may be regarded as yet an open question. It is certain that many achieve greatness, especially in this free land of ours—where the highest possibilities are not forbidden to the lowliest child of poverty and obscurity—through long and fierce battles with poverty and ignorance, by an almost superhuman conquest of the disadvantages and embarrassments of their early lot. But from these premises our conclusions must not be too sweeping. Where these have succeeded, who can tell what multitudes have succumbed to the resistless pressure of adversity, who, under favorable circumstances, might have won their way to success? Who can say, even of the successful, that they might not have succeeded better under more genial influences? Moreover, many have reached great eminence in literature, in science, in statesmanship, in war, in philanthropy, and in ecclesiastical leadership, whose early surroundings were those of wealth and

luxury. Some heirs to thrones have excelled all their predecessors as rulers and as conquerors; sons of statesmen, reared in luxury and familiar with the pride and corruption of courts, have eclipsed the glory of their fathers; some bright names in literature and science represent old families, for many generations strangers to poverty; sons of rich men not unfrequently increase the wealth that descended to them; and there are not wanting instances of voluntary abjuration of wealth and station for the sake of a life of self-denial and lofty heroism. We must be permitted to doubt whether the stern doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" is broad enough to cover all the facts in the history of successful men, and to question the soundness of the notion that a neglected or impoverished and ignorant childhood is the best foundation of permanent success in life. We opine that a great deal of nonsense is uttered on this question. It is yet true, however, and encouragingly true, that many of the great names in history were early associated with poverty and obscurity, and became famous through the energy and heroism which poverty compelled into development. We never fail of interest in the study of such lives, but regard with encouraging admiration the struggles of the

—divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star,

Until "by force he makes his merit known." Such discipline develops, however, more strength than

beauty. It sternly but effectually rouses into vigor the robuster virtues, but at the expense of the milder graces needful to the perfection of human character. It is apt to force an unsymmetrical development. The genial influences of wealth and refinement, in which the gentler virtues bloom and fructify, may be and ought to be combined with a sufficiently rigorous discipline of self-denial and industry, to produce a more harmonious and symmetrical unfolding of all the powers of human nature than wealth alone, with all its softening and effeminating tendencies, or poverty alone, with all its rudeness and harshness, can produce. "Strength *and* beauty" make a perfect picture.*

Our young hero, while not an actual sufferer from poverty, was yet made to know something of the rigors of its discipline—enough to call into play all his faith and courage. It is best to let him tell his own story—how, step by step, he made his way, struggling with his own diffidence and battling with a poverty that sometimes reduced him to almost a penniless condition. At the close of the college year in June, 1866, he returned to Albion. He writes:

I went home rather low spirited, for two reasons. One was, I was afraid that I would not be able to come back to college. Another was, that I knew some at home would want me to preach, which I thought would be impossible among a people that I had always known. Pa wanted me to preach in Albion; but I told him I would rather not, then. He thought that I lacked faith. Two Sundays after I reached home, Pa was taken sick, and I had to fill his place. From that time I preached every Sunday in Albion during the remainder of the vacation. I preached eight sermons on the epistles to the seven churches in Asia (Rev. ii., iii.), and four on the Bible. The last night I preached in Albion before returning to college, two persons united with the church.

* "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary" (Ps. xcvi. 6).

Although that summer's preaching was the hardest work I ever did, I know it benefited me much. I would sometimes think I had told everything I knew; but by the next Lord's day I always seemed to have some more. Like the widow's oil, it never entirely gave out.

He is reticent concerning his preparations for the pulpit; but those who knew him well were aware that the reasons why the supply was never exhausted were: 1. That he was constantly adding to his stores of knowledge by diligent and ceaseless study and meditation. 2. That in his deep humility, self-distrust, and sense of weakness, he was constant in prayer for wisdom and strength and unction. He did not sit idly down and pine over his insufficiency; but did his best to prepare himself for his work, and then carried his case to God for His blessing. The result was, that the water of life, of which he drank so freely, became in him "a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life." Let all young preachers, struggling with a sense of insufficiency, take note of this. It is only those who "*hunger* and *thirst* after righteousness" to whom the promise is made, "They shall be filled."

But we get an additional glimpse of the trials and discouragements of this beginning of his ministry, in what follows. His cash in hand was reduced to fifty cents at the time now referred to:

In the fall of 1866 I returned to college, and started to board with my aunt at the Commercial House. She soon afterward closed her house, and I was without a home. I went to Bro. Utter, who was "batching" with a young man by the name of S. Winfield, and told him my situation. I had not money enough to either take me home, or to pay my way in the city. If I could find preaching places, I might perhaps make my way. They kindly took me in; and by being saving, I managed to pay my expenses during the remainder of the year by preaching.

Many who have passed through a similar experience know that, to a virtuous heart and a sensitive nature, there is nothing that will more effectually strip one of courage and reduce his whole nature to utter flabbiness, than the awful consciousness of an empty purse, with no means of replenishing it. To a young man of independent spirit and honorable ambition, this is among the sorest of trials. All his energies and hopes are apt to wilt; all his courage oozes out. To look such a condition full in the face without blenching, is a heroism of which all are not capable. Just here diverge the paths, on one hand of spiritless submission, on the other of reckless endeavor, which lead so many to ruin. But "to the upright there ariseth light in darkness." This almost penniless youth had already made his way into the confidence and sympathy of his associates, and, with their help, and the blessing of God, a way of deliverance was opened—as it will ever be to those who trust in God and at the same time try to help themselves.

From this time on, we find him preaching on every Lord's day, and sometimes holding protracted meetings. At Oakland, Augusta, Zionsville, Mechanicsburg, Thorntown, Union Church, Clarksburg, Plainfield, Clayton, Amo, New Winchester, Milroy, Lebanon, and other points, he preached as he found opportunity. It is remarkable that at many of these points, though he preached but two or three sermons at a visit, sinners were won to Christ—one, two or three at each place. Young, inexperienced and timid as he was, he swayed a peculiar power over his hearers. There was nothing sensational in his preaching. Nor had he the advantage of superior oratorical powers, or of an imposing

presence. Rather small of stature, physically weak, with a voice not at all commanding, careless as to gesticulation, and void of everything theatrical in posture or delivery, he nevertheless came into direct contact with his hearers and drew them into sympathy with him. His youthful appearance; his sincerity; his unassuming ways; his plainness and directness of speech; his strong faith and deep earnestness; his skillful application of scripture; his pointed and felicitous illustrations, drawn largely from his readings and readily supplied from his retentive memory; above all, that familiarity with the unseen world which enabled him to surround his auditors with the sublime realities of eternity, gave a charm to his simple, forceful utterances beyond anything to be found in the ornaments of a labored rhetoric or the glare of a studied, artificial oratory. It was heart speaking to heart, bearing a message of truth not to be trifled with, of love and mercy not to be scorned.

The college vacation in 1867 was spent in protracted meetings. At Mechanicsburg we find a meeting held by him in association with Austin Council, which resulted in twenty-five additions to the church; at Mt. Carmel, Ill., there were seventeen additions; at Carmi, thirty-six; at Grayville, thirteen. In some of these meetings he had assistance, in others he labored alone. At some points the number of conversions was small.

In September he returned to college, but was compelled to leave in November to recruit his health. It was, however, but a change of labor, as nearly all his time was spent in preaching at various points. In January, 1868, he returned to his studies, but before that month was out he asked and obtained leave of ab-

sence for a time, that he might hold a series of meetings at Fairfield, Ind. Here, within ten days, there were sixty-eight additions to the church. On account of hoarseness he was compelled to close, or rather to suspend his labors—for he returned again and again, and increased the number of converts to ninety-eight. In March, he went to Greenwood, where, though the weather was rainy and the outlook in all respects discouraging, his labors resulted in thirty-six additions to the church. In May, at Clarksburg, in a meeting of five days, there were twenty conversions.

At the close of May, he left the college and returned to Albion. His father, as already stated, having determined on a visit to England, it became necessary that he should take charge of affairs at home. Through the summer we find him, in addition to his home-labors, going out frequently to hold meetings of a few days at different points in Indiana and Illinois, such as Grayville, Carmi, Fairfield, and Marshall's Mill. At Bryant Valley, Ill., where several attempts had been made in vain to organize a church, he won thirty-six persons to the obedience of the gospel. The church then established is still flourishing. As an indication of his steady perseverance under difficulties, and also of the deep though never noisy earnestness that characterized his meetings, we make a brief extract from his journal concerning the meeting at this place; it is characteristically brief, but expressive:

The last two Mondays it rained very hard. One of these nights there were only twenty present, four of whom were not members. On the second of these nights, there were sixteen present, four of whom were not members. Each night we persuaded all four to be Christians. It was amusing, the last night, to see us. We were all of us

about as wet as if we had been in the river. We had only one candle in the place of meeting, yet I believe the Sun of Righteousness was shining on every one; and when we sung

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes,"

we all felt that we had already gone through the flood, and hoped we had faith to go through flames, if necessary.

In November his father returned from England. George continued to preach at Albion and Grayville until the close of the year 1868. In January, 1869, he preached at Franklin, Clarksburg, and Greencastle, Ind. In February he went to Evansville, Ind., where was a church of about fifty members, but without a house of worship. He held a series of meetings in the Court House, extending from the middle of February to the beginning of April, resulting in seventy-three additions. The circumstances of this church required his continued labors, and for the first time he settled down to pastoral work, in which he persevered for a little over three years. At the close of the year 1869 he numbered sixty-nine more additions, making in all one hundred and thirty-three in ten months and a half. To what extent that number of converts was increased during the subsequent years of his ministry, we are not informed; but we are able to say, that though laboring under serious disadvantages, especially for want of a suitable and permanent place of worship, the church continued to prosper, and bade fair to be numbered among the largest and most influential in Indiana. His withdrawal from the work here resulted in serious damage to the church. His want of confidence in his own ability to manage such an enterprise as the erection of a church-building, led him to insist on a release from his charge, that some one more experienced and pos-

sessed of more financial skill might come in and carry on the work. This is a characteristic instance of self-depreciation. During his after life, he showed admirable financial skill, and there is no reasonable doubt that he could and would have succeeded in carrying the church enterprise at Evansville to a successful termination. It was a mistake, from the results of which the church in that city has not recovered unto this day.

During the years spent in Evansville he made frequent short excursions to other points, sometimes to hold meetings, sometimes to attend debates. Notable among these meetings were those at Vincennes, Mt. Vernon, Ind., and Paducah, Ky. The result of one month's labor at Vincennes was thirty-six conversions. At Mt. Vernon there were few additions, but the life of the church was at a low ebb, and strifes and alienations abounded. The church was reorganized, four converts were baptized, the Sunday-school was reestablished, and money enough was raised to secure preaching for three-fourths of the time. The meeting lasted three weeks, and disheartening as it was at the start, it progressed to a happy conclusion. He says in his journal: "I never was at a better meeting; never expect to be in this world at one where Christian love, reawakened, shall forgive and forget so much. Many members, who had not spoken for years, were made friends again, and it seemed as if the friendship that had been broken was made firmer by being rebound. I saw that day (July 4, 1870), more than ever before, that man is reconciled to man, as well as to God, by the gospel. The fourth of July was never better spent; it can not be spent in a way more acceptable to heaven." It was a better celebration of the day than the usual jollifications.

This gives us occasion to say that this young man had peculiar success as a peace-maker. Mt. Vernon was not the only place in which he was successful in settling church troubles and personal strifes. In several instances of which we have learned—some of them instances of *chronic* strifes, the growth of many years, and which had defied all remedial efforts—he effected complete and permanent reconciliations. He was so “swift to hear, slow to speak, and slow to wrath;” so candid and firm, yet kind in pointing out wrong; so skillful in subduing turbulent passions; so successful in gaining influence over hostile parties as an impartial and wise counselor, that all ears were open to his appeals, and all hearts melted in his presence. He was, in this respect, princely in his power over men. In September of this year he went to Paducah, Ky., and held a series of meetings, during which twenty-eight persons turned to the Lord.

We have thus sketched his preaching career up to 1872, when he removed to Paducah, Ky., where, for the most part, his remaining years were spent. To his work in Paducah, and in Southern Kentucky, we must devote a separate chapter. While we have given only a general outline of his work as an evangelist, we have said enough to set forth the constancy and ardency of his pulpit labors, the faith which laughed at impossibilities and triumphed over the greatest obstacles, and the remarkable power, quite as much moral as intellectual, by which he swayed assemblies and turned multitudes to God.

There are in his journal many other facts and incidents recorded, which deserve notice as giving a more complete insight into his character and work.

His preaching and his writings were so largely practical and devotional—so slightly dogmatic or controversial, that some have been disposed to regard him as lacking in vigorous warfare against prevailing theological errors, and in a stout advocacy of the principles and practices that differentiate the teaching of the Disciples from that of the various Protestant denominations. This is a great mistake. If he devoted himself more particularly to practical and devotional themes, it was because he saw the need of it—that there were enough to do battle on disputed ground, while there were comparatively few who devoted themselves to instruction in the duties, obligations and perplexities of spiritual life. But he was not destitute of the martial spirit. He had a debate at Paducah, Ky., in 1875, with Dr. Mahan, a Methodist preacher, which lasted six days. While he was not generally known as himself a debater, he took delight in discussions between able disputants, and several times he indulged in skirmishes which, while they are modestly described in few words, yet reveal a bold attachment to the truth that would not suffer its interests to be imperiled by the assaults of gainsayers. Sometimes his comments on these conflicts are humorous, and sometimes indignant. Thus in telling of one preacher who delivered a bitterly controversial sermon on Baptism, he says: “He pretended to understand Greek, but showed plainly that he did not, by saying that ‘the Greek in *Cicero* and *Virgil* was easier than New Testament Greek’—he did not know that *Cicero* and *Virgil* were Latin authors.” And he adds: “I stayed one week longer in Illinois than I intended, to get an opportunity to answer him.” On another occasion, when his preaching was interrupted

by a somewhat virulent opposer, whom he handled so skillfully that, conscious of defeat, the noisy disputant said that though he could not debate the question successfully himself, he would find a man that could, he says: "I told him to bring on his man—which he has not done, and I presume never will." Such interruptions and discussions were frequent in the West at that time, and no one was more prompt, or vigorous, or skillful in handling such disputants than George E. Flower. While peaceable and peace-loving, and always "speaking the truth in love," he would not suffer the truth of the gospel to be compromised. He loved peace well enough to fight for it when it was endangered.

How entirely free he was from all tendency to yield his convictions of truth to any popular demand, may be learned from one entry in his journal:

I went to ——. I had been there but a few moments when the members began to warn me not to preach anything that the sects didn't like, for they had entered into a league with the other churches not to preach anything that should cross the path of any of their religious neighbors. I was as easy as the truth would permit, yet the members did not like it, for they care more for the favor of the sects than for that of the Lord. No one invited me to return, nor do I think I will ever return, unless they learn to care more for the truth as it is in Jesus, and less for "the world, the flesh, and the devil." Good-bye, church in ——.

Had this been said by a theological pugilist—one who interpreted the admonition to "*contend earnestly for the faith*" as divine authority for fostering a quarrelsome spirit, and who regarded the declaration "*Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness,*" as asserting that controversy is the only means of clearing up mysteries—the statement might have been regarded

as colored by his own prejudice. It might have been that the church was merely opposed to violent or rude and needless assaults on the prejudices of others. But when George E. Flower, who always combined "sweetness and light" in his preaching, was complained of as too controversial, it is evident that this church was afflicted with moral weakness, and his indignation shows that while he had no love of strife, he scorned this base and cowardly subjection to popular sentiment. No one stood more firmly for the whole truth of the gospel as taught in the New Testament, and none preached it more boldly or faithfully than he. Any departure from the simplicity of the gospel, anything that detracted from the all-sufficiency of the Gospel and the Church, stirred him to opposition and rebuke. This is seen not only in his constant opposition to human creeds, theological speculations, and denominational rivalries and strifes, but in his condemnation of such worldly associations as divide the sympathies and affections of Christians and impair the efficiency of their religious life. Thus he tells of a visit to one church that had invited him to preach for them: "I had a very muddy ride for ten miles. Got there just in time for night meeting. Found many of the male members had gone to the Masonic and Odd-fellow lodges—which only strengthened me in the belief that these societies are doing much to retard the progress of Christianity, for we find almost without exception that Christians who belong to them have more interest in their success than in the success of the church. They can miss prayer-meetings, but not their lodge-meetings. I wish that as a Christian people we could be more forcibly impressed with the grandeur and surpassing worth of Christianity, remem-

bering that it is perfect, and that anything added to it decreases its power." The church, with him, was "the pillar and ground of the truth."

Thus firmly and steadily did he stand for the all-sufficiency of the Scriptures, the simplicity and purity of the Gospel, and the unity and integrity of the Church of God. In preaching, his sermons were not only clear and full in presenting the way of salvation, but bold in their rebukes of popular sins and follies, and pungent in their appeals to the conscience. Those converted under his ministry were won by no sensational displays, no revival appliances, no exciting appeals; but by a calm, earnest, lucid presentation of gospel truth, accompanied with solemn and searching appeals to the conscience—preaching that made sin odious, holiness beautiful, heaven glorious, and the mercy of God rich and free to all. Such converts made, as a rule, steady and faithful Christians.

In another chapter we shall learn still more of the high moral courage and uncompromising devotion to truth and righteousness that characterized his ministry.

CHAPTER V.

A SHEPHERD OF SOULS.

Permanent work at Paducah—Six months' service in Cincinnati terminated by dangerous illness—Judgment of physicians—Return to Paducah—His marriage and his home—His cheerfulness—Their children—Death of their first-born—What he wrote about it—Manner of life—Preaching—Pastoral work—Outside work—Dr. J. W. Crenshaw's testimony—James A. Huston on peacemaking—Results of his labors—A beautiful life.

The three years' ministry at Evansville, Ind., was a period of transition from the work of an evangelist to that of a bishop. It had in it much of his former style of evangelistic work, resulting in the conversion of hundreds; and, added to this, was a new department of ministerial labor—the shepherding of the flock thus gathered; the instruction and training of the converts, the care and management of the church. He was thus prepared for that permanent pastoral work in Paducah, Ky., on which he entered in August, 1872, and in which he continued, with slight interruption, until his death. In December, 1878, with a hope that a change of location might improve his health, he removed to Cincinnati, and entered into the service of the Central Christian Church. But his health did not improve. After an arduous service of six months—a period still gratefully remembered by many as one of great spiritual profit—he was informed by some of the best physicians of the city that he was the victim of valvular heart-disease, that must speedily end his days unless he

promptly ceased his excessive work. They gave him promise of but few years of life, even under the most favorable treatment, and assured him of a speedy termination of his career if their counsels were disregarded. This compelled him to abandon his work in Cincinnati, in June, 1879. The church in Paducah, knowing of this, insisted on his return to that city, to do what work he could for the church without injury to himself, and to rest quietly at home or travel abroad when his physicians counseled it. His work at Paducah embraces, therefore, twelve of the nineteen years of his ministerial life; and these were the best years of that life. The years before his settlement at Evansville may be regarded as years of apprenticeship in evangelistic work, and the three years at Evansville as years of apprenticeship in the work of a bishop; so that he came to Paducah fully equipped for his task, bringing his ripest knowledge and his fully matured manhood to its performance. This portion of his life deserves, therefore, to be studied with peculiar care.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

On the third of October, 1871, he was married to Miss Olive Buchanan, daughter of Col. J. S. and Mrs. J. A. Buchanan, of Evansville, Ind. This proved to be a most congenial and happy union. It was fully understood and expressed, before the marriage took place, that his life would probably be brief, and that, while it lasted, they would work together to make his ministerial labors and their home as fruitful of good as possible. Among other things it was agreed that, always—when they were together at home, and when his public duties called him away—they would spend a

certain hour, morning and evening, in Bible reading, meditation and prayer. Their marriage was based on *spiritual* ideas of life and duty. With the felicitations and merriments of the marriage-feast were mingled thoughts—solemn but not awful—of another world, not far away. Mrs. Flower, with a vigorous physical constitution, a cheerful temperament, and a healthy piety, gave great cheer and strength to his life, heartily coöperating with him in all his ministerial work. They had a neat, bright, well-ordered home, in which they both took great delight, and which was always the seat of a cheerful, generous hospitality. His own special room for study was a model of neatness and order. Every book, every pamphlet, every paper, had its place, and was so faithfully kept there that he could rise at any hour of the night and go in the dark and place his hand on any book or document he wanted. “A place for everything, and everything in its place,” was his motto. He kept a strict account of all receipts and expenditures, which was balanced regularly every month; and household expenses were thus continually regulated so as to allow of sufficient excess in the income to permit a certain sum to be laid by as savings, and a certain amount to be used for charitable purposes. He made no debts. If, sometimes, the bottom of the purse was very nearly reached, and the outlook was unpromising, it led only to greater self-denial and more implicit trust in God—and some of the happiest hours of their home-life were those of “sweet surprises” which came to them in times of greatest need, help coming in to them in strange and beautiful ways from unexpected quarters—touching evidences of God’s presence and loving care.

With all his absorbing earnestness of spirit, and his heavy burdens of care, he was singularly light-hearted and fun-loving. Not boisterous in his mirth—he was never boisterous in any mood—he was yet mirthful and humorous to an extent that lighted up home with a constant cheerfulness, and made him, among his friends, ever a genial and welcome companion. Indeed, this light of cheerfulness, these flashes of humor, never ceased, not even in the last days of mortal agony, until they were quenched in the darkness of death.

Two children came to bless their home: Edward D., who was born May 6, 1874, and died July 16, 1875; and Georgia O.,—known better as “Daisy”—born Feb. 4, 1876, and still living. She was the pride of her father’s heart, and grew up to be his constant companion, going with him to weddings and funerals and social gatherings so constantly that she was always expected on such occasions. We find among his unpublished papers, one written on the day of the death of his first-born, which, as revealing the strength of his affection, and the bitterness of his grief, is worthy of a place here.

JULY 16, 1875.

WHAT IS LEFT.

“It is a time for memory and for tears.” Only fourteen months ago a little treasure came to us. What new beauties we saw in him each day! What possibilities, what a promising future we saw in him! Like the kaleidoscope, each time it is put to the eye a fresh picture is seen. How much truer it was of him! But, now—what shall we say? The bow of promise, with its variegated beauty, has melted away; the beautiful vase is shattered; the picture has vanished.

What is left? A little buggy—but it is empty. Was there ever a more interesting picture than that of the plump little boy, with fair

skin, surrounded by the trimmings of blue? How the children stopped to play with him on the street! Strangers asked who he was. Wheel the buggy aside. To a few, it has a history.

Then, there is his cradle—but you need not rock it; he sleeps without waking. “Peaceful be thy silent slumbers.” “Hush!” we have often said; “don’t wake the baby!” What would we not give to wake him now! Does he hear no voice? Is it only a sleep? We have heard that he is not dead, but sleeping—that there is a Voice at the sound of which he will spring into life again. Put the cradle away beside his carriage. Perhaps angels rock him in the cradle of Eternal Love.

There is that dress, made for him only a few days ago. Fold it up; he never wore it—he never will wear it. Like his own little soul, it has never been soiled. Why drop that tear? He who clothes the lily, has He not a white robe for him? Lay it aside: like our little boy, it seems that it will never do what it was made for.

Shoes with holes in the toes. He never learned to walk—but how many times he tried! Perhaps now the children of the upper fold are teaching him to walk by the river of life—for where he has gone we are told that they “walk in white.” The first hymn I ever learned, began:

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand.

If that be true, I know where he is now. Little shoes, your mission is filled.

Who can tell of the garments he used to wear; of the playthings he scattered over the room just as often as they were picked up? Well, they have their history; they teach a deeper and a sweeter lesson than all the relics of ancient saints that fill the churches and cathedrals.

But more than these were the little words of his, spoken in his own way—words that belonged to him as much as anything we have spoken of. His cute little tricks; his cunning looks; his laughing eyes. How he kissed when he wanted anything! Did we think him slow to learn? He will learn faster now. How he used to sing his “sleepy song.” We are told that the angels will now teach him “how to sing a sweeter song.” If they do, may I some day hear that song.

Did I hear some one say, “This is nothing strange; many times each day some babe as sweet, as pure, as promising as yours, passes from this earth away”? I do not deny it; but if this is so, O God, hasten that day when we shall be with that congregation of children.

During those days of sickness, how faith and doubt, hope and fear, chased each other like shadow and sunshine. The pain we could not relieve; the fever we could not break; physician, father, mother, friends, all alike were helpless. Did you say, "Why did you not pray?" Pray? ah! did we not?

But what are prayers on the lips of death,
Filling and chilling with hail?
What are prayers but wasted breath
Beaten back by the gale?

In the great future we may learn why it is written, "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

Such a nature, with such a companionship, in such a home, could not but be inspired to do its best; and the sorrows and griefs that mingled with its joys, only mellowed the heart into deeper sympathy with suffering, better submission to the will of God, and completer meetness for "the inheritance of the saints in light."

MANNER OF LIFE.

The morning was given up to hard study. After dinner, an hour or so was spent in reading the papers and writing letters. The rest of the afternoon was spent, until tea-time, in visiting. The evenings were generally given to religious meetings or to social intercourse; or, if time was saved from these, to the reading of newspapers and periodicals, to many of which he was a regular subscriber. He seldom sat down, unless in presence of company, without a paper or book in his hand. He was an enthusiastic lover of books, and a retentive memory enabled him to preserve the treasures of thought and sentiment which he diligently gathered. That which he deemed especially worthy of preservation for use, was copied into a book or deposited in a drawer kept for that purpose. He spent much time on

his sermons, and wrote out copious notes, but never took these to the pulpit with him. On the Lord's day, he rose earlier than usual, and, apart from the hours devoted to public services, spent the day alone with God—usually, before going to church, taking a solitary walk to the river and back. In society, he was cheerful and communicative—sometimes, indeed, brimming over with mirthfulness, for he had a keen appreciation of wit and humor, and his sparkling eye and merry laugh often revealed it—but he was never garrulous in speech or undignified in manner. He was especially careful to visit the poor, the sick and suffering, and always had an open purse and ready hand to relieve distress. He loved little children, and they loved him. They were always free to approach him without embarrassment, and among the children of Paducah he was known familiarly as "Brother Flower." He remarked, towards the close of his life, that if he had one regret, it was that he was ever out of patience with children. While he was uncompromising in his adherence to righteousness, and frank and bold in his opposition to every form of evil and iniquity, publicly and privately rebuking sin, and particularly the sins most prevalent, thereby oftentimes provoking "the gainsaying of sinners against himself," he inspired no lasting enmities. Incapable of malice himself, full of good will to all men, it soon came to be understood that his keenest rebukes proceeded from worthy motives—and even those whom he censured most severely learned to respect his rebukes as the wounds of a friend, intended for their good. Hence it occurred that, at his funeral, even the saloon-keepers, whom he had opposed boldly and persistently, thronged to the burial

services and mingled their tears with those of all other classes of the community over the death of an honest and noble man.

PREACHING.

His appearance in the pulpit, as we have already stated, was not imposing. He was five feet seven inches in height, and of rather diminutive structure, weighing only about one hundred and twenty pounds. He had auburn hair, dark brown eyes, fair complexion, and for the last few years of his life was near-sighted, which compelled him to use glasses most of the time. But he had an honest, earnest, manly countenance, which commanded respect. His voice was not, either in tone or compass, favorable to oratory. He was not a master of elocution. His reading was defective; his quotations, especially from the poets, were unskillfully rendered. He made no attempt at graceful oratorical action. He paid little attention to style. Yet everybody liked to hear him, and throughout the twelve years of his ministry in Paducah, the house in which he preached was packed every Sunday night with eager auditors. There is no mystery about this. 1. Everybody believed him to be an honest, upright, godly man, who practiced what he taught. His "untirable and continue goodness" carried with it more than the charm of oratory. 2. He always had something to say that was worth hearing. He never entered the pulpit without much research and diligent preparation. 3. His manner was artless, unaffected, genuine. His phraseology was simple, and readily understood by all. He talked in a straightforward, earnest way, making his hearers feel that they were in the presence and

under the spell of a deeply earnest soul, whose message was not to be trifled with. 4. His numerous scripture quotations were so skillfully interpreted and so forcibly applied that new light was constantly thrown on the teaching of the Bible; and his illustrations, drawn from every-day life, from current events, or from history, were so apt and felicitous as to afford constant delight to his auditors. J. W. Higbee, in a tribute to his memory in the "Old Path Guide," of Oct. 10, 1884, says: "During a speech of thirty minutes in length, at a convention in Henderson, Ky., he made thirty-one distinct and accurate quotations from the Bible and other books, each one throwing a straight, white ray of light on the main point before him." 5. His *themes* were such as excited general interest. He seldom meddled with abstruse theological questions—not even when specially requested so to do. He preached the gospel in its fullness, adhering closely to New Testament models. He taught faithfully all Christian duties, emphasizing those that belong to every-day life—self-control, family piety, industry, honesty and integrity in business, faithfulness in church-life, benevolence, philanthropy, forgiveness of injuries, etc. He dealt faithfully with popular follies, vices and iniquities. He did not fear to call every sin by its own proper name, and to drag its hideousness into the light, that all might learn to abhor it. While this was done in kindness, it was also done with a fearless earnestness that often rose into indignation. His pulpit was recognized as one of the greatest moral forces in Paducah, and the guilty dreaded its power. His preaching and teaching had constant reference to the cultivation of the intellectual and spiritual tastes of his hearers by

solid and attractive instruction, rather than to amusement for the hour by a display of pulpit pyrotechnics. In illustration of this, we may state that when he noticed a great lack among the young people of profitable reading—a lack which led him to purchase, at his own cost, a considerable number of books to be used as a circulating library under his own direction—he was at pains to prepare a series of lectures on the Lives and Times of Eminent Reformers, which he delivered from the pulpit to crowded houses—the old, as well as the young, taking a deep interest in them, and many being excited to a new and large course of reading in Biography and History. The substance of these lectures was afterwards given in a series of sketches in the “Christian Standard,” and now form the larger part of the present volume. Those who read them will be able to form some estimate of the wide range of reading and study required in their preparation, with no other end in view at the time than the intellectual and spiritual improvement of his regular hearers.

We may add that his sermons were short, seldom exceeding thirty minutes in delivery. They had in them few redundant words or sentences. Rich in thought, he made as few words as possible bear the burden of its expression, and never bewildered or wearied his hearers by verbosity. The close of his sermons left his hearers eager to hear him again. It was truly said by Elder George Darsie, in his funeral sermon, that “he was simply a plain, easy, practical talker, talking right at men’s hearts, without pretense or affectation, pouring into them the rich treasures of truth and love with which his own amply stored mind

was filled, animated and inspired by such a manifest desire to do them good, that none could help receiving benefit from every word he uttered."

PASTORAL WORK.

Out of the pulpit his labors were incessant, but so systematically pursued that he seemed seldom in a hurry. If, during his preaching, his quick eye, as it glanced over the congregation, detected the presence of strangers, instantly on dismissal he was at the front door, waiting to greet them as they went out, and to learn where they were stopping; and on Monday morning they were sure of a friendly call and of whatever assistance he could render to make their stay in Paducah agreeable. He was present at all the officers' meetings, to give his counsel and coöperation in the management of all church affairs. He presided at all the prayer-meetings, frequently varying the exercises, infusing freshness into the services, and enlisting as many as possible in an active participation in the devotions. He personally visited all who attended his preaching, giving especial attention to the poor and the afflicted; and, outside of his regular hearers, he was frequently called on to visit the sick and suffering of other religious communions. He always superintended his Sunday-school, and drilled the teachers in their duties at the Teachers' meeting—not omitting a drill in the management and instruction of the infant class. He gave personal attention to the music of the Sunday-school, looking out the freshest and best music. So thorough was his Sunday-school instruction and discipline, so great a favorite was he with the children, and so diligent and faithful was the preparation of

the teachers for their class-work, that the school soon became a model of order and efficiency, and the church was steadily enriched and strengthened from the school. Many of the firmest and most active members of the Christian Church in Paducah to-day, graduated from the Sunday-school into the church.

He brought the church into the exercise of systematic benevolence. James A. Huston, associated with him in the eldership of the church, writes: "The church never did any missionary work until he came. At evening service, twice a month, he took up a collection for missionary purposes, and twice a month for charitable uses—thus accumulating a good fund for each object." And Dr. J. W. Crenshaw, of Cadiz, Ky., speaking of a missionary convention held in Paducah in 1883, says; "This convention is memorable from the fact that, contrary to all expectations, the contributions far exceeded anything that had been previously known. For this result probably more credit is due to George E. Flower than to any other person, as it is known that a very large portion of the amount pledged came from the Paducah church."

His home was a center of life-giving and life-sustaining influences. Everybody was welcome. Those who were strong and happy came to enjoy the charm of free and hearty unconventional social life. The poor and weak and disconsolate came for counsel and sympathy and help; and they never came in vain. The young delighted to come to one whom they knew to be their friend; and here, in the library, among his books and papers, he would talk to them of books and their authors, enlivening the talk with sparkling anecdotes, and then lay out a course of reading for

them, giving them free access to his own library, and frequently purchasing books at his own cost to meet their special wants.

In addition to all these methods of usefulness, he found time to write largely for religious papers, especially for the "Christian Standard," which was his favorite religious newspaper. These contributions were always meaty. They were generally brief and pointed; sometimes racy and piquant; sometimes grave, strong and eloquent; always readable. We doubt if, in them all, there is a word which, dying, he wished to blot. He also wrote frequently for secular papers, on themes of local interest, or accounts of his travels during his vacations. Only a few weeks before his death he wrote from Dakota to one of the Paducah papers. Indeed, he was nearly as busy with his pen as with his tongue.

OUTSIDE WORK.

During these twelve years, he did a large amount of work outside of his church sphere. He was actively interested in everything belonging to the welfare of Paducah, especially its moral welfare. When he found betting and gambling openly practiced at the Fair Grounds, he went to the prosecuting attorney to learn why such violations of law were practiced with impunity; and being informed that no information had been laid in against the offenders, he proceeded at once to gather information, and in his own name made complaint to the authorities. Those who were cognizant of the facts speak of his excitement and indignation over this affair as extraordinary. His work in behalf of temperance was unremitting. The Murphy Movement in Paducah, which, in its public operations, continued

with unbroken interest for over four months, and produced a great moral revolution, was largely organized and sustained by him. James A. Huston, his intimate associate, testifies :

Never in the history of Paducah was such a work done for the temperance cause as he initiated and helped to carry on. When the Murphy wave swept over the country, he sent for one of their evangelists, and though every other minister here but one stood aloof, he, never daunted, went to work, and in the face of all manner of discouragements, succeeded in setting on foot a mission that did more for Paducah than any other moral effort ever made in its history ; and so full was he at all times of interest in this cause, that every opportunity, in the pulpit and out of it, found him defending and advocating total abstinence—and yet he had a friend in every saloon-keeper here !

His friends think that his excessive labors through these four months brought on the disease of which he died. He was never so well afterward.

He was also the means of establishing a Monday morning preachers' meeting in Paducah, at which nearly all the Protestant ministers of the city assembled to cultivate friendship, compare notes of labor, discuss important theological questions, and devise means of coöperation in the promotion of common interests. These meetings have been so rich in practical results that they are still regularly held.

He was in the habit of taking a vacation during the months of July and August ; but vacation, with him, did not mean idleness or self-indulgence. He spent these months, until his growing weakness forbade it, in holding protracted meetings in needy places. At many points in southern Kentucky and southern Illinois he held such meetings, even in these hot months. We have no record of details ; but from all we know of his previous labors as an evangelist, we doubt not that

churches were quickened into new life, and many sinners turned to the Lord.

His temperance work extended far out from Paducah, and so did his influence as a preacher. The most efficient organization for Sunday-school and missionary work in South Kentucky, in connection with the Churches of Christ, is the South Kentucky Sunday-school Association, afterwards changed to the South Kentucky Christian Missionary and Sunday-school Association. It has awakened the churches to activity and combined their resources in a way to accomplish a vastly larger and more effective work than was ever before attempted. In fostering and managing this work, George E. Flower bore an important part. Dr. J. W. Crenshaw, another of its prime movers and efficient managers, has favored us with many details of this benevolent enterprise, of which we can only speak here in a general way. Concerning the part borne by our Paducah preacher, he says:

It was in 1877, at one of these S. S. Conventions, at Hopkinsville, Ky., that I first met Bro. Flower, and when he first identified himself with the work which is now developed into a systematic business-working missionary association. From that date to the time of his death, he was a warm supporter of the movement, not only by his personal influence, but by contributing liberally from his private means. Generally he was on the Executive Committee, and there his wise counsel contributed largely to the success of the work. Whenever he would consent, his name was placed on the programme of the annual meetings. These addresses, I doubt not, will be among the most valuable that will be placed in the hands of his biographer.

At the Princeton, Ky., meeting, in 1878, after considerable discussion, we added to our Sunday-school work the missionary feature, and the name of our association was changed to "The South Kentucky Christian Missionary and Sunday-school Association." While Bro. F. was not present at that meeting, on account of the feeble condition of his health, he knew of the contemplated change, and saw the wisdom

of the movement, and by giving it his hearty endorsement enabled us to make it a grand success. In a movement of this kind it is expected, in the beginning, that, in the multiplicity of views entertained by the brethren, who are comparative strangers to each other, there will be considerable discussion. Our movement in South Kentucky has not been an exception to the rule. There are a few men upon whom we have depended, in the "wind-up," to make speeches of reconciliation. Prominent among these was the beloved Flower. If there was a little bad spirit existing in consequence of the heat of the discussion, a speech from him was sure to dispel it. I know that I express the feeling of the entire Executive Committee when I say that if, on arrival at one of the places of these meetings, we learned that Bro. Flower would not be in attendance, we felt that there was no one capable of filling his place. At the Paducah Convention, in 1883, it was the universal remark that the entertainment of the meeting was the most systematic and business-like that had ever been witnessed in South Kentucky. Though Bro. Flower was seemingly hardly able to be up, his slight form was seen everywhere, directing and managing the movements of the convention.

At the last convention at Mayfield, in June last, he was in attendance, with the distinct understanding that, on account of his feeble health, he was not to be called upon to participate publicly in any of the exercises. This was a great disappointment to his friends, many of whom thought that that would probably be the last opportunity they would ever have of hearing him. But such was the interest which he felt in the success of the meeting, that he wrote, asking that Bro. Geo. Darsie be requested to fill his place on the programme, proposing to defray his expenses, which he did. He was compelled to leave Mayfield before the close of the convention, but was able to come aboard the train the morning after the convention closed, as it passed Paducah, and bid us all farewell.

His appearance that morning is doubtless indelibly stamped on the minds of many who saw him. I believe that he felt confident then that he would not live until the next annual session of the convention which he had learned to love so well.

We cannot complete this picture without more special reference to that peacemaking spirit to which Dr. Crenshaw refers as of such value in the sometimes exciting and exasperating discussions in deliberative assemblies. It was not the least valuable feature of

his ministerial work—the spirit of peace which he everywhere diffused. His colleague, James A. Huston, says of this:

He had a peculiar tact for harmonizing discussions. Seldom did any trouble spring up, that he did not manage to nip it in the bud. During his pastorate in Paducah there is no record of any strife that marred the peace and harmony of the church. As for himself, he would not let any one stay mad at him, and he had a way of influencing others toward others to the same end. It was the same way in the community at large. He never faltered to attack vice and immorality in the city. Sometimes he would be so pointed as to stir the wrath of the guilty—but it was only for the moment. His inflexible adherence to truth and right always commanded respect, and after a sober thought they always said, “All right.”

During the first six years of his ministry in Paducah the church records were very imperfectly kept, and it is impossible to obtain exact statistics of the growth of the church. As nearly as can be learned, there were over two hundred conversions during his ministry of twelve years, and many were added by commendation from other churches. During the last seven years, owing to disasters in business, deaths and removals, the church lost seriously in numerical and financial strength, and his increasing feebleness and necessarily broken labors disabled him from repairing these losses as effectively as he otherwise might have done. Yet he left a church of two hundred and fifty live members, so taught in the faith and drilled in the activities of Christian life, and so united in sympathy and love, that their future is bright with promise.

During the nineteen years of his public ministry, his labors, as nearly as can be ascertained, were blessed to the conversion of about eighteen hundred souls. It is impossible to speak here with perfect accuracy.

If, in the enthusiasm of our friendship, we were disposed to exaggerate the virtues or the labors of the beloved Flower, the recollection of his intense truthfulness and hate of all vain boastings would deter us. We should be false to him if we consciously allowed the least tinge of extravagance to color this sketch. But, in sober truth, and with an eye only to justice, we think it fair to say, in view of all the facts submitted, that, in our judgment, few lives have been more free from blame; few characters are found in which the gentle and stern virtues are so nicely balanced; few men have, under similar conditions, wielded an equal power for good; few lives of less than twoscore years ever won, in a similar sphere, a more general tribute of respect, admiration and love. Let us say, in the language of Tennyson, when he mourned the untimely death of the beloved Arthur H. Hallam:

O friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but from hour to hour
In reverence and in charity.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The valley of death-shade—Judgment of physicians—Return from Cincinnati to Paducah—Trip to Dakota and return—Last days of suffering and rejoicing—Death—Funeral services at Paducah.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me (Ps. xxiii. 4).

The language of the Psalmist does not refer, as is generally supposed, to what is described in the Latin phrase, *In articulo mortis*—the hour and article of death. "The image is that of a flock led through a deep, narrow, very dark valley, such as abound in Judæa, with wild beasts lurking in the thicket on either hand, where the timid sheep would fear hurt unless protected by the shepherd. The Psalmist says that though walking in the darkest valley, dark as the grave, he will fear no evil." * The phrase "shadow of death," in the scriptures, always conveys the idea of thick darkness, either literal or figurative,—natural gloom, ignorance, affliction,—and never refers specifically to the hour of dying. Bunyan seized the true thought. He makes his pilgrim pass through the valley of the shadow of death before he reaches the river. And *our* pilgrim entered this valley long before he died. The shadow of death seems, indeed, never to have been absent from his path; but from the spring of 1879, when his physicians in Cincinnati gave him a clear understanding of his physical condition, he knew that he had entered the dark valley.

* Broadus on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons, p. 72.

All subsequent investigations fully confirmed the judgment first pronounced: there was valvular disease of the heart, from which there could be no recovery; freedom from fatigue and worry, pleasant and light out-door employment, might possibly prolong life somewhat; but death might come at any moment, and was sure to come within a few years. We well remember when he came to us to make known the final conclusion of his physicians, and to ask advice as to his future. He talked about it with great calmness. The professional judgment pronounced in his case did not surprise him. It only defined more clearly and made more visible to him the shadow whose presence he had previously felt. We advised him to surrender at once the work in Cincinnati, which was evidently beyond his strength, and seek a field in which he could be pleasantly employed, and yet be free to rest or to travel, as his physicians might recommend. The church at Paducah was ready to welcome him back with the understanding that he was not to be overburdened with work or care, and that he should be free to go abroad whenever it would benefit his health; and to the honor of the officers and members of that church be it said that, farther on, when, owing to his increasing feebleness, he urged them to release him and provide better help for themselves, they promptly and positively refused, insisting that his presence and his counsels were of more benefit to them than the active labors of any stranger could be. He was now in the valley of the shadow of death. He knew it; his family knew it; his friends knew it; the public began to look on him as marked for death; but nothing in his bearing indicated his consciousness of this, beyond an increasing fervency of spirit and the growing

frequency of spells of suffering. He was cheerful as ever. No complaint or murmur escaped his lips. He was active beyond his strength. If he preached less frequently, he wrote more, and took an intense interest in the spiritual welfare of the churches at home and abroad. His whole subsequent life was a beautiful comment on the text: "I will fear no evil—for *Thou* art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." * Never did pilgrim journey more cheerily through the death-shade. He went right on with his work, forgetting himself in his abounding zeal for the welfare of others. Occasionally he remitted his labors and spent a month or two in the recreation of travel—returning joyfully to spend his recruited energies in the work in which he so greatly delighted. In 1879 he was absent six weeks on a northern trip, mostly voyaging on the lakes, Mrs. Flower accompanying him as far as Chicago. In 1882, he spent over two months in an eastern trip, Mrs. F. being with him all the time. These and other seasons of pleasant rambling did him much good. It was painfully evident, however, year by year, that his strength was decreasing. His enforced absences from the pulpit were more frequent. The audiences that gathered to hear him were not surprised, though grieved, when they learned, as they sometimes did, that he was unable to preach to them; nor did this hinder their reattendance, for as the shadow gathered with more distinctness over his path and they knew that the end was approaching, they were the

* Very expressive is the rendering of this precious text in Dr. P. H. Waddell's "Buik o' Psalms," translated "frae Hebrew intil Scottis," published by J. Menzies & Co., Edinburg, 1882: "Na! tho' I gang thro' the dead-merk dail, I dread nae skathin'; for yersel are nar-by me; yer stok and yer stay haud me baith fu' cheerie."

more desirous to catch and retain the words that came from lips so soon to be stilled in death. Sometimes, after entering the pulpit, he found himself unable to proceed with the services, and at last he was "in conflict cloven down"—caught in the arms of a friend as he was falling:

Fallen while cheering with his voice
The sacramental host.

His work was about done. He arranged to spend the summer vacation in 1884 in Dakota. Realizing that his end was near, he selected a burial-plot in the cemetery, arranged with his intimate friend and co-laborer, George Darsie, to conduct the funeral services, and placed everything in readiness for his departure. In June he started for Dakota, in company with Mrs. Flower and her parents, and remained until the latter part of August. Of his sojourn in Dakota and his return, we have this account from his father, dated Paris, Ill., September 19, 1884:

During his sojourn in Dakota his health, in the main, seemed to improve, especially toward the latter part of the time, when, as he informed me in several letters, he was really feeling much heartier and better, and his appetite was remarkably good, and he expressed his wonder as to whether it was likely to continue.

Only three or four days before leaving, an occurrence took place which seems to have been the immediate cause of the sad change in his health, and to have hastened his death. In company with his brother-in-law he rode in an open express to the post-office, about four miles distant, in a very heavy rain. In speaking of it, in his letter, he said it was the heaviest rain-fall he ever witnessed. Yet, being well provided with water-proofs, they kept dry, and reached home without feeling any bad effects at the time or during the night. Encouraged by what seemed a proof of increasing hardiness, the next morning he took a longer ride of eight miles in the same open vehicle with his brother-in-law to look at the condition of the oats-crop. At that time the

weather had become quite cold, with high wind from the north, which was in their face. This long ride in the cold wind, with occasional gusts of rain, proved too much for his delicate condition; he became chilled through, and never recovered his normal warmth. At night he was taken with a hard chill, followed by a high fever; the next day another chill and increasing fever. Feeling sensible of his critical condition, he expressed his desire to return home, upon which his father-in-law, Mr. Buchanan, with his family, all started homeward with him. When the party (of seven) reached St. Louis, Dr. King, our mutual friend, requested him to remain two or three days, and allow him to examine his condition. To this he consented, and the rest of the family went on to Evansville. What with the pleasant rest and treatment, he seemed to improve so much that he was induced to remain nine days, which he spoke of in his letters as a most pleasant season, feeling, too, not a little improved in health. On Monday morning, the 8th inst., leaving Dr. King's house, he rode in the street-car to within three squares of the depot, where he stepped into a drug-store to have his prescription filled. On leaving the drug-store a strange sensation oppressed the region of his heart. As he expressed it, "It seemed as if something had broken loose within." With great difficulty he reached the train, after resting several times against buildings. In the train he observed an upright position in his seat all the way to Evansville, on account of the increased difficulty in breathing. At dinner-time he felt very hungry, but feared to leave his seat or position, and even felt a disinclination to speak to the porter to bring anything, as the least exertion affected him painfully. So he rode on all the way to Evansville, not a little exhausted, but succeeded in reaching Col. Buchanan's house without any evil occurrence. Ate a pretty hearty supper, but never ate afterwards, as continued vomiting commenced Tuesday morning.

Wednesday night (the 10th inst.) we received by dispatch the first intimation of his sad condition. Mrs. Flower and myself immediately took the night-train and reached Evansville Thursday morning at seven, and remained with our dear child to the end.

On Lord's day, September 6, he was able to meet with the Central Church, St. Louis, and then, for the last time, administered the Lord's Supper, speaking in few but tender words of the preciousness of the great salvation, and the sacredness of the memories of the

cross of Christ. The cross of Christ was to him of all themes the most precious.

The five days of his last illness were marked by extreme suffering, "far exceeding," as he said, "all the pains of my past life." But there was "glory" in the midst of his tribulations. All who were present during these days declare that these were really golden days of joy and triumph. No sooner did he recover from the repeated spells of acute suffering than his face beamed with joy, and he often exclaimed, "I am *so* happy!" His wife, father, mother, father-in-law and mother-in-law composed the loving and anxious circle that surrounded him in his last feeble steps to the brink of the river. He talked calmly and tenderly to each of these loved ones, telling them all that his future prospects were brighter than ever before, and that, apart from his pains, this was the happiest period of his life. To his beloved wife, who had been to him so congenial and devoted a companion for the last thirteen years of his pilgrimage, he spoke again and again of his departure in a most cheerful strain. He said that if he had his life to live over, he would preach the same gospel, only more earnestly. His faith knew not the slightest tremor. It seemed already to have ripened into something so nearly akin to actual knowledge, that he could say, in the language of the apostle Paul, "*We know* that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens"(II. Cor. v. 1). He told her that the heavens seemed already opened, and the glories of the heavenly home already streamed in upon his waiting spirit. Not a doubt obscured his vision. His path grew brighter

and brighter unto the perfect day. Terrible as was the suppressed agony of her spirit in facing this bereavement, the dying saint charmed her into almost forgetfulness of it by his joyful experiences and his triumphant anticipations of heavenly joy, blending the life that now is with that which is to come. Bitterly as all of that loving circle grieved over the departure of one so unspeakably dear to them, the atmosphere of that sick-room was so bright and cheery that they all loved to be there, and absented themselves as little as possible. They realized the truth of what Young says in his "Night-Thoughts: "

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.

It was to them indeed a Beth-el. With the happy alteration of a single word in the language of Jacob, they could say, "How *lovely* is this place! this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!" His mind was not only unclouded, but all its powers were in full play. His heart was filled with a faith and hope that triumphed over all his pains. His lips uttered not one murmur, but were eloquent with praise. Even the genial humor that had always characterized him still gleamed pleasantly. "Down to his last hour," says his friend Darsie, "this delightful trait of his character flashed out every little while, deceiving the loved ones at his bedside with the belief that the end might yet be far off." "Just a short time before he died," writes Mrs. Flower, "I stepped up to him and asked him if he thought he was dying. The old sparkle came into his eye as he smiled, and said,

'Well, Ollie, I never died before, and therefore cannot say;' and then, in a somewhat graver, but still cheerful tone, he added, 'But if this *is* death, it is the happiest hour I have ever known.'

On Saturday morning, September 13, about ten o'clock, he dropped into a peaceful sleep for about half an hour, and awoke saying that he was much refreshed. Again at noon he slept for a few minutes, and during this sleep the end came: he glided quietly away, as if death, in place of proving a broad and turbulent river, had been reduced to a mere rill, which, crossing at a single step, he closed his journey and was at home with God!

As we linger over the history of the last days of this worn and weary pilgrim, we are forcibly reminded of the words of Bunyan, near the close of *Pilgrim's Progress*:

After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons, and had this for a token that the summons was true: "That his pitcher was broken at the fountain" (Eccles. xii. 6). When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went, he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

He did not die, as he had wished, at his beloved Paducah; but at 5 P. M. of the day of his death his

body was placed on the steam-packet, and both the bereaved families accompanied it to Paducah, as it was his special desire to be buried among the people he loved so much.

On Monday, September 15, the funeral services were held. "Conduct a simple funeral service," was the request he had left with his beloved friend, George Darsie. He had also requested that no emblems of mourning should be displayed at the funeral; and this request also would have been sacredly respected, had it been known in time. But, in ignorance of this wish, the house and pulpit in which he had ministered so long and won so many peaceful victories, were draped in mourning. His simple tastes and habits were opposed to all useless display; his modesty forbade all eulogy; his strong faith and hope discouraged all mournfulness. The letter that follows tells in few words all that needs to be recorded concerning the funeral solemnities:

FRANKFORT, Ky., Sept. 18, 1884.

I am just home from Paducah, Ky., where I attended the funeral of our dear Brother Flower on Monday last, Sept. 15. Words can not tell the sorrow of the church and community over his loss. He had been longer in the city than any other resident minister, and in consequence was more widely known.

The church-building was draped in heavy mourning on all sides, beautiful flowers filled the pulpit platform, while on the wall behind and above the pulpit, immortelles spelled out the words, in large letters: "George E. Flower, asleep in Jesus." The crowd in the audience-room was dense, the gallery filled to overflowing, while hundreds stood in the aisles, and both in front and rear, and by the open windows on the outside, hundreds more were gathered to hear as best they could the services of the occasion. All the other ministers in the city, even to the Jewish Rabbi, were present, and were assigned to a special seat at the front. The Circuit Court, then in session, adjourned, that the judge and lawyers might attend. Citizens of all

classes, ranks, creeds, trades, were there. Liquor-dealers, whom Bro. Flower had always opposed with fearless and unfailing hostility, showed their respect for his memory by coming to his funeral. And all were there not as indifferent spectators, but as mourners, conscious of a bitter personal bereavement. A leading citizen of the place told me that, for size and character, such an assembly as gathered in and around the church, and such a funeral procession, were never, in his memory, seen before in Paducah. The high and low, the rich and poor—all, without reference to nationality, temporal circumstances, religious affiliations, or any other boundary lines, united in universal lamentation over the death of him whom to merely know was to fondly love.

The services at the church were simple and short, according to our beloved brother's wish. They were conducted by B. C. Deweese, of Henderson, Ky., and the writer. The Scriptures read were Psalm ciii., "Bless the Lord, O my soul," etc.; and a portion of I. Cor. xv., beginning, "There is one glory of the sun," etc., and ending with the close of the chapter. The hymns sung were the familiar ones he so loved, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "My faith looks up to Thee," and "God be with you till we meet again." Bro. Deweese made the opening prayer, and the writer the funeral address, which Bro. Deweese followed with a few appropriate remarks on the lessons taught by the life and character of Bro. Flower. Many brethren were present from distant churches, especially from Mayfield, whose pastor, Bro. E. E. Orvis, and his wife, were in the congregation.

Col. J. S. Buchanan and wife, of Evansville, Ind., the father and mother of Mrs. Flower, at whose home our brother breathed his last, with their son, Mr. Cicero Buchanan, and his wife, were there. So also were Elder Alfred Flower and wife, of Paris, Ill., the father and mother of our lamented brother. It was much regretted that none of his four brothers, nor his sister, were able to be present.

GEORGE DARSIE.

Thus closes the history of a life of less than thirty-seven years, but so busily, wisely and earnestly employed that it wrought saving and ennobling influences in the hearts and lives of thousands, and left the earth richer in the purity of many a heart, the nobility of many a life, the brightness of many a home, than it would otherwise have been. If we count its pulsations,

it was a brief life; if we measure it by its achievements, it was longer than many a life of fourscore years. It was a life of "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit—acceptable to God and approved of men."

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

The secret of his power—His thorough genuineness—Passionate devotion to his calling—Strong faith in God—Untiring diligence—Equipose—The molding influences of his home, in regard to piety, love of books, and habits of economy.

Remember them that had the rule over you, who spake unto you the word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith (Heb. xiii. 7).

Not more in justice to the dead than as a benefit to the living, is this biographical sketch penned. It is interesting, indeed, to look upon a beautiful and useful life, but we miss its chief value if we do not learn from it how to make our own lives nobler. We have been contemplating a life of much beauty and of great usefulness. Can the reader now tell *the secret of its power*? To all young Christians who desire to make their lives largely useful, and especially to young preachers, this is the important question. Without a satisfactory answer to this inquiry, the end aimed at in this biography will fail to be reached. But the question is not easily answered. Human characters are complex—the result of the combined action of many forces, and made up of many ingredients. They are sometimes exceedingly difficult of analysis. We hear much said of the “ruling passion;” but we are of opinion, as the result of all our studies of human characters, that comparatively few lives are shaped or controlled by any one ruling passion. If they were, they could be easily understood. But the

government of human nature is oftener an oligarchy than a monarchy or autocracy. The supreme power is a combination of powers, character being the product of various coöperative forces, some of them very subtle in their operation, so that a just analysis of the elements entering into the combination is a delicate and difficult task.

Our opinion of George E. Flower is, that we must seek the secret of his power not in any one overpowering force, but in a happy combination of forces—in the *symmetry* of his nature and character, and not in the predominance of any one element of strength. Let us sketch the more important features that combined in harmonious proportions in this lovely character.

I. *His thorough genuineness of soul.*—His character can not be understood without a knowledge of this. It was one of its strong foundation stones. He was *utterly truthful*, not merely in word, but in his purposes and his deeds. There was no deceit in him. “He never spoke a word,” says George Darsie, “or did a deed *for effect*.” What he was and what he seemed were the same. There was about him no secretiveness, no hypocrisy, no affectation. His life was transparent. Hence, every one that knew him, confided in him; whether he was regarded as friend or foe, no one doubted the sincerity of his motives or the integrity of his life. His words never had to be discounted, his actions never had to be suspected. They were never below par among those who knew him. In private and public, at home and abroad, in the pulpit and out of it, this stamp of *genuineness* was on all he said and did. He spoke the truth *in his heart*; hence, in his life also. Where this thorough truthfulness and honesty

of soul is lacking, one of the grandest elements of enduring greatness is absent, and the character must be fatally deformed.

2. *His passionate devotion to his calling.*—To mistake one's calling is a serious, and often a fatal, blunder. It puts one's life out of joint, and makes of it a maimed, awkward, burdensome affair, never reaching the highest success, and ending often in disastrous failure. While some natures are so many-sided that they can make a tolerable success in almost any line, there is yet some one course of life for which each is preëminently adapted; while natures less evenly endowed must find their work within narrower limits, or waste their energies in vain efforts. George E. Flower may, we think, be said to have been divinely called to his work. He found the calling for which, in his intellectual and moral endowments, he was best fitted; and it is one of the proofs of the genuineness of his nature that he obeyed the call of Providence, and the call of his brethren, because it answered to the call that issued from his own soul. It is impossible to read his life without being impressed with the singular purity and religiousness of sentiment that marked even his childhood. When he became a Christian, his extreme timidity could not conceal his consuming desire to speak of the peace and joy of his heart, and to plead with others to come and drink with him at the same fountain of life. The message burned as a fire in his bones, and he triumphed over the trembling embarrassment that forbade its utterance. In the hope of fitting himself for this work he went away to school and struggled his way through sickness and poverty to success. Once only did the vision of another calling

lure him from this purpose, and that but for a day. He talked with his own soul and with his God, and when he looked up he saw a gleam of sunshine on the path which he hoped, yet feared, to tread, and he spurned the temptation to forsake it. But he did not force himself into it. He believed that God ruled his life, and patiently waited for such providential intimations as would assure him that he was moving in the right direction. Such intimations came in a way that gave him hope and courage. But might he not, after all, be mistaken? He would test it. Being urged by those who knew him best, to preach—and this without a hint on his part of any desire to do so—he would try just once, and see how the Lord would deal with him. He tried—humbly and tremblingly, but yet he tried—and God sustained him and crowned his modest effort with remarkable blessings. It was David the stripling going forth to meet the mailed Goliath of unbelief, and the first stone from his sling won a victory. He preached again and again, and a divine blessing was poured out on every effort—only failure enough mingling with it to save him from undue exaltation. When circumstances impelled him to preach frequently in one place, and he feared that his limited treasures of knowledge would be exhausted, he found to his joy that, like the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal, he was still supplied, day by day, according to his needs. When, even after remarkable success elsewhere, he shrank from preaching to his own people, on his own native heath, he was providentially shut up to the necessity of conquering this aversion. Wherever he went, the sympathy and confidence of his brethren centered in him, and soon he was able to sway large

audiences with an eloquence all his own, and sinners were won, by scores and hundreds, to a new life. The test was complete. There was left not a shadow of doubt as to his proper calling. The voice of God, the voice of his brethren, and the voice of his own soul, united to assure him that he was called to preach the Gospel. This settled, he forced away the embargo that self-distrust had laid on his sympathies and energies, and gave all his powers in a joyful consecration to this work. *He loved it with a passionate love.* He gave to it the whole wealth of his being. Sometimes, when, prostrated by disease, it looked as if he must abandon his calling and seek some easier way of life, it wrung from him the confession that he would rather die than surrender his work—so intensely did he love it, so happy was he in it. This was no small part of the secret of his power. No man can do his best who does not enthusiastically love his work—who can not say, with Jesus, “My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to accomplish His work.” Where there is this enthusiastic devotion to one’s calling, quite ordinary powers will be waked into intensest action and be made to do good service. Where this is wanting, even great powers will work but sluggishly and perfunctorily. Preachers, above all others, should give heed to this. Many, it is feared, enter the ministry inspired only by inferior motives. It seems to them a *pleasant* calling; it is *respectable*, and admits one to the best society; there is distinction to be won, etc. Where there are no higher motives than these, there is abundant opportunity for envy, jealousy and covetousness, for vanity and egotism, to assert their sway and pervert the noblest powers to unworthy ends. At best,

there will be lacking the *aroma* of a truly spiritual life, the fragrance of genuine devotion, the unction of a saintly spirit. But where the soul is aflame with enthusiasm for the work, and one's whole nature is permeated with an all-absorbing earnestness to accomplish it, quite moderate intellectual endowments may be made to yield a rich revenue of power, in spite of the drawbacks of physical feebleness, slowness of speech, and oratorical ungainliness. It was no small part of the power of this diseased and timid man, untrained in oratory and rather disdainful of its trappings, that he *loved his work* with a love that triumphed over all obstacles,—that laughed at impossibilities, and took no denial. We may fitly apply to him the lines which he quoted as applicable to Wycliffe:

His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure.

3. *His strong faith in God.*—While he indulged in no cant about Providence, and made no ostentatious display of his faith, it was evident that he possessed an extraordinary faith in the promises of a covenant-keeping God. It never occurred to him to doubt them. He was thoroughly in earnest—he knew it, and God knew it; they had a perfect understanding. Why, then, should he doubt that God would always be true to His word? He had but to see to it that, on his own part, his duty was honestly and faithfully done, and then he calmly and undoubtingly left it in God's hands, assured that his work could not be in vain. He never paused to look for lions in the way. He never faltered because the work was great and the instruments few and weak. If he saw a work to be done, and was con-

vinced that it belonged to him to do it, he gave himself to it without a doubt that God would ordain strength out of his weakness; and every mountain of difficulty became a plain before this young Zerubbabel. The faith that removes mountains was his. It was all-enduring and all-conquering. This is another element of strength in his ministerial life, without which no ministry can be a high success; for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

4. *His untiring diligence.*—He was an incessant toiler. His active temperament would have made him diligent in any calling. But this tendency was strengthened by his passionate love of his chosen work. It was because he loved it that he delighted in it. Its toils and cares and responsibilities were welcome to him. He knew no drudgery in the Master's service. Love makes all burdens light, all toils delightful. Christ's yoke is easy and his burden light, not because there is little to do, or little to be borne, but because love makes the neck strong to wear the yoke, and the back strong to bear the burden. If we learn, therefore, in this case, of constant hard study; of an immense range of reading; of sermons and lectures prepared with scrupulous care; of prayer-meetings, officers' meetings, and Bible-classes, regularly attended and diligently prepared for; of frequent sermons and temperance addresses during the week; of essays carefully written for the press; of numerous daily visits to the poor and the distressed—and all this with a feeble physical frame, seldom free from pain and weakness—let it not be thought for a moment that these made his life burdensome. The extremest wretchedness he knew was in being disabled from the performance of his duties. He

lived longer and enjoyed more in this ceaseless activity than he could have done in idleness. He was as religious in doing his work as he was in praying for God's blessing on it. He would have deemed it impiety to ask God to bless him in idleness. He would have scorned to enter the pulpit with unripe thoughts or empty head, trusting to the inspiration of the moment for something to say. It would have been wicked thus to mock the precious opportunity to win souls to Christ. He had a rich variety of talents, but about all the genius he had was a genius for work. Gentle reader, when you look admiringly on this life, and wish that you too could be crowned with such strength and beauty, please remember the price he paid for success in his incessant toils, and learn, like him, to do with all your might whatever you undertake.

5. *His self-control.* One of his friends—S. H. Bundy—in a beautiful tribute to his memory, says: "He was the most thoroughly self-poised and quiet man I ever met. Little affairs he seemed never to notice at all; and large ones never disturbed his equanimity. Of active temperament, he was capable of strong emotion, but everywhere and on all occasions he exhibited the same quiet, unobtrusive, equable and loving spirit." Another says of him: "He was so evenly balanced, so rounded and complete." But this was not owing merely to a happy mental and moral organization. He was a man of strong convictions and strong feelings, capable of being wrought into high indignation. He could not have been the man he was, without strong natural impulses. He was keenly sensitive, proudly independent, and peculiarly fearless. The gentleness that made him great was not merely a

natural gift—though he doubtless owed much to a nice natural balance of forces—but the result of ceaseless vigilance, of a conscientious cultivation of all his powers, and of the variety of activities, physical, intellectual and moral, in which he engaged. George Darsie says of him: “He was the most charitable man in his judgment of others that I ever knew. I never heard him say one word of disparagement of a human soul. There was no censoriousness in his make-up. He felt kindly toward, and spoke kindly of, all. He was without littleness or jealousy of any description.” And yet he was a terror to evil-doers—the more so that he went about his work of expostulation and rebuke so kindly and kept it up so steadily. “Alas, for the whisky-ring or lottery,” says J. W. Higbee, “against which he threw his strength! He was one of the most patient men I ever knew. He could work for years with a congregation in order to induce some of its members to give up the sale of alcohol, or to correct any other great evil, and be as patient and sunshiny over it as if it were a delightful and easy task in which he was engaged.” And just here was the hiding of his power. He could not have done the work or wielded the power he did, if he had not possessed a nature keenly sensitive and capable of great wrath; neither could he have wrought such results if he had not held his strong nature under strict control. Had he been merely impulsive, his power would have gone out in sudden gusts and wasted itself in occasional violent demonstrations. Had he possessed a merely negative amiability, he would have spent his life in the utterance of harmless platitudes, and wasted what little force he had in the solemn parade of imbecile negations. But

with a positive and earnest nature held under steady control, and its forces kept in careful equilibrium, he put forth that calm, steady, unceasing, relentless power that was sure to triumph. His calm words had power, for they were words of deliberation and of honest conviction; they had terror, for they were words of unconquerable determination—there was a virtuous, heroic man behind them. “In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.”

And this fine balance of powers was manifest in his preaching and in his writings. He rode no hobbies. He had no stereotyped form of sermon or style of speech. His sermons ranged over all the realms of life, duty and destiny. It was difficult to say whether the logical or the rhetorical predominated. There were close reasoning, lively narrative, apt and beautiful illustration, earnest exhortation, pathetic appeal, and sometimes indignant rebuke. And he wrote on a great variety of topics, and about as well on one topic as another. In the impression made by the *wholeness* of his nature was the seal of his strength.

When we consider his power as dependent on his environment—it is no longer fashionable to speak of circumstances or surroundings—there are three things deserving of mention. 1. The intelligence and piety of his parents, and especially the strong sense, fervent piety and beautiful character of his mother. He inherited many of her admirable qualities, and was molded largely in his tastes and habits by her superior skill. We may say of him what he said concerning Alfred the Great: “He had, in the first place, the greatest blessing that a *child* can have—wise and pious parents; and then the greatest blessing that a *man* can have—a

wise and faithful wife." 2. The free range of a large library, forming and fostering a taste for reading and study from his childhood. 3. Habits of industry and economy, compelled by the circumstances of the family. On this last point we take leave to offer a few suggestions. The power of many preachers is maimed, and in many cases almost annihilated by their thriftless habits, and the consequent incurring of debts which are never paid. And the usefulness of many good preachers is seriously impaired by the care, anxiety and dejection consequent on poverty, culminating in old age in the wretchedness of extreme penury. But, when churches are numerous and abundantly able to support preachers at home and abroad, we do not believe that, as a rule, preachers need to be dependent on the benevolence of others for food and raiment, even in old age. We take the case of George E. Flower as an illustration of our meaning. He was dependent on preaching for a living for the last nineteen years of his life. He never received a large salary. For several years his pay was quite small. He said that he never allowed the consideration of money to decide his acceptance or rejection of an invitation to preach. He went where Providence opened the way, or where he knew his services were most needed. He preached much for feeble churches; and the voluntary contributions, even if up to the ability of the members, were necessarily small. After he went to Paducah, he received one hundred dollars a month for the months of labor he performed. This of course excluded the months of vacation, which, during his last years, not only brought no income, but involved considerable expense of travel and medical attendance. In Cincinnati, he received at the rate of fifteen hundred

dollars per year, but this was only for part of a year. He firmly declined generous offers of assistance from his friends, preferring a manly independence. He kept open house, purchased a large library, was liberal to the poor and in support of benevolent institutions. Yet at his death he owed no man so much as a penny, and left about ten thousand dollars for the support of his wife and child. Four thousand of this was in life-insurance policies; the other six thousand had been saved out of his earnings. And this was done without diverting his sympathies or his labors from his ministerial vocation. Do you ask how it was done? We answer, by the economical and thrifty habits he had learned at home in his youth. He kept an exact account of his income, and shaped his expenditures accordingly. *He never went in debt.* If his purse was empty, expenditures ceased until more money came in—though an accurate knowledge of the income he could depend on, enabled him to make such an economical arrangement of expenditures that his family were never in want and never in debt. By avoiding prodigality and luxury, and by the wise thrift of his wife in the management of household affairs, they always had enough and to spare, and laid by something every year. And, since we are seeking the secret of his power, we should not fail to note that this economy and thrift in the management of his affairs added not a little to his influence. He was greatly respected for his success as a financier, though his financiering was on a small scale. He stood up as a man among men. His word never failed. His check on the bank was never dishonored. He was able to share in a manly way in benevolent activities. He was both just and

generous. He was never heard to complain of a preacher's hard lot, or known to beg his way or crave assistance on the plea of poverty. On the contrary, when, in his years of illness and of unusual expense, assistance was freely offered and even affectionately pressed on his acceptance, he respectfully but positively declined it. It is not strange that this successful management of his business affairs, and this manly independence, should have challenged the respect and admiration of all classes in the community. Neither as a selfish, avaricious man, nor as a spiritless dependant on the charity of others, could he have wielded the power which as an independent, prosperous, just and benevolent man, he did wield over the city of Paducah and over large regions of country. We see not why preachers generally, by wise foresight and the exercise of common sense and ordinary industry, might not, even with the moderate salaries now paid, provide honorably for their own, have to give to him that needeth, and still make some provision for old age.

We thus trace the secret of his power to the harmonious combination of forces, qualities and habits, the absence of any of which would have deformed his character. We are forcibly reminded of one of Shakespeare's brief but admirable sketches of character :

His years are young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe :
And in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Our work is done. The picture we have drawn is little more than an outline, roughly filled in. The

hand of a genuine artist, rather than that of a mere amateur, is needed to give a smooth finish, and with skillful pencil to impart the exquisite life-tints necessary to a perfect portrait. But we have conscientiously endeavored to present a *true* picture, on which the reader may look and catch the inspirations of a pure and noble character, a cheerful, toilsome, successful life. Parents and children, husbands and wives, young men struggling with poverty and adversity, evangelists and pastors, may all be made wiser and better by the study of this beautiful character. If this brief memoir shall prove helpful to its readers in encouraging them to imitate a bright example of faith and piety, it will not have been written in vain.

WRITINGS

CF

GEORGE EDWARD FLOWER

LIVES AND TIMES OF REFORMERS.

LECTURE I.

JOHN WYCLIFFE.

The gospel which was first preached in Jerusalem was also preached among all nations. Beginning at Jerusalem, it has to extend to the outskirts of creation. We know from the New Testament of the speed of its early conquests and the great progress it made in the first century; for before Paul gave up his work and his life, he could say that the gospel had been preached to every creature (Col. i. 23). In all the cities of Asia Minor and Greece the glad message had been listened to and its influence felt; and even in Rome it had made converts in Cæsar's household.

Before the dawn of the second century the gospel had been the power of God unto the salvation of multitudes in Europe, Asia and Africa. But it was not until the sixth century that Christianity was introduced into England. As Gregory the Great was passing one day through the slave-markets of Rome, he was struck with the remarkable beauty of some Anglo-Saxon slaves. He asked whence they came. Soon he became deeply interested in them and wished to do something for them. So he sent as missionaries to England Augustine and forty monks. He could not have done a better thing. The good seed of the kingdom has

seldom been received into better soil. There was a rugged purity, a stern morality, a straightfoward honesty, in the Saxons that did not exist among the older nations of the East. In their dealings one with another they were just and honorable, and they regarded the purity of woman with sacred reverence. As the steel responds to the magnet, so does the honest and pure heart to the gospel. Ethelbert, one of the early Saxon kings, met Augustine beneath an oak—the sacred tree of the Druids—and gave him a kind welcome. At first the king had no thought of becoming a Christian. But soon, through the influence of his wife and the preaching of Augustine, he was baptized. So rapidly did the new religion now spread, that it is said as many as ten thousand were sometimes baptized in a single day. When we think what an enemy war is to morals and religion, and then learn that for some time the Saxons were engaged in war fully half of the time, it seems strange that the new religion did not die out altogether. But it did not. On the other hand, it took a deeper root each year. In the eighth century there appeared England's first great Christian scholar—a monk who lived a blameless and laborious life, and who is always spoken of as the "Venerable Bede." He is known as the "Father of English History." According to Burke, he was the "founder of English learning," and Green says "he was the first English historian and first English scholar." The fact that he was the author of over forty works on various subjects, may give us some idea of his industry. Turner thinks that he was acquainted with almost all that was known to the ancient world. He awakened in the youth of England a desire for knowledge, and at one time more than six hundred young

men were receiving instruction from him. Of the last years of his life he says, "I wholly applied myself to the study of the scriptures." He felt the importance of giving the people the Bible in their own language, and his last work was the translation of the gospel of John, the last chapters of which he finished a few moments before he died.

In the ninth century, Alfred the Great was born. He had, in the first place, the greatest blessing that a child can have—wise and pious parents; and then the greatest blessing that a man can have—a wise and faithful wife. Nor is it surprising when we read that every one of his children turned out well, and one of his daughters was called "the wisest woman in England." During the reign of Alfred there was a fulfillment of the scripture which said, "Behold a king shall reign in righteousness and princes shall rule in judgment." We see in him goodness and greatness, piety and purity, in a remarkable degree. More than any other person, he laid the foundations of the British Government, and by the consent of all is acknowledged to be one of the great men of history. One historian says, with perhaps some adulation, that he was the most perfect character in history. Thomas Hughes, who is somewhat of a hero-worshiper, says of Alfred: "He was a saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior whose wars were always fought in defense of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity. There is no other name in history to compare with his." He took an interest in Christianity throughout the world, and tried to help Christian churches in Palestine and even in India. He founded schools at

Winchester and Oxford. It was his desire that every youth in the kingdom should read the scriptures, the translation of which he undertook himself, finishing the book of Psalms and Exodus, when death put a stop to the work.

"I have," he says near the close of his life, "striven to live worthily, and leave to men who come after me a remembrance of me in good works."

In the eleventh century came the Norman conquest, and for some time after, learning and religion were both in a languishing condition. "Men said openly that Christ and his saints were asleep."

The brilliant reign of Edward the Third began in 1327, and lasted for fifty years. It was an important epoch. He conquered a large part of France. The revival of learning, which began with Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century, did not reach its climax until the fourteenth century. It was said that at one time during the reign of Edward there were no less than thirty thousand students at Oxford, learning, as Hume says, "bad Latin and worse logic."

Two dark and dreadful clouds were gathering in the east and moving westward. The Turk drew his sword, and, impelled by a furious fanaticism, rushed westward, gaining victory after victory. Everywhere men saw the "Crescent crowding the Cross." But now a still darker cloud was seen approaching; it was charged with poison and death. In history it is called the "Black Death," because when one died of this plague he turned black immediately. The population of England at that time was about 4,000,000, and of that number 2,000,000 were swept away by this plague. In these serious and stirring times, in the midst of war

and death, when the hearts of the youth of England were being stirred with desire to know more and to rise higher, there was a man sent from God whose name was John Wycliffe. He was "a light shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." He has been truly called "The Morning Star of the Reformation," and, "The Reformer before the Reformation."

HIS COURAGE.

I mention this first, because I believe that courage is the foundation of manliness; that there are none who would not be better if they were braver. We would soon become a nation of heroes if each one of us had the courage to carry out his own convictions in everything. Those who have injured others would bravely go and confess their sin, and if in their power make full restitution. Others who have long known their duty which they have delayed to do, would immediately turn from evil companions and seek Christ earnestly and obey Him cheerfully. Now, there is no better way of increasing our courage than by studying the life and attempting to imitate the example of a brave man. There has never been a time when one attacked and exposed a great evil, that he did not endanger his reputation and even his life. This is particularly true when the evil is venerable with age and upheld by wealth, and even more emphatically true when it is a source of wealth to a number of people. The evil may be opposed with the purest motives and the strongest arguments, and still, if it is a source of wealth; there is little difficulty in raising a mob that will impugn motives, scoff at arguments, and cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

The greater portion of the wealth of England and her richest lands, five hundred years ago, belonged to the Church. This, of course, was exempt from taxation. In addition to this, the clergy could not be tried by civil law, not even when they had committed murder or were guilty of high treason. Henry II. complained that during the first ten years of his reign, more than a hundred clergymen had been guilty of murder, for which they could not be punished. The priesthood were wealthy, indolent and corrupt, and cared little or nothing for the people; and the people, in turn, had no affection for them. There was, however, another class of religious teachers who had great influence with the people. They were called the "Mendicant Friars." They were the followers of St. Francis, who went about barefooted and wore the commonest clothing. They were not too proud to visit from house to house, and talk with the poorest people. For a small sum of money, they promised forgiveness to all, and if a little more money was paid they would insure good health, abundant crops and faithful wives. Soon they won the confidence and affection of the people. At first, no doubt many of the friars were earnest and pure, though ignorant men. But as they grew wealthy they became corrupt, and imposed on the ignorance of the people. The song of Friar Tuck, in "Ivanhoe," doubtless gives a good idea of the state of things in the time of Wycliffe:

The Friar has walked out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is marked for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair and the porridge of plums;
For the best of the fare, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

He's expected at night, and the pastry's made hot,
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot;
And the good wife would wish her good man in the mire,
Ere he lacked a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and the trust of the Pope;
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

To call attention to the tyranny of Rome; to point out the ignorance and corruption of the clergy and friars; and to show that they were all contrary to the Bible, disloyal to Christ, and ruinous to the Government; was the grand and perilous undertaking of Wycliffe. There he stood alone, with the New Testament as his only weapon against the Pope, clergy and friars. He might have said, as another did afterwards, when asked how many kings he had on his side: "Only one; but He is the King of kings." It was not ignorance of the strength and bitterness of his enemies, nor was it conceit as to his own abilities, that made Wycliffe undertake this work. He began it with a full knowledge of the cost, danger and sacrifice that were before him. And though he expected martyrdom, he never faltered. "We have but to preach constantly the word of Christ," says he, "and a blooming martyrdom will promptly come." His courage and strength grew as he went on with his work. This courage that will take an intelligent stand against wrong, oh! how we need it now. For, after all, all that man has acquired that is worth having, he has

gained by fighting. I believe, with a living writer, that "from the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the real business of every son of man." It is the same old conflict that began in the garden six thousand years ago. Every one who is worth anything has enemies that must be conquered. It may be idolatry, as in the days of Joshua and Israel; or Pharisaic formalism and hypocrisy, as in the days of the Christ; or a corrupt church, as in the days of Luther; a sleeping church, as when Wesley sounded the trumpet of alarm; or a church split up into narrow parties and warring sects, as when Alexander Campbell made his plea for the union in one body of all who love Christ; or perhaps it may be our own evil thoughts and bad habits; or it may be our dread to oppose the iniquitous traffic in liquor, or to lift our voice against the filth of Mormonism. "Be sure," says Hughes, "there is a dark and evil power that is trying to crush you, and me, and everybody. That is what Christ conquered, and we have got to fight." Only let us be careful that we are fighting on the right side, and not on the wrong. Who does not admire the language of Caleb, who, at the age of eighty-five, still retained the vigor of youth and the spirit of a soldier: "I am as strong this day as I was the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now for war, both to go out and to come in." How much there is in the life of Wycliffe to arouse within us the spirit of a true soldier, and cause us to put on the armor of God and keep it on until we stand in the evening of life, and can say: "I have fought a good fight." Looking back at the life-work of Wycliffe, let our battle-song be:

"I have done at length with trifling :
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine !
Oh, how many a glorious record
Had the angels of *me* kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I ran instead of crept."

One of the early publishers of Shakespeare said, "Read him again and again, and then if you don't like him, surely you are in some manifest danger of not understanding him." So it is equally true that a person who does not admire the character of Wycliffe and love the man, is one who certainly does not understand him. "We are all poets," says Carlyle, "when we read a poem well." And we may add that, as we study the life of a reformer, we may all become reformers. The life of a man like Wycliffe can not be studied without being admired, and that which we admire most we try to imitate.

WYCLIFFE AND THE BIBLE.

While he was a many-sided man, with many traits of character that are interesting to study and worthy to imitate, the great work of his life, that which distinguished him from all other men of his day, and for which he is still remembered and admired, was his diligent study and faithful translation of the Bible. If there ever lived a man who believed with all his heart that the Bible was the word of God, and that its truth was sufficient to save the worst sinner and govern the church in the stormiest times; if there was ever a diligent and faithful student of that Book, it was Wycliffe. His mind was saturated with Bible truth.

He was familiar with what it taught on all subjects. Whether called to help the king and parliament in the affairs of the government, or standing before the public as teacher or preacher, his arguments were drawn from the Bible, and to it he went for light upon every subject. It was Count de Maistre who used to say, "Let us never leave a great question without having consulted Plâto." So Wycliffe consulted the Bible on every subject. He applied its principles to everything in life, both sacred and secular. He believed that the word of God was the hammer that should break the human fetters that had been forged by Church and State. His only hope of purifying the church, dispelling superstition, and conquering ignorance, was in circulating the Bible among the people in their own language. "The highest service that a man can attain to on earth," he says, "is to preach God's word." And again: "Oh! the marvelous power of the divine seed, which overpowers the strong man armed, softens hard hearts, changes into divine men those who were brutalized in sin." Again he exclaims: "If there be any truth, it is in the scriptures; and there is no truth to be found in the schools, that may not be found in more excellence in the Bible." Once more: "The chief cause of the existing state of things is our want of faith in the scriptures." Hundreds, and even thousands, of such sayings might be gathered from his writings. His daily communion with God in the study of the Bible made him one of the few great controversialists who never became dogmatic, narrow or unkind. Thus, with the New Testament as his daily companion, he answered arguments, refuted falsehoods, solved difficulties, and all the time kept alive an intense hatred

for sin and love for man. It was that Book that formed his tastes, created his style, and enabled him to make arguments that all the powers of Rome could not answer, in language so simple that any child could understand him. It gave him strength to forge and discharge those thunderbolts that shook England like an earthquake, woke up Europe, and made the foundations of Rome tremble—thunderbolts the sound of which still echoes in our ears. He was preëminently a man of one book, and it was the best. As Mrs. Browning has said of another book, Wycliffe could have said of the Bible:

“ The book is in my heart ;
It lives in me, wakes in me, and dreams in me ;
My daily bread tastes of it.”

Notice how far he was in advance of many of his age, and also many of our day, in his views of many religious subjects. Firmly, steadily, and with strong arguments he pleaded for the separation of Church and State. He pointed to the evils that grew out of their union. He saw the clergy ruling with a rod of iron, and the laity rendering a blind submission. This he also opposed, denying that it was the place of the clergy to make laws to govern the church, saying that the duty of the priest was simply that of the minister of the word of God. In his views on this subject, five hundred years ago, he was in advance of many of the churches of our day, as he was also in his teaching on the subject of conversion. The word was to be preached because it was the power “to produce the children of God.” He attacked the Roman doctrine of transubstantiation, asking the question, Who can limit the power of him who can make his Maker?

"May the thing made turn again, and make Him that made it?" he asks. But while opposing the errors of Rome, he did not go to the other extreme, as many have done, and make the impression that the Lord's Supper was a useless form. In short, I do not think of any great principle for which Luther fought and Calvin argued, that Wycliffe did not contend for more than a hundred and fifty years before.

HIS UNTIRING INDUSTRY.

Burke said that "he had an incredible industry, and a general thirst for knowledge." Only a glance at what he accomplished will convince any one that he worked almost without rest. In addition to the help he gave in the most important affairs of government, the able defenses he made when brought before councils to answer the charge of heresy, his labors as teacher in the University at Oxford, the thousands of tracts that he wrote and circulated, we have still more than nine hundred of his written sermons, more or less complete, as an evidence of his industry. But more than all this was his great work of translating and circulating the Bible, a work which he did almost entirely alone. There was no printing-press then, to help circulate it when it was translated. Each copy had to be written by hand.

HIS BLAMELESS LIFE.

In studying the lives of great men, we are often saddened by their faults, and sometimes shocked by their sins. We say, Alas! "the best of men are men at best." But we feel, in studying the life of Wycliffe, that his greatness was the greatness of goodness, his

enemies being the judges. For almost all we know of him is what his enemies, and not his friends, have said. Walden, in a letter to Pope Martin V., admits that he had often "stood amazed beyond expression at the excellence of his learning, the boldness of his assertions, the exactness of his authorities, and the strength of his arguments." Knyghton, another bitter enemy, says: "As a theologian, he was the most eminent of his time; in philosophy, second to none; no man excelled him in the strength and number of his arguments, and he excelled all men in the irresistible power of his eloquence." The worst thing that they could say about him was, that he was afflicted with "a detestable insanity."

May not his pure life account very largely for his clear perceptions of truth? "To really know a thing," says Carlyle, "a man must first *love* the thing—sympathize with it; that is, be *virtuously* related to it." Love and sympathy are the first things necessary to the understanding of a person or thing. But love and sympathy can not exist in any high degree where there is not integrity and purity. He that doeth the will of God shall know of the doctrine. It was Wycliffe's purity that gave him strength and influence.

" His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure."

He spoke as one having authority. It was not the authority of wealth, or of a large church, or of the Government; but the authority of a pure life. By his blameless life he enforced his teaching. His pure life was like a wall of fire around him. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

I know this little sketch of this noble man is very imperfect. If, as has been said, there lies in the commonest face more than Raphael will take away, how much must there be in the face of Wycliffe? He was at last driven from the University; even John of Gaunt fell from his side; but he did not stop his work. Retiring to Lutterworth, he continued to preach the word, and there he finished his translation of the Bible. The yell of rage that greeted that work showed what a deep wound he had given the church of Rome. Had he lived much longer, the martyrdom that he had often spoken of and long expected would have surely come. But one day, not long after his translation was finished, while preaching, he fell in the pulpit, and shortly afterward died. Like Moses, he gave up his life and work together. The workman died, but the work went on. Taken all in all, he is one of the grandest characters England ever produced, and the beauty and the strength and the purity of his character were the result of a diligent study of, and a faithful effort to obey, the word of God. And if we reverence and use that Book as he did, will it not do for each one of us what it did for him? I believe it will.

LECTURE II.

GUTENBERG AND THE PRINTING-PRESS.

About the middle of the fifteenth century the night of the Dark Ages passed away, and the sun of a new age rose upon Europe. The sun which dispelled that dreadful night of darkness, ignorance, and superstition, was the printing press. A better day was ushered in. A glorious epoch began.

Many things that appeared entirely secular at first, have done very much in preparing the way for the spread of moral ideas, and the reception of religious truth. What could the reformer or religious teacher see that was encouraging in the rise and conquests of the Roman Empire? Yet, in uniting under one government all the nations of the earth, and in building those wonderful roads that extended from the city of Rome to the uttermost parts of the empire, thus making it possible to travel in all directions with safety and rapidity, she was doing more to prepare the world for the reception of Christ, and to make it possible to carry the gospel to all nations in a short time, than all prophets and priests had done. Who would have thought, in 1840, when no insurance company in England would insure a teetotaler, that in 1882 all insurance companies would be searching for teetotalers, and that one of the strongest and most telling arguments in favor of total abstinence would be drawn from the statistics of insurance companies? Yet this is the *fact*.

So the invention of printing, that Pope Alexander VI., the Archbishop of Mentz, and many others, opposed so bitterly, believing it would injure the Church and ruin the race, has become the greatest agent in spreading truth and carrying the light and life of the gospel to the outskirts of creation.

"The man is little to be envied," says Dr. Johnson, "whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon." And we may add that he is little to be envied who would not gain strength and wisdom and inspiration, as he studied the life and watched the labors and struggles and final victory of Gutenberg.

Wycliffe had been dead sixteen years when Gutenberg was born. But Wycliffe was more truly alive than ever, in the men and women throughout Europe who were living on his thoughts and carrying on his work. Of his numerous disciples, three became quite famous in their lives, and immortal in their death. There was John Oldcastle, who was born in 1360, and belonged to the nobility of England. He was celebrated for his courage and purity. He was a brave soldier, an accomplished knight, a wise counselor, and an intelligent, pious Christian. For protecting some of the poor disciples of Wycliffe, he aroused the hatred of the priests, who charged him with heresy, treason, and almost every other sin. But these charges were never proved. "Next to God," said Oldcastle, "I profess obedience to my king; but as to the spiritual dominion of the Pope, I can pay him no obedience." For expressing such views he was arrested and thrown into the Tower, but was rescued by his friends. He was again arrested and brought back. Then came his trial, during which he positively refused to recant,

always showing a manly courage, with a kind and beautiful spirit. When the sentence was passed, he said to the judges, with his usual calmness: "With me it is a small thing that I should be judged by you." The cruel sentence that condemned him to be hanged and burned was carried out in 1417. His hands were tied behind him, and he was thrown into a cart and dragged to the place of execution; a slow fire was kindled; soon his suffering was over, and the brave man's spirit was with God.

Shakespeare said truly, in Henry IV., "Oldcastle died a martyr." But the influence of Wycliffe was not confined to England; it was felt in many parts of Europe.

About six hundred miles east of London is the city of Prague, the capital of Bohemia. Some of the writings of Wycliffe found their way to the cottage of a pious and intelligent widow near this city. To this woman there had been born a son in 1367,* who in history is known as John Huss. Like Samuel, he was dedicated by his mother in infancy to God. The name of John Huss makes us think of John the Baptist, whom he resembled so much in spirit and work. He became Rector of the University of Prague in 1408, at which time it is said there were twenty thousand students in attendance. But for preaching with zeal and power that the words of Christ were of higher authority than those of the Pope, he and his friend Jerome—who was also a disciple of Wycliffe, and a brave reformer—were arrested, and after a long and cruel trial, both were condemned and burned in 1416.†

* Gillette says 1373.

† Huss was burned July 6, 1415; Jerome, May 30, 1416.

In the early part of this same fifteenth century, there was growing up in France that strange and wonderful girl who, while still a girl, in the name of God rallied the scattered armies of France, and put her own courage and enthusiasm into them, and finally, at the cost of her life, gave victory to her king and peace to her country. Now, the story of Oldcastle, in England, of Huss and Jerome, at Prague, and Joan of Arc, in France, must have reached the ears of Gutenberg when quite a young man.

In 1420 Laurens Janszoon Coster, a thoughtful and ingenious old man, kept the cathedral at Haarlem. One day, when he was walking through the beech forest just back of the cathedral, he cut some letters on a small beech limb, and when he got home, stamped them on paper. After thinking and working a good deal, he cut some letters on blocks of wood and did what was called block-printing. Some have thought that Gutenberg got his ideas of the printing-press from Coster, but of this there is no proof.

Gutenberg was born about 1400, at Mentz. Troubles in that city caused his father to move to Strasburg, where shortly afterwards he died, leaving his wife and son only a small pension to live on. Almost all we know of Gutenberg we learn from the records of the courts. By 1437 he had become so absorbed with his inventions that he did not wish to marry a girl he was engaged to, and she sued him for a breach of promise. He compromised the suit by marrying her. In 1439, George Dritzenherr sued him for money advanced by his brother Andrew to carry on some secret work. The testimony of eleven men during this trial established very clearly that Gutenberg was a man of genius,

who stood well in the city, and had a knowledge of three arts, namely: polishing stones or gems, making mirrors, and a secret art that he refused to reveal. His pupils in gem-cutting testified that one day they found him working in a secluded room of an old convent, but that he refused to tell them what he was doing. Some years now pass, during which little is known of him. He moved back to Mentz, his native city. There, as it has been said, "heaven or hell sent him a partner, John Faust." Faust was a far-seeing, shrewd, selfish man, who lent Gutenberg some money, taking a mortgage on all his materials. After finding out the secret, he foreclosed the mortgage, taking the press, type, and the partly printed Bible.

The first printed book was the Bible. It appeared in 1455, and was printed on vellum, and was called the Forty-two Line Bible, because there were forty-two lines to a page. Faust took his books to Paris, where he found a ready sale for them as fast as he could print them. But soon his troubles began. By producing books so rapidly, and selling them so cheaply, he first astonished the people, and then they began to think he was in partnership with the devil; for in that day, when a man had a good thought, or made a discovery, it was instantly supposed that he was in fellowship with the devil. No one seems to have dreamed that the good God ever put the thought into the man's mind and set his brain to working. So Faust was arrested, and to save his life, had to show how his books were made. Thus the secret of printing got out.

But to go back to Gutenberg, who thought he had lost all. He was not discouraged, and soon got a press started and went on working, with little help or sympa-

thy from any one, struggling with poverty, and bearing his wrongs without complaining. Not a murmur of his has fallen on our ears. If he ever uttered a word or wrote a line telling of his wrongs, poverty, labors and disappointments, it has not reached us. Hard, indeed, would it be to find, especially in modern times, one who did so much and said so little about it.

He died poor, childless, and almost friendless, in 1468, after he had thought out and worked out this great invention, and laid the foundation of an art that has done more to break the tyrant's power, and spread light, intelligence and religion, than all the other arts put together. "Yet no one remembered the poor wise man." The printing-press had made it possible for all to become acquainted with the best thoughts men have ever had, and the highest deeds they have ever done. As the poet says of our children:

" Each little voice in turn
Some glorious truth proclaims:
What sages would have died to learn,
Now taught by cottage dames."

The best of books can be had for a few cents. But it was not always so. Once only the most wealthy churches owned a copy of the Bible. Then, on account of their great value, they were chained to the pulpit. William Caxton, who printed the first Bible in England, hoped the day would come when there would be a Bible chained in every church. He dared not hope that it would ever be in the homes of the people. If a man, in that age, gave a copy of the Bible to a church, it was thought that that act alone would merit eternal salvation. In the middle of the fifteenth century it would have taken all the earnings of a laboring man for

fifteen years to have bought the cheapest copy of the Bible. There is not a child in our homes or schools, who has found help, knowledge, or joy in a good book or paper, who is not indebted to Gutenberg. Every book is a monument to his memory.

There is no such storehouse of ideas as the Bible. Whenever it has been studied, it has awakened the sleeping conscience and set the hands to working. It is this book that has suggested to the reformer his work, and sustained and stimulated him in his darkest hours. It has made men cry out and proclaim the truth when they knew that to do so was certain death. As Jeremiah said: "I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name. But *his word* was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not *stay*." It was in studying and teaching this book that the venerable Bede took such delight. It was the great desire of King Alfred that every youth in the kingdom should read the Bible in his own language. The glory and greatness of Wycliffe is that he spent his long life in studying, teaching and translating the Bible. It was the one desire of Tyndale that the plow-boy should have the word of God. I believe, with Lyman Abbott, "that from the days of King Josiah to those of Luther, every reformation of the church has been wrought by the resurrection of the entombed word of God." It was this same book that moved Gutenberg to invent the printing-press, and the great hope of giving the Bible to the world sustained him in all his labors. He seems to have thought that in some sense his invention was a revelation from God, for in his preface to the Bible he says: "God reveals to babes what

he hides from the wise." Who will say that God did not put the thought in his mind and help him to work it out? And what the Bible has done for others it will do for us, if we study it diligently and obey it cheerfully.

"The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And *there* my comfort lies."

LECTURE III.

SAVONAROLA, OR THE DAWN OF THE
REFORMATION.

When Luther was on his way to the Diet of Worms, he was met by a priest who handed him a letter, exhorting him to stand firm and fight bravely for the glory of God; and with the letter he gave him a picture, which Luther immediately kissed. This was the portrait of Savonarola, an Italian patriot, statesman, priest, reformer, and prophet. He came in the spirit and with the power of Elijah. He was the John the Baptist of the Reformation, of whom Luther said: "He was burned by the Pope, but he lives in blessedness, and Christ has canonized him." We are greatly indebted to men who lived in Italy during the fifteenth century, for our political freedom, our religious liberty, and much that we enjoy most and prize the highest; and to no one more than to Savonarola. For, as Milman says, he "conceived, and almost achieved, the splendid notion of an equal republic of Christian men acting on the highest Christian principles." When Charles Lamb was a young man, he used to say, "I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself." Hoping that in this respect you are like Lamb, I invite you to spend a few minutes with men more excellent than ourselves, hoping that there may grow up in us a friendship for the good and the great.

There has seldom been a century that has produced so many great men and witnessed so many startling

events as the fifteenth. There was that spirit of daring investigation into all subjects, that brought about the Reformation; there was a thirst for knowledge and advantage, which led men to search in the East for ancient treasures, and in the West for new worlds. It was a glorious century, and it was a dreadful century. In the early part of this century we see the stake, the fagots and the flames; and near its close we see them again. To the first stake a sweet girl, whose purity was only equaled by her courage, faith and patriotism, is bound; and soon her frail body is enveloped in flames that ignorance, bigotry and supersition have kindled, and the spirit of Joan of Arc returns to God who gave it. To the stake we see at the close of the century, we behold them leading a man crippled and enfeebled by the most cruel torture, a man who had lived an industrious, blameless and unselfish life: this was Savonarola. It was also an age of invention. The printing-press began to work in 1454, and a thousand presses were working night and day before the century closed. In 1477 watches were invented. Wonderful things transpired in the East and in the West. On the 29th of May, 1453, Constantinople was taken by Mohammed the Second. He was a man of strong will, great energy, an able general, a great mathematician and engineer, and a scholar who spoke five different languages. The capture of Constantinople and the westward march of the Turkish army drove great numbers of Greek scholars into Europe. In learning, Italy was in advance of any country of Europe, and Florence was the most cultivated city in Italy. It was to this country and city that these scholars flocked. The Greek language began to be studied everywhere, and Europe sud-

denly became acquainted with Greek poets, historians, and philosophers. It woke up the intellect of Europe. But near the close of the century Europe was astonished by a very different discovery. In 1492 a man who had worried kings and courts, and who many began to think was at the bottom of the ocean, returned with the startling announcement that he had found a new world. In this wonderful age Savonarola was born and grew up. He and Leonardo da Vinci were both born in 1452. Savonarola was a year old when Constantinople was taken, and two years of age when the first Bible was printed; he had reached the age of twenty-one when Copernicus was born, and was twenty-three at the birth of Michael Angelo. When Savonarola was twenty-five, Titian was born, and watches were invented; he was thirty-one years older than Luther, the Reformer, and Raphael, the most famous of all painters,—certainly one of the most lovely characters the world has ever seen, of whom it has been said, “Not only all men, but the very brutes loved him.” Truly, there were giants in those days.

Leonardo da Vinci, according to Draper, was the most original thinker, in certain directions, that has appeared since the days of Archimedes; and Mrs. Jameson says, “He was *the* miracle in that age of miracles;” while Hallam thinks that beyond all doubt his was the first name of the fifteenth century. Whether these estimates of the man are too high or not, one thing is true, that he was a great mathematician, architect, chemist, engineer, musician, poet and painter; and, if his biographers tell the truth, it would be difficult to mention anything in which he did not excel. He stands out a bold figure in that century.

Then there was his great rival, Michael Angelo, to whom he once said, "I was famous before *you* were born." How, in a few lines, can any one do justice to the character of a man like Michael Angelo, upon whom great volumes have been written? One who spent years in studying his life and works says he was "unique in painting, unparalleled in sculpture, perfect in architecture, an admirable poet and a divine lover." "To kiss the hem of his garment," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man."

The ambitious Pope Julius II. invited Michael Angelo to Rome to design for him a splendid mausoleum. The design pleased the pope and all who saw it; but it was soon seen that when it was finished there would be no building in Rome worthy to hold it. It was suggested to the pope that a new church should be built in the place of the old St. Peters. After pondering on the subject, the pope resolved that it should be built. "What great events," says Punshon, "from tiniest causes spring." Michael Angelo designs a monument, which requires a better building than exists. A new building is begun, but the money gives out. Indulgences are to be sold to get money. Tetzels goes into Germany to sell them; Luther's indignation is aroused, he puts on the armor and draws the sword. So Michael Angelo began the Reformation. There are some in our day who think it an evidence of a great mind and superior intelligence to sneer at prayer and scoff at religion; who say that faith and humility are evidences of womanly weakness, and that hope belongs to the age of childish ignorance; who might learn

something to their profit from this mighty man, who wrote, as he approached the sunset of life :

“Sculpture and painting, rival arts,
Ye can no longer soothe my breast;
’Tis Love Divine alone imparts
The promise of a future rest.
On that my steadfast soul relies—
My trust the cross, my hope the skies.”

THE EARLY LIFE OF SAVONAROLA.

He was born at Ferrara, in 1452. His grandfather was a celebrated physician, and the author of numerous medical works. His father, though a physician and something of a scholar, was a spendthrift, and far inferior to his grandfather in mental power and moral worth. But his mother, like the mothers of most great men, was a woman of elevated mind and great force of character. Ferrara was a wealthy city, with a population of about 100,000. Savonarola was a timid, quiet, serious child. In the midst of the gayety of the city he grew up sad. He read the writings of St. Thomas, and studied the Bible, and daily offered the prayer, “Lord, teach me the way my soul must walk.” A sermon that he heard when twenty-two years of age, fixed once for all his determination to become a monk. But his resolution failed every time he caught the eye of his mother. The sad and inquiring expression of her face seemed to say that she had guessed what he was thinking about. So one morning he slipped away from home without saying good-bye to any one, and entered the convent of St. Dominico, at Bologna. He wrote back to his father, telling him that he had chosen poverty for his bride, and had sacrificed his body to

save his soul, and that his father must comfort his mother, and that they must both send him their blessing, and he would pray for them. The great wickedness of the world had compelled him to take this step. He had been shocked and saddened by the adulteries, robberies and blasphemies that had become so common, and, said he, "There is nothing left but for us to weep, and hope for better things yonder." These were gloomy views, but there was much in Italy at that time to make any one sad who loved God and his fellow men. That age beheld the worst popes that ever disgraced the chair of St. Peter. The crimes of Alexander VI. are unmentionable, and the chapter that records his life is the blackest in Roman history. For eight years Savonarola remained in the convent, studying, fasting, praying, and learning obedience. Outwardly his life was peaceful, but his writings show that doubts and sorrows were raging in his soul. His purity and worth were recognized by his superiors, who sent him to his native city to preach. But here, as at several other places he visited, his preaching attracted little attention.

SAVONAROLA GOES TO FLORENCE.

He is now sent to Florence. He makes the journey on foot. As he stood upon the hills and looked down upon that beautiful city, what must have been his feelings! It was in Florence that Dante, the greatest Italian poet, was born, and from which he was banished, because it was not worthy of him. The beauty and fame of Florence had been greatly increased in the early part of the fifteenth century by Cosmo de Medici. The city became happy and prosperous under his rule,

and he encouraged scholars to make it their home. Like William of Orange and Washington, the title of Father of his Country he worthily won and wore. He has been called "the bright, particular star" in Florentine history. Not only was he father of his country, but of a most remarkable family, several of whom became popes of Rome. And it was his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, who made Florence "a city of palaces and her neighborhood a garden of delight." When the eyes of Savonarola first gazed upon this city, there were one hundred and seventy churches of various styles of architecture, and in the center the cathedral, a vast "poem in stone," and the Duomo, of which Michael Angelo said: "I can not make a better than you, and I will not make one like you." Lorenzo de Medici was at the zenith of his popularity. A gayer or more corrupt city did not then exist, unless it was Rome. Faith was dead, and virtue had almost fled, and even skepticism had no earnestness. The soul of Savonarola was stirred within him. But at first his preaching attracted little attention. About this time he wrote: "I can not move even so much as a chicken. I have neither voice, lungs, nor style." But day by day he studied his Bible, and the fire was burning. Men love an earnest person, and each day a few more gathered to hear him in the convent garden. At last, at the close of a sermon, he asked for the prayers of the people, and announced that on the next day, August 1st, he would preach in the convent of St. Mark. The great building was packed to suffocation. Now, for the first time, appeared the orator and the prophet. His eyes darted fire, his lips quivered with emotion. He spoke of the sins and vices of the people

of Florence, of the lightning of retribution that would strike them if they did not repent; of forgiveness and mercy offered to those who would turn from their sins. He said himself that it was a "terrible sermon." "He smote vice with whips of steel," and denounced cheating, lying and licentiousness, and thundered against gambling. Even the crimes of Lorenzo and the immoralities of the Pope were mentioned, and both were exhorted to repent. For days that sermon was the theme of conversation in all parts of the city, and every one felt that there was a new power in Florence. No place could now hold the people, no matter how often he preached. On he went, preaching repentance and prophesying reformation; insisting that the church must return to primitive purity in morals and doctrine.

LECTURE IV.

SAVONAROLA.

“The righteous are bold as a lion” (Solomon).

“We ought to obey God rather than men” (Peter).

“Do you ask me in general what will be the end of the conflict? I answer, Victory. But if you ask me in particular, I answer, Death” (Savonarola).

In continuing the story of Savonarola’s life, I shall speak first of

SAVONAROLA AT THE DEATH-BED OF LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

When the power of Savonarola began to be felt, Lorenzo was at the zenith of his popularity, leading a brilliant and dissipated life. To-day we see him in a church, listening to a sermon; to-morrow he is at a masquerade; now he is alone, composing a religious hymn; but when seen again he is plundering or impoverishing some city or province, and devoting the money thus obtained to enrich the art-galleries, and endow libraries, and draw authors and artists to Florence. He does not hesitate to take the life of any patriot who lifts his voice in defense of the liberties of the people. He was not a monster, like Nero; but he and his court lived for pleasure and fame; the idea of duty never once crossed their minds, and the voice of conscience was not listened to. He did not do anything because it was right, or abstain from doing anything because it

was wrong. So Lorenzo went on, feared by the people, flattered by the priests and rulers, boasting that no one dared to say a resolute "No" to him. But there was one man in Florence that Lorenzo's money could not buy, or threats terrify, or power silence. This man spent his hours studying his one book, the Bible; and then, possessed with the love of truth, and the love of humanity, and the keenest sense of right and wrong, went to his pulpit and spoke with warm and affectionate earnestness of the sins of the people in general, and of the sins of Lorenzo in particular. At first Lorenzo treated Savonarola with indifference; but soon he saw many of the leading citizens of Florence, as well as the masses, flocking to hear him. So he sent five of the leading men of the city to visit the great preacher. Savonarola met them and said: "I know who sent you. Tell your master to repent of his sins, for the Lord has no fear of the princes of the earth." They tried to get him to change his style of preaching; especially, not to be so severe on gambling. "Tell Lorenzo to change his ways," was the reply. All sorts of methods were tried. Large sums of money were put in the contribution-boxes, which Savonarola gave to the poor; hints of assassination, if he continued this course, reached his ears; promises of promotion, if he would change, were made; Lorenzo himself began to attend church, and seemed very much interested in the preaching. At last Savonarola gave the messengers of Lorenzo to understand that he was not afraid of them. "Tell your master," said he, "that though I am a humble stranger, and he the city's lord, I shall remain and he depart." About this time he was speaking to a crowded church, and after show-

ing that terrible ruin will come upon all transgressors, he startled his audience by predicting the death of the Pope of Rome, the King of Naples, and Lorenzo de Medici, and the invasion of Italy by a foreign power. In a few months these men were all dead, and the king of France was thundering at the gates of Florence. Early in April, 1492, Lorenzo bade farewell to Florence, and retired to his beautiful villa to die. Day by day he grew worse. But the fever and bodily pain were nothing compared to the torture of his soul, caused by the memory of his sins. The thoughts of his dishonest gains, the murders and robberies he had committed, and his licentiousness, almost drove him mad. Whether asleep or awake, his sins were before him, and, like Banquo's ghost, they would not *down*.

A guilty conscience, what a foe!
It poisons every bliss below.

If men will do wrong, let them know that the day of reckoning, retribution and judgment will come. Though the mills of God grind slowly, still they *grind*. Although the sentence against an evil deed may not be *immediately* executed, it will certainly be executed. Fraud, injustice and falsehood may be committed and forgotten; they may wander a long way and do much harm; but they will come home to roost. If men will swindle, and lie, and corrupt the ballot-box, and punish the innocent, and help the guilty to go free; if they tempt the weak to touch the intoxicating glass, or lead the young into dens of gambling and licentiousness, the day of fearful reckoning will come. It may come as it did to Judas, when suddenly he realized what he had done, and preferred death to life. Or it may come

like a ghost in some half-waking dream, as it did to "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence;" or as it did to Arnold, when he said: "I was just thinking that I am the only man in all the world to whom every American is an enemy." So it came to Lorenzo. He was in trouble. He had no faith in the sincerity of his priests. His thoughts now turned to Savonarola. "I know no honest friar but Savonarola," said the miserable man. Savonarola is sent for. He comes. "There are three things that I wish to confess, and for which I want forgiveness," said Lorenzo: "the sacking of Volterra; the money taken from Fanciulla, which caused so many deaths; and the blood shed after the conspiracy of the Pazzi." While confessing these sins he was very much agitated, and Savonarola tried to calm him by saying: "God is good; God is merciful." As soon as the confession was made, "There are three things that are required of you," said Savonarola. "First, it is necessary that you should have a full and lively faith in the mercy of God." "That I have," said Lorenzo. "Second, you must restore all ill-gotten gains." The dying man hesitated for a moment, and then said he would do that also. Savonarola then arose, and fixing his blazing eyes on the unhappy prince, solemnly cried: "Thirdly, you must restore the liberty of Florence." Lorenzo turned his face to the wall, but made no reply; and Savonarola, after waiting a few minutes, left the room, and in a few moments Lorenzo was dead. Piero de Medici, the son of Lorenzo, now ruled Florence. He inherited his father's weaknesses, but not his strength. He possessed all his vices, but none of his virtues. Savonarola's influence was daily increasing. He started the strictest reforms among the

priests, and turned many of the most gifted and cultivated people of Florence from lives of selfish pleasure to self-denial and righteousness.

SAVONAROLA AS PATRIOT AND STATESMAN.

Florence, where things were going from bad to worse every day, was suddenly thrown into confusion by hearing of the approach of Charles VIII., at the head of the French army. Piero de Medici fled from the city. It seemed as if nothing could save the city from a bloody revolution. The friends of the Medici wanted a king; the people demanded a republic. A few words from Savonarola quieted the excited mob. An embassy of the leading citizens was sent to meet Charles. He paid but little attention to any of them except Savonarola, of whom he had heard and for whom he had great respect. The French king came to Florence, but his stay was short; and when he departed the great bell was tolled, and the people assembled to devise some form of government. "It is time," said one, "to have done with this baby government" (referring to the rule of the Medici). But the question was, Who shall lead in this affair? The thoughts of the people turned to the Convent of St. Mark, where Savonarola was then preaching. They sent for him. He came. He began by saying: "True liberty—that which alone is liberty—consists in a determination to lead a good life. What sort of a liberty can that be which subjects us to the tyranny of our passions? To come to the purpose of this address: Do you Florentines wish for liberty? Do you citizens wish to be free? Then, above all things, love God and your neighbor. When you have this love

and this unison among you, then you will have liberty." A new constitution was soon formed, and a new government established. All sorts of reforms were initiated. Peace and prosperity again returned to the city. The Jews, the only money-lenders, were charging $32\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest. Savonarola established banks that loaned money at six per cent., requiring the borrower to take oath that he would not gamble with the money. The tax-system for raising the city revenue which he established is the one now in use in Florence. He brought back the banished descendants of the poet Dante to the city. The laws and public documents of that period read almost like the sermons of Savonarola. "The Ship of State," says Clark, "at once felt the grasp of a man, and slowly began to move forward, all its sails beginning to fill and draw."

SAVONAROLA AS PREACHER AND REFORMER.

He was not a Protestant, in the sense that Luther and Calvin were Protestants. He was a devout Catholic, who did not question the *authority* of the Pope, but his *morals*. It was not against the doctrines of Rome, but the vices of priests and people, that he protested. His sermons on liberty and righteousness were delivered with great power. Men felt that a man stood before them. They knew that he feared God, and feared none besides; that he loved all men, and feared none. Houses, schools and shops were closed when he preached. At the hour of noon workmen were seen reading the Bible. He organized the children for work, and sent them through the city to collect bad books and immoral pictures, and these were taken to the pub-

lic square and burned. But still more wonderful: merchants and bankers sent back money which they had obtained by unlawful means. In some cases several thousand florins were returned by one person.

THE DEATH OF SAVONAROLA.

Permanent reforms are of slow growth, and when brought about rapidly there is sure to be a reaction. He who is the popular man to-day, may be the most unpopular to-morrow. The mob that stoned Paul at Lystra, and drew him out of the city, thinking he was dead, was composed of the same people who, a few days before, had wanted to sacrifice to him as a god. They who spread their garments in the way and cry Hosanna to-day, to-morrow may be among those who cry, Crucify him. Even the very persons who have been the most helped by the reformer or the philanthropist, have often been the first to find fault with and turn against him. When, after years of toil, Dr. Guthrie had succeeded in establishing a system of water-works in Edinburg, thus furnishing the people with pure water and improving the health of the city, a woman was heard to say that "the water was not as good as it used to be; it neither *tastes* nor *smells*."

Besides this, an earnest person who proposes reforms, and is determined to carry them out, will always make bitter and enduring enemies. As in an ancient city that was saved by a poor, wise man, there was no one who remembered this same wise man; so the people of Florence soon forgot Savonarola. The Medici family, with the politicians, were plotting against him. A sermon of his reaches the Pope, and the mighty power of Rome is now at work to ruin him. At first,

the Pope tried to buy him, by promising to make him Cardinal. But the Pope did not understand the man. "I will have no hat but that of a martyr's, red with my own blood," were the words of Savonarola. Then the Pope issued his bull against the great preacher. It was read in the church, and then all the lights were put out, to show the darkness that Savonarola was in. True, somebody was in darkness; but it was not Savonarola. At last came the order from Rome that he must die, "were he even another John the Baptist." He was arrested and put to torture. It is a dreadful story. Everything was tried that would cause pain without taking life. On this went, through the dark days of Lent and the "triumphant gladness of Easter." His courage never failed. His body quivered with pain, but his determination was undaunted. They covered his feet with live coals; but his soul never flinched. On May 23, 1498, he was condemned to be burned. When the Bishop took the priestly robes from the condemned man, he said: "I separate you from the Church militant and the Church triumphant." "*Not from the Church triumphant,*" said Savonarola, with firm voice; "*that is beyond thy power.*" The fire was kindled, and soon his sufferings were over. Thus lived and died this man of faith and prayer. In a city of wealth and luxury he lived a life of self-denial. In an age of excesses and immorality, he was pure in heart and pure in life. One of his devotional books passed through thirteen editions after his death, and was republished by Luther in Germany. When the fire had done its work, Savonarola was not dead. You can kill a body, but not a thought. Fire can not burn up an idea. Did he not

Join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues?

LECTURE V.

LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTIN LUTHER.

“In every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart and prospered” (II. Chron. xxx. 21).

We come now to study men and events that belong chiefly to the early part of the sixteenth century. In those days men were following the compass over the ocean in search of new worlds; they were looking into the sky for new stars, and into the Bible for new truth. But the one event for which this century is most distinguished, is the Reformation. The central figure in the galaxy of great men of the sixteenth century is Martin Luther. It will always be known as the century of Luther and the Reformation. Luther was the planet; others were his satellites. When we remember how he went out, like David, against the Goliath of Rome—a giant that had been growing in size, strength and insolence for centuries; a giant that had crushed Wycliffe and scattered his disciples, burned Oldcastle in England, Joan of Arc in France, Huss and Jerome at Prague, and Savonarola in Italy; when we think that he came into deadly conflict with a church to which all the crowned heads of Europe belonged, a church that controlled the wealth and armies of the world, in whose employ were the philosophers, artists, poets, and men of letters of Europe; and yet that in that struggle this man Luther was more than a match for popes, priests, kings and emperors, wealth and num-

bers: we can hardly exaggerate his strength and courage, or too much admire his character. For, although not the first man who thought of reformation and desired to bring it about, he was the first who made up his mind that it could be done, and showed the world how to do it, and did it. We have frequently been told that he could have done nothing unless the fortunate hour had come. True: but remember, the hour would have passed if the man had not appeared. What Grattan said of Fox is more true of Luther: "You are to measure the magnitude of such a mind by the parallels of latitude." He does not belong to the sixteenth century alone, but to all centuries; not to Germany only, but to all the world. The dying words of Huss, when at the stake the flames were devouring him, seem to have been deeply prophetic; and when Luther was preaching and singing through Germany a hundred years later, it might have been written, "Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by the prophet Huss: 'You are now roasting a goose [Huss means goose], but in a hundred years you will raise up a swan, whom you shall not roast nor scorch; him men will hear sing; him, God willing, they will let live.'"

Luther was born at Eisleben, Saxony, in 1483, and died at the same place in 1546. The great painter, Raphael, was born the same year. It was thirty years after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. The printing-press had been working for twenty-nine years, and men of wealth had been carrying watches for seven years. Copernicus was a boy ten years of age when Luther was born. Michael Angelo was eight, and Titian was six. He was a few years older

than Henry VIII., of England, and Francis I., of France. He was eight years old when Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, was born; and nine years of age when Columbus returned and announced his wonderful discovery. Charles V., of Germany, was seventeen years younger than Luther. When John Calvin was born, Luther had reached the age of twenty-six.

Europe at this time had thrown off the torpor of the Middle Ages; in the study of the Greek language the human mind seemed to expand. It created a taste for the beautiful, and produced in large numbers men who excelled in art; it raised deep thinkers, and men who could appreciate their thoughts. There also came forth a class of adventurers and great discoverers, who traveled unknown oceans and found new islands and continents. In Italy artists appeared who have never been surpassed; men who were in search of the beautiful in form, color and expression. Hence, Italy was full of poets, painters, and sculptors. At the same time in Spain and Portugal there were young men who had a longing for the sea; who read in a ship approaching the shore from a distance, in a piece of wood washed to the land, in the shadow of the earth on the moon, lessons that most men did not see. These young men saw, by the eye of faith, lands beyond the ocean. Looking out on that boundless sea of water, they began to doubt the old proverb, *Ne plus ultra*—nothing beyond. They began to think, and then began to say, *Plus ultra*—more beyond. God, who once sent John the Baptist to prepare the way for His Son and His kingdom, had some years before the time of which we are writing, sent a man to prepare the

way for these discoverers, by inventing the "mariner's compass."

Sailors were beginning to have confidence in this instrument, and were not afraid to go out of sight of land. There were three young men at this time, of great courage, wisdom and enthusiasm, whose thoughts went out beyond the limits of positive knowledge. First, about the courts of Lisbon, there was a young enthusiast, who for eighteen years had been begging for ships and men. He had appealed to Italy, his own country, then to Spain and England. He was a serious young man, and not a stranger to hardships and trouble. At thirty his hair was white, and yet his eye kindled when he spoke of the discoveries he hoped to make. His father was a poor wool-comber, and his name was Christopher Columbus. Since 1492, no one has ever stood at the "Pillars of Hercules" and said, *Ne plus ultra*.

Several years after Columbus had told the story of what he had found and seen in the direction of the setting sun, Vasco da Gama returned with news from the distant South and far East. He had sailed down the western coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, and established communication between Europe and India.

In 1519, Magellan, who had been watching the shadow of the earth upon the moon, sailed from Spain, with the firm conviction that he could sail around the world. The story of that voyage—of the seventy days they were in the calm; of the storms that burst upon them; of the days they were without water and food; of the fear that seized them when they got so far south that they lost sight of the north star; of the

four months that passed, during which they saw no land; of the death of the brave old commander; of two of the ships and a handful of men, who, after more than three years of suffering, reached home again: all this, I say, if told in full, would make a large book itself. But we can not dwell upon it now.

Turning from Italy and Spain to the North, we find that men were not asleep in Germany, and their brains were not idle. They were thinking in a different direction—the problems of philosophy and religion occupied their minds. Where is the beautiful? asked the Italian. Where the new sail? the Spaniard. Where is duty, and what is right in morals and true in religion? said the German.

The blameless life and the devotional writings of Thomas à Kempis had made a deep impression on the hearts and lives of men in Northern and Eastern Europe. His "Imitation of Christ," has been translated into all the languages of the civilized world. In France alone over five hundred editions have been issued, and every day it is now read by thousands. No one can tell how many this one little book has taught to pray, and helped to be pious and pure.

In 1455, Reuchlin was born; and though he wrote many works of merit, he is chiefly remembered as the author of the first Hebrew grammar. For publishing this book he was persecuted by stupid and ignorant priests, who were not worthy to touch the hem of his garment. Then came Erasmus, born 1466 or 1467, the most finished scholar and accomplished gentleman of his age, who, whatever may be said for or against him, served his generation by publishing the first Greek grammar.

THE CHILDHOOD OF LUTHER.

The tenth of November, 1483, was the birthday of Luther. There is much in the story of his boyhood to encourage mothers who are trying to make their children pure and brave, and to stimulate and help young men who are determined to do something. Like the majority of those who have done the best work, he came from the humbler walks of life. Abraham, the father of the Jewish race and of the faithful; Moses, the lawgiver; and David, the sweet singer, were all shepherds; the apostles, who, when Christ shall come again, will sit on twelve thrones, were once fishermen, tax-collectors or tent-makers; Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, came from the hut of a poor shepherd; Melancthon, Luther's most faithful friend, from a workshop; and Luther himself from a poor miner's cottage. But they did not come from that thriftless poverty that is too lazy to work and not ashamed to beg. Luther's parents were poor, but they were industrious, pious and pure. His father, by industry and economy, saved enough to get an interest in a mine. His mother was no ordinary woman; she was looked upon by her neighbors as a model that all should imitate. Few men have had a higher appreciation of woman than Luther. "Nothing on earth," says he, "is so sweet and consoling as the love of a woman." And again: "The utmost blessing that can be conferred on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife." Speaking of a man who was associating with lewd women, he said: "He ought to know that he shows an utter contempt for the whole female sex in what he does." There were many reasons why Luther had so high

a regard for women. There was, first, his own wise and pious mother, who had made the word "mother" the queen of names; and then when he went to school and came under unjust and cruel teachers, by one of whom he was flogged fifteen times in one day (so tyrannical were the teachers that he always spoke of the German schools as purgatories); he had to beg bread from house to house, and had such a hard time that he was about to leave school in utter discouragement, when a kind-hearted woman, Ursula Cotta, took compassion on the child and opened her heart and house to him. Little did she think that she was giving a home to a great Reformer. O, what immortality there is in a kind deed; for wherever the fame of Luther has gone, what this woman did has been told as a memorial of her. Luther never forgot her. When an old man, some one mentioned her name in his presence, and he said: "There is nothing sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman in which piety dwells." There are a few lessons suggested by these facts that may be worth mentioning. When kings were being crowned, armies marching, popes scheming, and all the world was watching these men and events, supposing that they controlled the destiny of the future, there was a thoughtful boy in a German school who was to stand at the head of a new age. Henry VIII., Charles V. and Leo X. are chiefly remembered because they lived in the age that produced Luther and the Reformation. Who knows but at this very time there may be growing up in some obscure home a reformer who shall do for his age what Luther did in his; a true man who shall be remembered by grateful millions when Gladstone, Bismarck and President Arthur and

his Cabinet are forgotten? Young men, there are questions as important to be settled now, and foes as deadly and dangerous to be met to-day, as there were in the days of Luther. Are you fitting yourselves for *your* work?

Remember, also, that the world moves onward and upward; the shades of night are passing. You and I may stand idly by, or oppose and protest—but the work of God goes on. The social and religious forces move on in mighty majesty, and our opposition will not impede them. Let those who oppose reforms know that the forces of the universe are against them, and will carry the banner of the true reformer on to certain victory: for the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of God and of His Christ.

Again: do not be unfriendly to the young who are thinking out in new directions or searching for new truth. Has all the truth been discovered? Do we understand, and have we obeyed all that there is in God's Book? May we not still pray, with a firm conviction that the prayer will be answered, "Open thou my eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law"? May there not yet come forth those who shall teach us the way of the Lord more perfectly?

God may not have endowed you or me with creative power, but He may have given us appreciative power, to recognize and encourage those who are working alone in some new field without help or sympathy. If there had not been the kind heart of Ursula Cotta, are we sure there would ever have been the great life of Martin Luther? In the sight of God, which is the greater, I do not know. Perhaps when the final reward shall be given, each life will shine with equal beauty.

LECTURE VI.

LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTIN LUTHER.

"Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good" (II. Chron. xix. 11).

"The conscience of every man recognizes courage as the foundation of manliness, and manliness as the perfection of human character" (Hughes).

"Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world" (Jesus).

"God lifts to-day the veil, and shows

The features of a demon" (Whittier).

In looking at the corruption of the Church of Rome in the early part of the sixteenth century, we are in danger of thinking that she was always thus—a den of iniquity. But to thus think would be to think wrong. She was once a grand and beneficent institution. Her leaders were wise, just, pure, self-denying men. She was at the same time the school-house, court of justice, the bank, the newspaper, a home for the poor, and an asylum for the oppressed. She was the great teacher of benevolence, and the only charitable institution in all Europe. She put her hand on the warlike nations of Europe, and tamed them, and taught them that there was a day coming when the man who had been brave and pure and honest should shine as the sun; but the one who had been selfish, and moved a landmark, should be sent into the darkness of eternal night.

The high places in the government were open only to persons of certain families. But the Church said,

Every place of honor that I have is open to the poorest boy of any class who has the strength, industry, courage and purity to win it. When kings were occupied entirely in seeking pleasure and fighting battles, the Church took notice of the moral conduct of men and women.

The Church court was everywhere; and if a man used false weights, sold adulterated food, or was unkind to his wife, the eye of the priest was on him, and he was called to account. If a good man died who had been remarkable for his purity and unselfishness, they built a monastery. Here men who had been wronged, and women who had fallen, who determined to live henceforth for God and their brothers and sisters, found a home. They took the vow of poverty, so as not to be entangled with the affairs of this world. In the dark hours of the night, when others were asleep, they were lifting up their hands and voices in prayer for those everywhere who were fighting the devil. In these monasteries the fallen woman was received as a sister and given a chance to reform; the orphan found a home, and the poor traveler a free hotel. Princes bowed down to the Church because she was worthy. Her strength at first was the strength of goodness, her power the power of purity. But wealth and power bring temptations that few are able to resist. Thus for a long time the Church had been growing worse and worse, until what had once been like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, had become a den of iniquity, filth and uncleanness. For more than a hundred years before Luther stood before the Diet of Worms, she had been on the wrong side of almost every question. She opposed learning, sided with

tyrants against the people, and locked up the Bible. She stood with a drawn sword in the way of liberty. She who once had been the only friend of the poor, now had become their oppressor. Once the Church had been the hope of the good and the terror of the bad; now she encouraged superstition and protected the worst men. Whatever a man's life had been, if he confessed his sins to the priest, and paid a good sum, he was promised full pardon. One German bishop said that eleven hundred priests had been guilty of adultery in one diocese. It was a sin to eat meat on certain days; yet, if a man had money to pay, he could get a dispensation to eat meat and do many other unlawful things. In the preaching of that day, men were no longer reminded of the eternal laws of God that they were bound to obey; but whether an angel could pass from one end of heaven to the other without passing through the middle, and other equally foolish subjects, were frequently discussed. The sin against the Holy Ghost was called "displeasing the breath of the Heavenly Zephyr." Luther heard a priest at Rome say, after pretending to have changed the loaf into the real body of Christ, "Bread it is, and bread it will remain."

LUTHER AT THE UNIVERSITY.

In the year 1501, a lad eighteen years of age asked for admission into the University of Erfurt. He was obedient, industrious, serious, and often sad. His fellow-students liked him, and would often gather around him to hear him sing. He made rapid progress in all his studies, especially Latin and philosophy, and graduated in 1505. His name was Martin Luther. It was the wish of his father that he should study law;

but the death of one of his friends in a duel, a narrow escape from being struck by lightning, and a severe spell of sickness, during which he went almost to the gates of the grave, impressed him with the vanity of the things of the world. He saw how the best things of the earth might be swept away in a moment; that life hung on a thread. Deeply impressed with the thought that he must serve God, get rid of his sins, and help others to get to heaven, he entered the convent in 1505. As a monk, he was humble and obedient; acted as a porter; studied hard, and won the respect and love of all who knew him. The thought of his sins troubled him more and more, and gloomy doubts arose in his mind. Among the books in the University his eyes had fallen on, was an old Bible. He opened it and read with delight the story of Samuel and his mother. He had never seen a Bible before. "O God!" he exclaimed, "could I have one of these books, I would ask for no other earthly treasure." In that old Bible the Reformation lay hid. From that book he drew his inspirations and arguments; it was the fountain of his faith and courage. Like David, he could have said: "I have more understanding than all my teachers, for thy testimonies are my meditation." Notice a few of his sayings: "There is but one person, and that is Christ; and there is but one book, and that is the Bible." Again: "Jesus Christ is alone the beginning, the middle, and the end of my thoughts." "I recognize no other guide but the Bible, the word of God." "O my precious, precious Holy Scriptures." Faithfully did he study the book, and heroically did he follow its teachings and proclaim its truths.

In 1502 Frederic, the Elector of Saxony, founded the University at Wittenberg. This man is known in history as "Frederic the Wise," and has been called "the Protector of the Reformation." What John of Gaunt was to Wycliffe, Frederic was to Luther. He appointed Luther professor in the University. Luther began lecturing on the Psalms, and then took up the Epistles. The lectures were fresh and instructive, and delivered with a great deal of warmth. Students flocked to hear him; he stimulated and instructed them at the same time. Though he complained of some things that were taught, and of the conduct of some of the monks, he had no thought of coming in conflict with the Church of Rome.

LUTHER IS SENT TO ROME—1510.

A number of the convents were involved in a quarrel, and Luther was chosen to go to Rome and represent the matter. All parties had confidence in his ability and fidelity. As the pious Jews in captivity thought and felt about Jerusalem when they said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy;" so thought Luther of Rome. He believed it was the true sanctuary of God, where he should be taught the way of God more perfectly, and find rest to his soul. He hardly felt worthy to enter the Holy City. But what was the real Rome and her popes? There seventy shameful crimes had been proven against John XXII.; Innocent VIII. had sixteen sons and daughters. Comment is unnecessary. There also was that chief of sinners, Alexander VI., of

whom Macaulay says, "Each act of his life reflected fresh infamy on every other;" and when he died, the people crowned the door of his physician's house with flowers, and called him the savior of his country for letting such a monster die. Leo X., the pope with whom Luther had most to do, was the son of Lorenzo de Medici. Lorenzo said of his three sons: "The first is good, the second is a fool, and the third is prudent." The third was Leo X. He lived chiefly for pleasure and display, and when he died the people followed the coffin, saying: "You sneaked in like a fox, you ruled like a lion, and you have gone off like a dog."

A knight who returned from Rome about this time said: "There are three things which we commonly bring from Rome: a bad conscience, a sick stomach, and an empty purse. There are three things which Rome does not believe: the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, and hell. There are three things which Rome trades in: the grace of Christ, the dignity of the Church, and women." At the same time children were singing about the streets of Rome:

Of all foul spots the world around,
The foulest spot in Rome is found.

It was into this city that the pure and earnest young monk came. Day by day he was shocked by what he saw. He first began to doubt, and then to detest the Church. And at last he felt called upon to put on the whole armor of God, draw the sword, and go forth to battle.

LECTURE VII.

LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTIN LUTHER.

With Luther's return from Rome began one of the greatest conflicts ever witnessed. He hesitated some time before he began, and it was only by degrees that he came to hate and oppose almost everything that Rome believed and did. The straw that broke the camel's back, the spark that kindled a fire that spread throughout a large part of Europe, was the sale of indulgences by Tetzel. Money was needed to build St. Peter's at Rome, and Tetzel was sent into Germany to raise money by the sale of indulgences. He was a man for whom the Germans had a great dislike. At last Luther could stand it no longer, and on the thirty-first of October, 1517, he nailed ninety-five theses on the door of the church, and "by that action made an epoch in history and the commencement of a new era for man." Europe was startled as if by a clap of thunder from a clear sky. His daring deed was the subject of conversation everywhere. The press circulated his writings far and wide. He preached with great power. From foes and friends the proofs of his eloquence are as clear as any we have of the eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero. His words, that were "half-battles," came from the heart, and his hearers knew that there was a man behind them. The Pope summoned Luther to appear at Rome. But through the influence of the Elector, the Pope agreed that a Diet should be held in

Germany, and that Luther should appear before it. This was the famous Diet of Worms. Charles V., now Emperor of Germany, summoned Luther to appear before this great council and answer the charges against him. Charles sent him a safe-conduct, but his friends begged him not to go, for they remembered that Jerome and Huss, a hundred years before, had each received a safe-conduct, and that it did not keep them from the stake. Luther understood the spirit and the strength of Rome, and the danger he would be in; but he determined to go. He writes to Melancthon, on starting: "My dear brother, if I don't return, and my enemies put me to death, continue to teach and stand fast in the truth." Early in April, 1521, he started for Worms. Never did a man start on a more perilous journey. But the spirit of a soldier dwelt in his heart. Believing that there was power in a song to calm the troubled soul and put the devil to flight, he sang and composed hymns as he journeyed. It was on his way to Worms that he composed what is known as "Luther's Psalm." It was a thrilling war-song, that aroused the knights and nobles, as well as the people, of Germany. He had been studying Psalm xli. He saw the foes and the danger before him; then he remembered that his God was a refuge and strength, and the only help that he needed in trouble. There are several translations of this Psalm into English. I give Carlyle's, which, though not as smooth as some, has doubtless the merit of a literal translation

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon:
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.

The ancient prince of hell
Hath ris'n with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son,
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were the world all devils o'er
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? His doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

As he came near to the city, one of his warmest friends entreated him not to go on. It was then that he said: "I would go if there were as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles." And on he went. In his prayer at Worms he seemed to be alone with God, pouring out words that came from the depths of his

soul. Listen to a few sentences from it: "O my God, stand by me. O thou my God, help me against all the wisdom and reason of this world. Do it, Thou, for Thou must do it; Thou alone. It is Thy cause; it is not mine. I have nothing to do here with these great lords. O how glad I should be to go back and have quiet, peaceful days. But it is Thy cause, O God, who art just and infinite. Help, O Thou just and infinite God! I confide in no man. O God! Dost Thou hear me, O God? Art Thou dead? No! Thou canst not die; Thou only hidest Thyself a little. Come, O my God. I am ready. I will go like a lamb, for the cause is just and is Thine." What faith and what courage we have here! As Luther entered the great building where the Emperor and all his enemies were, a baron touched him, saying: "Pluck up thy spirit; some of us have seen warm work in our day, but never did knight need a stout heart more than thou needest it now. If thou hast faith in these doctrines of thine, little monk, go on in the name of God." "Yes," said Luther, "in the name of God, forward."

There he stood, alone, and gave, in words, that which carried conviction to many hearts—the reason for the hope that was within him. But this was not what they wished to hear. "We want no reasons, but short answers," they said. "Will you recant? yes or no." "I *will* give answer," said he; "an answer without teeth or horns. This is my answer: Until by proofs from Holy Scripture, or by fair reason and argument, I have been confuted or convicted, I can not and will not recant; for it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here I stand; I can not do otherwise. God help me. Amen." There, surrounded

by enemies who were thirsting for his blood, and thought they had him in their power, he made the good confession before many witnesses. There, "prophet-like and alone, he stood, with dauntless words and high." Yet he was not alone; for they that were with him were more than they who were against him. For there stood by him at that moment One who had said: "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This was the supreme moment of Luther's life; and does it not bring to mind another hour, when Jesus stood before the Roman Governor? Our own poet, Lowell, has well said:

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with truth and falsehood,
For the good or evil side.

Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,¹
Doubting in his abject spirit,
Till his Lord is crucified.

"Where will you find a home?" said one to Luther, "if the Diet condemns you?" "Under the broad heaven," was his prompt reply. Whatever they said, all who witnessed that scene knew down in their hearts that Luther had conquered.

Charles and Luther never met again. The priests urged the Emperor to violate his safe-conduct; but he replied: "If truth is to be found nowhere else, it ought to be found in the German Emperors." The monks said that on his death-bed Charles regretted that he had kept his promise with Luther. But this, I think, is doubtful; for who, when he stood face to face with death, ever regretted that he had kept his word?

Luther died before the Emperor, and Charles once visited his grave. The monks urged him to have the great heretic's bones taken up and burned. This was frequently done with the bones of those whom the Church hated. Almost any prince of that day would have done it without delay; but Charles, in many things, was a noble man, and he said: "I war not with the dead."

Luther's courage and strength came from his faith. He believed in God—not like those of whom Coleridge says, "They only believe that they believe." He knew that the voice of the people was not always the voice of God. He appealed from the verdict of the present to the verdict of the future, fully believing that the higher court would reverse the decision of the lower.

LECTURE VIII.

LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTIN LUTHER.

When Luther left Worms, all his friends trembled for his life. On his way home a squad of soldiers came upon him. They took off his monk's gown and put on a soldier's uniform, and carried him to the Castle of the Wartburg, where he was kept a prisoner for more than a year. This was done by his friend the Elector, to protect him from Rome. He was thus not only protected from his enemies, but it gave him time and opportunity to do work that he otherwise never could have done. The Bible, from which Luther had derived wisdom and strength, the book that had shown him what to do and how to do it, was locked up in the Latin language, and out of the reach of the people. He knew that the people must have the Bible in their own tongue, and night and day worked on the translation of this book into the German language. Scholars in all parties have testified that it is one of the best translations that has ever been made. Dr. Gotthiel, a Jewish scholar, says: "It is far superior in vigor and beauty to that of the English Vulgate. The latter is the work of bishops and scholars; the former that of a poet and great original nature." "How Luther got the language," says Heine, "into which he translated the Bible, is to this hour incomprehensible to me, for he translated it from a language which had ceased to exist into one which had not yet arrived." Everywhere the people were eager to read it, and

for some time the printing-press could not supply the demands. Rome opposed and denounced this and all other translations, and then was compelled to issue one herself. Nor was this all that Luther did while in this castle, which he calls his Isle of Patmos. He sent forth one hundred and thirty small books and tracts, wrote hymns and composed tunes, and sent letters of advice and encouragement to Melanchthon and other friends.

On went the work of reformation, but not without great opposition. There were fierce foes without and dangerous foes within. At last the Pope excommunicated Luther. Now, thought his enemies, trouble will cease; even if he is not afraid to preach, the people will not dare to listen. But what do we see? A multitude is gathering; a fire is burning; Luther is seen making his way to the fire. What is that he has in his hand? It is the Pope's Bull. Listen: he is about to speak. He calls it the Bull of Antichrist, and counsels the Pope and his cardinals to repent of their devilish deeds and impieties, and warns them that if they do not he will give them over to Satan. He then cast the Bull into the fire before the astonished and admiring multitude, who loved him more than ever. Luther went home and wrote, "The word of God is making a noise."

A new foe appeared in the West. It was Henry VIII., the "Blue-Beard" of English history. In 1522 there appeared from his pen a book against Luther. It was remarkable chiefly for its abuse. Luther is frequently called "The poisonous viper," "The wolf of hell," and "The limb of the devil." But the king's book was a failure, and he and the

Pope then induced Erasmus to take up his pen against Luther. Nothing had done so much to shake the faith of Europe in the religion and morals of Rome as the writings of Erasmus. Luther could not have done his work if it had not been for Erasmus. But Erasmus had neither the power nor courage of Luther, because he did not have his faith. In him we see all the weakness and misery that belong to indecision. "He wished," says Froude, "to please the Pope and not exasperate Luther, and, of course, pleased neither and offended both."

Trouble now arose among the Reformers. A party known as the image-breakers appeared. Others wanted to go back and try and reform Rome. That great army that had just been set free, was it able to govern itself? Who was wise and strong enough to organize and direct it?

There was an insurrection that all thought would end in blood at Wittenberg. Luther leaves the castle that had been both his prison and home. His imposing presence, his wise and moderate words, soon quiet the mob and all return home. There was trouble at Leipsic; Luther felt it was his duty to go. "Don't go," said his friends; "the Duke George, who says he will kill you, is there." "I will go," said the great Reformer, "if it rains Duke Georges for nine days." He went; and his words had the same happy influence they had had before. Then came the peasants' war, and the Anabaptists; then the Swiss Reformers part company with Luther, on the communion question. But through all this Luther labored and prayed without ceasing. That he often made mistakes and failed, and sometimes sinned, there can be no doubt. But

he never ceased to work, and he never lost faith or courage.

THE MARRIAGE OF LUTHER, 1525.

The breaking up of the monasteries turned out a large army of monks and nuns. Now and then a priest fell in love and married, and Luther approved of the act. When asked why he did not take the step himself, he said: "I have no thought of taking a wife; not that I feel no inclination towards that. I am neither wood nor stone. But every day I expect the death and punishment due a heretic." But finally he decides that it is his duty to teach by example the same that he had taught by word and pen. Whatever Luther thought he ought to do, he did it immediately, or at least tried to do it. There was a nun, Catharina von Bora, whom, with a number of other nuns, Luther had helped to find a home. The morning he made up his mind that it was his duty to marry, he went to see Catharina, and told her what he came for. At first she thought he was jesting, but he convinced her that he was in earnest, and they were married that evening. Then he wrote: "I have taken a wife, that my doctrine might be confirmed by my example, and that I might please my Father, tease the Pope, and vex the devil." This marriage was a happy one. Though at first they only had a high respect for each other's character, this grew into a deep and pure affection. "I am not devoted with love for my wife," he writes, "I simply love her." When away from home, he wrote many affectionate and playful letters to her, and often said she was a prize "above the kingdom of France, or state of Venice." He had five chil-

dren—three sons and two daughters, whom he loved with the strength of his great heart. He turned aside from his labors and theological controversies to write hymns for his children, and play and sing with them. The following lines, written for his own children, are still sung by German mothers to their little ones:

Away in a manger,
No crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head.
The stars in the sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus,
No crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus;
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib
Watching my lullaby.

LUTHER AND THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION, 1530.

Charles V. called a diet to meet at Augsburg, and asked the Reformers to make a statement of the doctrines which they held. The paper in which they set forth their views has been known ever since as the Augsburg Confession. This was the work, chiefly, of Melancthon, who was the theologian of the Reformation. If it had been only a statement of what they believed, it would have been well enough. But when it became an authoritative creed, and subscription to it was made the test of fellowship, then, like all other human creeds, it began to work evil, and only evil.

Many who believed that Christ, and not the Pope, was the Head of the Church, and that the word of God was to be followed, and not the tradition of the Church, could not subscribe to this Confession. Up to this time there were just two parties—those who were for the Pope, and those who were against him. Now, parties arose among the Reformers. Other confessions of faith were made, and the Reformers were divided into hostile camps. Ignatius Loyola took advantage of the auspicious moment, and established the Society of Jesus, whose members are to this day known as Jesuits. Luther and his friends made no great conquests from that day on, and in many places they lost ground. Has Lutheranism given the world one new thought since 1536? Up to that time the Reformers studied the Bible to find out the truth; after that they studied it to find texts to defend their creed.

A few words now, concerning the character and influence of Luther. Luther, with all his greatness and goodness, had great faults. Those who have tried to paint him as a blameless character, have been as untruthful as those who would make us believe he was a child of the devil, in whom there was no good at all. His greatest fault was in half giving his consent to Philip of Hesse to get a divorce from his wife and marry again. At the conference with Zwingle, Luther showed a very bad spirit. After discussion for some time, it was found they could not agree in all things about the Lord's Supper. At last Zwingle said, with tears streaming down his face, "Let's be friends," and offered his hand to Luther. Then Luther, who demanded for himself, in all his controversies with Rome, the right of private judgment, refused it to Zwingle.

He had fought for toleration until he had become intolerant himself. And have we not seen persons who had opposed sectarianism until they became intensely sectarian themselves? "The best of men are men at best." How the words of Christ apply to all: "What I say to one, I say to all: watch."

Like all true reformers, he did not wish his friends to wear his name, and when they cried "Luther forever," he said, "No, no; Christ forever." "Don't call yourselves Lutherans, call yourselves Christians." His life was a great warfare, and to him the devil was a real and powerful person. He said the devil often came to tempt him, and sometimes almost made him doubt whether there was a God. Once he was writing and something appeared; he believed it was the devil. Bang! went the inkstand, and the devil fled, but the black spot, they say, is on the wall to this day.

In 1546, Luther gave up his life and his work at the same time, having fought a good fight and kept the faith to the end. But his work did not stop at his death. He established, once for all, that men had a right to think for themselves; that each human soul could go to God for himself. For our schools, with all that they are and promise, we are indebted no little to Luther, for I believe he was the first to suggest that the Government should take part of its money and spend it in educating her poor children. Mr. Froude thinks that his *Table-talk* is one of the most suggestive books in the world. Carlyle thinks that the real basis of his life was sad earnestness, and that he was a true prophet. From the following words we conclude that Luther understood his own character better than most persons do theirs. "I am rough and boisterous," said

he, "stormy and altogether warlike ; born to fight innumerable devils and monsters, to remove stumps and stones, and cut down thistles and thorns, and clear the wild woods." He lived a pure and laborious life ; he studied the Bible daily ; God was his strength and Christ his hope. His motto was, "Love all men and fear none." With gratitude for what he did, and with love and admiration for him, we say, "Servant of God, well done."

LECTURE IX.

JOHN CALVIN.

"Thou mighty man of valor" (Judges vi. 12).

"We venerate Calvin; we love Luther" (D'Aubigné).

Sixty-seven miles northeast of Paris is the little city of Noyon. If you had been there in 1594, you might have seen the whole city turn out to welcome Alexander de Medicis, the legate of Pope Clement VIII. This Alexander, who afterwards was Leo XI., was on his way to Vervins, to help frame a treaty between France and Spain. He stops the royal train, comes down from his carriage, and goes on foot to a small cottage. What can there be about a house so old and small, that one who holds a high place in both Church and State, and has such important business before him, should take time to go there? Only this: in that house, more than eighty years before, John Calvin was born. If he who was soon to be Pope of Rome had enough respect for this great opponent of his church to make a visit to his birth-place, may we not expect to find something of interest and profit in a brief study of his life? We have the testimony of another Pope, who has spoken of the greatness of Calvin. It was Pius IV. who said, when he heard of his death: "The strength of that heretic consisted in this, that money never had the slightest charm for him. If I had such servants, my dominion would spread from sea to sea." It was of Calvin that Erasmus said: "I see rising up in

the Church a great scourge against the Church." Luther, in the midst of all his labors, found time to read the writings of Calvin, and says that he did so with "remarkable pleasure." After reading Calvin's letters, Luther said, "Here is a work that has hands and feet, and I thank God for raising up such a man."

Again we are to consider men and events that belong to the sixteenth century. There are times when we have what may be called epidemics of great men and noble deeds, as truly as at other times we have epidemics of disease. This century witnessed an epidemic of great men who had the ability to see the truth and loyalty to obey it. Again, it must be remembered that the great forests, the rich fruit and the fragrant gardens, that we have in this nineteenth century, have come from seed sown in the sixteenth. They sowed in tears; we reap in joy. Or, changing the figure: some of the purest streams we drink from were struck from the rock by the sturdy blows of men who lived in that age. The governments and the churches of England, France and Holland, of Switzerland, Germany and the United States, with the social and moral condition of the people in all these countries, are largely the outgrowth of that great movement in the sixteenth century, of which Luther and Calvin were the most fearless defenders, the ablest expounders, and the truest representatives. Luther aroused the people, and directed and organized the movement throughout the German States. Calvin stood at the head of the Reformation in France and Switzerland. Puritanism, with all its vices and virtues, is a stream whose principal source is Geneva. St. Augustine was the spiritual father of Calvin; John

Knox his spiritual brother ; while Oliver Cromwell, in England, and Jonathan Edwards, in America, were his spiritual sons. We must not forget that political and religious tyranny and public immorality were the characteristics of that age ; and Calvin resisted all these.

In this lecture I shall try to make you familiar with some of the chief events in the life of Calvin. In another, I shall try and form an estimate of his character, give you an idea of his doctrine, and show the influence of his teaching upon the intellectual and religious life of the world.

THE CHILDHOOD OF CALVIN.

He was born at Noyon, in 1509. His grandfather was a cooper. His father was an industrious man, with a strong will, who became a notary in the ecclesiastical court. With an ambition natural to a father, he desired that his children should continue to climb the social ladder, on the first round of which he was then standing. In this the mother of Calvin was in full sympathy with his father. Though the high places in the Government were only open to those who belonged to certain families, even the child of the humblest might aspire to be Pope. So Charles and John Calvin were sent to school, to be educated for priests in the Church of Rome. Charles, though he became a priest, plunged into excesses, and became a most disreputable character, and brought himself to an early grave. He refused the communion on his death-bed, and died with blasphemies in his mouth. How different was the life of John Calvin ! Among the first things noticed by his teachers were his remarkable memory, his fondness for study, and a desire to be alone. He was seldom

with the other students; and when he was, he was always finding fault with something they said, or objecting to something they did: so they called him "The Accusative Case." He did not pursue his theological studies very long, for his father came to think that the law was a surer path to influence and wealth than the Church. So he was sent to a law school, where he made such progress that in the absence of his teacher he was called on to instruct the class. His teachers, though nominal members of the Church of Rome, took very little interest in either her services or her doctrines. For to men whose studies had made them familiar with the great thoughts of Greek philosophy and the beautiful sentiments of Greek poetry, and who were daily reading the fresh and stirring words of Luther, the old musty writings of the saints had very little interest. About this time the Bible was translated into the French language. Calvin read it with an interest that increased daily, until to know what it taught was the one absorbing desire of his heart. His law studies now had little interest to him, and he spent most of his nights studying the Bible. Thus he disciplined his mind and enriched his memory, but at the same time broke down his health and sowed the seeds of disease that brought him to a premature grave. His study of the Bible convinced him, once for all, that the Church of Rome was false in doctrine and corrupt in morals. He gave up the study of law, and renounced the Church at the same time. There was no hesitation or reluctance at leaving the old Church, as there was with Luther and other reformers. He does not speak kindly of old friends, or record pleasant memories of the Church he left. Like Paul, he conferred not

with flesh and blood. We next find him in the midst of a little band of persecuted reformers in Paris. At the age of twenty-four he was the leader of the Reformation in France. His writings soon gained the attention of thinking men everywhere.

CALVIN A WANDERER.

The King of France now began a bitter persecution against the Reformers, and Calvin fled from Paris. He wandered about from place to place. Wherever he found a few persons who were friendly to the Reformation, he called them together and preached to them on his favorite text, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

In 1533 he came to Nerac. Here he found a friend and protector in Queen Margaret, of Navarre, the sister of Francis I. In a cave, which is still called Calvin's Cave, he called the Reformers together and celebrated the Lord's Supper. Here, also, he met William Farel, who had worked long and faithfully to reform the Church, and, like Simeon of old, had been looking and waiting patiently for a better day. When he became acquainted with Calvin, he believed he had found the man who would restore the Church. After this, Calvin returned to Paris. Here he met for the first time a man, the mention of whose name always reminds us of a deep stain on Calvin's character. He was a Spaniard, and in Calvin's eyes a great heretic. His name was Michael Servetus. Calvin challenged him, and he accepted the challenge, for a debate on the Trinity. At the time appointed, Servetus did not appear. Beza thinks it was because he was afraid of the sight of Calvin; but more likely, I think, he was afraid

of the authorities of the Church. After this, we find Calvin preaching with great success in Italy, but persecution again compels him to flee for his life. He determines to go to Strasbourg, and on his way stops for a night at Geneva. In this city Farel had done a great work. At a large meeting of the leading men of the city he had caused them all to swear, in the language of Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Still, Farel felt that he was not able to carry the work of reform to complete success. When he learned that Calvin had arrived in the city, he immediately went to see him, told him of the deplorable state of morals in the city, and urged him to stay and undertake the reform. Calvin shrank from the task; said his health was bad, and he desired to be alone to pursue his studies. Farel continued to plead and entreat; Calvin refused. At last Farel arose and, with eyes flashing fire, said, "Since you refuse to do the work of the Lord in this city, may the Lord *curse* the repose you seek, and also your studies."

Calvin said it was as if God had laid His hand upon him, and the voice of the Eternal had spoken to him. He yielded, and went into the work with all his strength. In a public discussion, held with the leaders of the Catholic Church, Calvin not only proved to be superior to all others as a reasoner, but also better acquainted with the history of the Church and the writings of the Fathers than were his opponents. Joseph Jandy, a monk, arose and said "he had at length found the truth, and was able to understand the gospel; and that if he did not receive it, he would commit the sin against the Holy Ghost." Mightily did the word of God grow and prevail.

Gambling, card-playing, dancing, theater-going and immoralities of all kinds were carried on in Geneva at this time. Calvin labored day and night to suppress these things. "We hold," says he, "that it is expedient and according to the ordinance of God, that all open idolaters, blasphemers, murderers, thieves, adulterers, and false witnesses, slanderers, pugilists, drunkards and spendthrifts, if they do not amend their lives after they have been duly admonished, shall be cut off from communion with believers until they give satisfactory proof of repentance." Of amusements he writes: "I do not condemn amusements as such; dances and cards are not in themselves evil, but how easily the pleasures succeed in making slaves of those who are addicted to them." Calvin was in earnest, and on all sides began to punish offenders. Gaming houses were closed; a gambler who was found using loaded dice was compelled to sit for an hour at St. Gervais with his cards around his neck; an adulterer was led through the streets, and, with his companion in guilt, expelled from the city. Those who were caught out after nine o'clock at night, or found singing indecent songs, were condemned to live on bread and water for three days. An Anabaptist, who debated with Calvin and would not be convinced, was expelled from the city. It is easy to smile at these reformers and condemn their methods. But just such mistakes have always been made by those who have undertaken reforms in the spirit of the Old Testament, and not of the New; according to the letter of the law, and not the spirit of the gospel.

As might be expected, a reaction set in, and Calvin was banished from Geneva. But during the two years

that he was away, the young people were going fast to ruin; the Church languished; the city government was in confusion, and things in general were going from bad to worse. Calvin is begged to return. He does so, and continues the work of religious and moral reform. Perhaps he is not quite so severe as he was before, though persons are sent to all the houses in the city to question those who live within upon all great moral and religious questions. Of course this led to bitter disputes and countless divisions. It was not enough that men believed in Christ, loved Him, and were willing to obey Him: they must be correct upon all speculative questions; all their opinions must be carefully looked into. Just here the saddest mistakes in the religious world have been made. While the true disciple of Christ will never be indifferent to any great truth, or moral wrong, and will always lift his voice against a liberty that leads to license; still, he will not quarrel with those who hold some opinions that he does not. If they are true to Christ, he will not doubt their Christianity, although on speculative questions he and they may hold very different views. As Macdonald says: "A thousand foolish opinions may be unquestioned in the mind, and never interfere with the growth or blessing of him who lives in active subordination to the law of Christ. Obedience will in time cast them out, and many other worse devils also."

LECTURE X.

JOHN CALVIN.

From the day Calvin espoused the cause of reform, until death put a period to his work, he lived a most laborious life. He was in labors most abundant. While in Geneva, every other week he preached every day; three days in every week he preached on theology; once a week he attended the meeting of the city officials. During all this time he was engaged in numerous oral and written discussions, in writing commentaries, and publishing theological books. He was consulted not only on religious subjects, but on all the manufacturing and business interests of the city. For twenty-eight years he lived this life of unremitting toil, during which time he never saw a well day, or for a moment was free from pain. Although among men he was a natural leader, clear-headed, cool, calm and self-possessed, yet it was as a theological writer that his greatest and most lasting influence was felt. He was a profound thinker; his style was terse and vigorous; he never used words to half reveal and half conceal his thoughts. His views on all great Bible subjects are set forth in his "Institutes" and "Commentaries." A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says, in speaking of Calvin's *Institutes*: "It may be doubted if the history of literature presents us with another instance of a book written at so early an age, which has exercised such a prodigious influence upon the opinions and practices of both contemporaries and posterity."



God was the starting point in all his reasonings. No Jewish prophet was more impressed with the greatness, grandeur, dignity and authority of God than was Calvin. He believed that the one object man should live for was to know God. To him

Heaven seemed so vast, and earth so small,
That man was nothing, since God was ALL.

Very different, indeed, is he from Pope, who said :

Know thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.

Calvin, who was entirely engrossed with thoughts about God and his government, had very little time to study and observe man. Thus he has very little sympathy with man in his weakness and suffering ; nor does he understand the human heart or touch any of its finer chords. I have often thought that many of the followers of Calvin, and others, also, have spent more time in speculating about God and in trying to understand the Godhead, than in trying to do God's will. It is Richter who says: "I believe that this world is for the imitation of God and Christ; the future, for the exact knowledge of the same. One who would rather prove the Godhead of Christ than obey his precepts, is like a servant who should spend his whole time in proving the nobility of his master, but give him neither love nor obedience."

Calvin's view of God led him to believe that man has no power or choice in his own salvation. He believed that the seeds of corruption were born in the child, and that the little one was hateful and abominable to God ; that God had predestined some persons to life eternal, and others to eternal death. This stern

theology has caused many to hate the God of the Bible, and driven them far from Him. I believe, also, that it was the chief cause of the rise and spread of Universalism and Unitarianism. But, turning from Calvin the theologian to Calvin the reformer, we see him working with all his might to bring about a complete reform in Church and State. He established and encouraged congregational singing, frequently quoting the words of the Psalmist, "Let *all* the people praise the Lord." He was among the first, if not the first, to establish Protestant missions. He was very strict in requiring persons to prepare themselves carefully before coming to the Lord's table; for he believed that "the impenitent partaking of the Holy Supper, instead of enjoying heaven, was swallowing hell." But he encouraged them to come frequently to the Lord's table. "The custom," says he, "which enjoins communicating once a year, is evidently a contrivance of the devil. Every week, at least, the table of the Lord should be spread in meetings for worship."

Calvin and the Swiss reformers were more strict in their moral lives, and were more determined to have a complete reformation in morals, than were the German reformers. Many things that the Germans regarded as harmless amusements, the Swiss looked upon as dangerous and sinful.

Luther did not lift his voice against gambling and drunkenness as Calvin did. Luther was occupied chiefly in restoring the faith of the early Church; Calvin with the restoration of its moral life. Knox said that Calvin established the most perfect school of Christ that the world had seen since the days of the apostles. Fifty years after Calvin's death, a celebrated

Lutheran visited Geneva, and left this record of the impressions made by that visit: "What I have seen there I shall never forget. The most beautiful ornament of that republic is its tribunal of morals, which every week inquires into the disorders of the citizens. Games of chance, swearing and blasphemy, impurity, quarreling, drunkenness and other vices, are repressed. O how beautiful an ornament to Christianity is this purity! We Lutherans can not too deeply deplore its absence from among us. If the difference of doctrine did not separate me from Geneva, the harmony of its morals could have induced me to remain there forever."

CALVIN AND SERVETUS.

Servetus, who was born in Spain the same year that Calvin was born in France, was a physician of some note. He conjectured, and almost described, the circulation of the blood. He believed that he had some great mission to fill. He delighted to dwell upon those passages of Scripture that speak of Michael, the archangel; and he believed that these Scriptures in some way referred to himself. He said he was neither Catholic nor Protestant, though at times he would worship in the Catholic Church and observe its forms. If he was anything, he was a Pantheist. Sometimes he was bold as a lion; then he was cowardly, and would beg for his life. He wrote a book; but when on trial, he denied that he was the author of it. All the reformers were afraid of him, and Calvin had an especial dislike for him. When Servetus was being tried by the Catholic Church, Calvin sent the private letters he had received from him, with the hope that they would lead to his conviction. That Calvin determined to have

him put to death, and finally succeeded in doing so, there can be no reasonable doubt. When it was reported that Servetus was going to Geneva, Calvin wrote: "If he does come, and if my authority prevails, I will never suffer him to depart from this city alive." When Calvin heard that he was in the city, he lost no time in having him arrested. "I don't deny," says Calvin, "that he was imprisoned at my instance." He desired to conduct the trial himself, and finally did so, showing no mercy to the prisoner. It was a long, sad trial, the details of which we can not go into now. Servetus was condemned and burned at the stake. The trial and death of Servetus show us how long it takes to uproot an ancient evil. Though Luther had said the burning of a heretic was contrary to the will of the Holy Spirit, yet Luther treated with intolerance, and even cruelty, those whom he believed to be heretics. The early Protestants never got entirely away from the belief that it was right to punish a heretic with death. Farel, who was opposed to the Pope putting believers to death, still believed that believers had a right to punish heretics in this way. Calvin's treatment of Servetus shows that he believed with Farel and others of his day.

THE DEATH OF CALVIN.

For twenty-eight years he suffered continually from frequent attacks of fever, asthma, stone and gout. When his friends urged him to take a little rest, he said: "Then you wish that, when the Lord comes, He shall not find me watching." When unable longer to perform his public duties, he refused longer to take the small salary that the city had granted him. He died a

poor man, and requested that no monument should mark his resting-place. In the city register of 1564, after the name John Calvin, are these words: "He went to God on the 27th of May in this year." Beza, who had loved him devotedly for years, was almost broken-hearted. He wondered why he was not taken, and Calvin, who could have done so much more good, allowed to live on. "The wall that is between us," said he, "will not prevent me from being with you in spirit." Again he writes: "We may well say, that in our time it has pleased God to show us in one single man both how to live and how to die."

THE CHARACTER OF CALVIN.

In these short articles I have tried to give a true picture of some of the Reformers, and the age in which they lived. I have not intentionally covered up their faults, or magnified the sins of the Church of Rome. I have attempted to form an estimate of their characters, not from one author, but from all works within my reach; nor from one event in their lives, but from their lives as a whole—what they desired to do, tried to do, and did do. "Great events and great men," says Guizot, "impose a difficult and painful task upon those who wish to understand them thoroughly and appreciate their worth." The character of Calvin is one of the most difficult to understand; for among those who lived in his day and knew him well, and those since his death who have made his life and character a study, there are so many conflicting opinions. According to his admirers, in greatness he was scarcely inferior to Augustine or the Apostle Paul, and his purity is equal to his greatness. Renan says: "He

was the most Christlike man of his time." Hooker thinks that the wisest statesman then living could not have made a better system of government than he did for the city of Geneva. On the other hand, his enemies say he was cruel, vindictive and ambitious, and the murderer of Servetus. He has been spoken of as a prophet, and revered as a reformer; and he has been denounced as a tyrant and a heretic. He has been called a saint, and he has been pictured as a fiend. Perhaps we may say, with Whittier:

Some blamed him; some believed him good;
The truth lay, doubtless, 'twixt the two.

If we would judge correctly the character of any one, we must always keep in mind the age in which he lived—its spirit, its morality, its intelligence. According to the light and the standards of his day, David was a great and good man; and in his deep penitence, his full and sincere confession of sin, and his heroic efforts at reform, he was a man after God's heart, and a model for all men. During his reign the people became happy and prosperous, and the scattered tribes grew into a strong nation. Yet, if in our country to-day, would he be regarded as a wise and able statesman? Would not his moral character shut him out of the best society? And is there a church in America that would receive him into its fellowship, unless it is the Mormons? According to the standards of statesmanship, morality and religion, in his day, he was far in advance of his age and people; but it is also true that he was far behind our day. Here is where Mr. Ingersoll has always blundered. He takes men who lived thousands of years ago, and judges them, not by the light of their

day, but by the light of our day. Calvin, too, must be judged by the standards of his age, and not ours. Mackenzie says: "In 1754 governments had not learned to reason; they could only fight." So in the sixteenth century they had not learned to reason, or bear with a heretic; they could only put him to death. The God of Calvin, and of all Europe at that time, was the God of the Old Testament, rather than of the New. They were more under the law that was given by Moses, than the grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ. What the Bible says about the power and justice of God, Calvin's mind grasped; but the long-suffering and patience of God, the depth of His love, the wideness of His mercy, he never seems to have understood. His preaching sounds more like the commandments that came from Mt. Sinai, than the good news that was proclaimed on Pentecost. He was more like a prophet of the Old Testament, than an apostle of the New. While I believe, taking his life and the age into consideration, he was a good man, whom God raised up to do a great work, yet if a man in this day and country were to do as he did, he would be a bad man.

The fact that the lives of the best men who lived centuries ago can not stand in the light of our day, is proof that the light is increasing. The standard of morals in society is higher than it once was.

So life shall on and upward go;
The eternal step of progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
What God repeats.

LECTURE XI.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

For in those days shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created unto this time, neither shall be. And except that the Lord had shortened those days, no flesh should be saved (Mark xiii. 19, 20).

And there went out another horse that was red . . . and there was given unto him a great sword (Rev. vi 4).

It was the brightest of the world's epochs (Schiller).

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times; it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness; it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair (Dickens).

You have all read of the fabled mermaid—part woman and part fish. You know, also, that for years a diligent though unsuccessful attempt has been made to find the missing link between the monkey and man. Turn now to the map of Europe, and you will see in the northwest of Europe, jutting out into the German Ocean, a busy little country that for many centuries was part land and part sea, a kind of connecting link between the ocean and the land. It has a soft, spongy soil, that yields beneath the feet, and often seems as if it was afloat. The ocean is kept out by great dikes. Before these were built, the ocean poured in and ran over it, making it always uncertain whether it was a part of the continent or a part of the sea. From the commentary of Julius Cæsar, we learn that he abhorred this desolate region as much as he admired the people. They were not priest-ridden and superstitious, as were the Gauls. Still they were a people deeply religious,

who believed in one Almighty God, too sublime to be imagined and too infinite to be inclosed in earthly temples; but One who was always visible to the eye of faith, and whose dwelling-place was the heart of the pure and humble. Slavery, which existed in its worst form among the Gauls, was not known among the tribes that dwelt in Holland; while, on the other hand, marriage, that was almost unknown among the Gauls, was held most sacred by this purer people of the north. The bridegroom gave his bride an ox, a horse and bridle, sword, shield and spear, by which he said that he expected her to share his toils and enjoy his triumphs. In the eyes of this primitive people, there was no greater sin than unfaithfulness to the marriage vow. They were a free people, who elected their rulers; they always loved liberty, and hated tyranny. In one of their earliest books it was declared that the people should be free "as long as the wind blows out of the sky, or the world stands." The strongest and purest men and nations have always been those that had to overcome some great impediment or difficulty, either in themselves or their surroundings. It was the natural stammerer who became the greatest orator of Greece. It was a little man who, by climbing up into a tree, was able to see more than all the natural giants. Did not the men of Benjamin, who drew the bow with the left hand, have the name of being the most unerring marksmen, proving that "acquired skill—skill which comes from laborious training—is always more accurate than that which is more natural, because less cultivated"? So in Switzerland, Holland, and other countries, where for ages men and women have had to fight with wind and weather, oceans

and rivers and rocks, there has grown up a strong, thrifty, tough, wiry and independent people—men who would not let tyrants rule them nor priests think for them.

The Dutch, who had built dikes to keep out the ocean, could make walls, even if they had to make them of their own bodies, that would keep out the Spaniard. They who had driven back the ocean could drive back Philip, although he had the largest armies, commanded by the greatest generals, and was the wealthiest monarch of the sixteenth century. I can not follow the history of this people through the Middle Ages, and can only notice a few of the leading men and chief events that belong to the last half of the sixteenth century.

Look at this little country in conflict with the most powerful nation of Europe—a nation that had, in addition to her own strength, the wealth and influence of the Church of Rome back of her. We are to see a small band of men, fired with a love for their homes and their country, sustained by faith in God and a strong conviction that right would triumph, going into a conflict with a bigot and tyrant, who was determined to take from them all that they loved most, and destroy all that they held sacred. We are to witness the bitterest and bloodiest struggle that was ever waged between freedom and despotism, a struggle in which over one hundred thousand persons were strangled, beheaded and burned, for the great sins of loving freedom and reading their Bibles. We are to see the wealth and armies of a great nation all engaged in trying to crush a few patriots and Protestants, who in turn refused to be crushed.

Though the people of Holland were Catholics, they thought more for themselves and were less under the influence of the Pope than any people in Europe. It was a common saying among them that "no one should be coerced to believe, but should be won by preaching." They were among the first to welcome the translation of the Bible, and most diligent in studying it. Thus they were like tinder, on which the words of Luther fell as sparks.

As Americans, we are particularly interested in this chapter of history, for William of Orange, who was called the "Father of his Country," is, in a very high sense, the father of our country. For all that is best in this country, we are as much indebted to him and others who fought by his side, as, in the Church, we are indebted to Luther and other reformers. These are the men who kept the United States from being what Mexico and South America are.

Let it be remembered that at this time England was ruled by Elizabeth, and that Ben Jonson, Bacon and Shakespeare were living. There also lived that brave soldier and sailor, poet, historian, discoverer—a man of wonderful genius, magnificent physique, of great virtues and many vices, of brilliant endeavor and tragic death—Sir Walter Raleigh, "a man at whom men gazed as at a star." Who of that day belonged to our country as he did? He named Virginia, and spent his vast fortune in her colonization. "He was the father of the United States," says Dean Stanley. "To this man, under the providence of God," says Kingsley, "the whole United States owe their existence." Mr. Eggleston assures us that if it had not been for Raleigh's bold imagination, forethought and statesman-

ship, there would not have been an English settlement in North America. At the age of seventeen he was fighting with the Huguenots in France, and a few years later with William against Alva. I can not give an account of his trial and long imprisonment, during which he wrote the history of the world. He gives expression to his faith and hope the night before his execution in these words:

But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

When told by the executioner to turn his face to the east, he said: "If the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies." There were giants in those days.

THE INQUISITION.

No one can understand the grandeur of the struggle between Philip and the people of Holland, or appreciate the grandeur of that cause of which William of Orange was the hero and the martyr, unless he knows something of the Inquisition. When one reads the history of this institution, he can not but recall the words of Shakespeare:

Here are some of the unpleasantest words
That ever blotted paper.

Or the lines of Whittier:

God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of a demon.

What was the Inquisition? Whence did it come? What was its object? No person, church or age was altogether responsible for it. It was a growth, not a creation. The object of Christianity was the salvation

of men from sin; the preaching of the gospel, the heaven-ordained means by which this object was to be accomplished. This sweet, inspiring story of suffering love won hearts wherever it was told. It was a light that penetrated the darkest places. It placed the bow of promise in the sky above the desponding. It bore the cup of joy to the saddest. Slaves and criminals heard it with delight, and sprang into a new life. It made converts among all classes, and went on conquering and to conquer. But prosperity is more dangerous than adversity. Men who have been strong and pure in the day of adversity, have been corrupted and made weak by prosperity. So the Church that had walked in the garments of humility, in the days of Constantine put on the robes of worldly pride. She who had won by the sweet persuasive power of love, began now to thunder and to threaten. The Council of Nice, in the fourth century, condemned certain heretics to be banished. Constantine, a little later, threatened with death those who concealed the books of Arius. Here was the Inquisition in the bud. Here was a small stream, that in the time of William of Orange had become a mighty river, that seemed as if it would drown all pure religion and sweep away civil liberty. Here is a little cloud smaller than the hand of a man, that in 1200 covered the whole sky, and was so dark that it almost eclipsed the light of the Sun of Righteousness. Here was an infant that grew until it became a giant stronger than Samson, more defiant than Goliath, and more cruel than Nero. In the rise and development of the Inquisition, we notice three chapters. We have the Episcopal, Papal, and Spanish Inquisitions. The Episcopal Inquisition had its origin in the church

courts, where persons were tried for heresy. Sometimes the bishops wished to do more than withdraw the fellowship of the congregation from the heretic—they wanted to banish, imprison, or punish the offender with death. But, like the Jews who judged Christ worthy of death, they did not have the power to inflict this punishment. And like the Jews, also, they appealed to the secular authorities to do this, and were often powerful enough to have it done. The Papal Inquisition can be traced to Innocent III. There lived in the southern part of France a thrifty and pious people, who did not sanction all the practices of the Church of Rome. Especially were they opposed to the immoralities of the priests. This Pope undertook to enlighten them with the dungeon and the stake. This people refused to be enlightened. The civil courts would not punish them. So religious courts were established to try all heretics. This was the Papal Inquisition, that at one time or another established itself in every part of Europe. Frightful as it was, it was only the half-way house to the Spanish Inquisition. It was persecution systematized—reduced to a science. The Spanish Inquisition can be traced to two men—Torquemada and Cardinal Ximenes, both the confessors of Queen Isabella. These two men, who believed that the end justifies the means, assisted by the Jesuits, perfected this machine of hell. During the eighteen years that Torquemada ruled, one hundred and eighteen thousand families were destroyed in Spain. It has been well said of this man, with his wondrous genius for persecuting, that

His awful name resounded like the blast
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed.

It was this Inquisition in its worst form that Philip determined to plant among the people of Holland, who were natural Protestants, and loved their country and their homes. This was the devil that William of Orange had to face—a devil that consecrated the dagger of the assassin, and clothed with honor the spy and the traitor; a devil whose missionaries were the dungeon, rack, stake and thumb-screw; a devil whose delight was to destroy, and, worse still, whose breath turned love into hate; a devil who caused Gregory XIII. to have medals struck off and *Te Deums* sung when he heard of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and made Philip of Spain laugh loudly when the same news reached him. Though Philip is dead and the Inquisition has passed away, the same powers of evil are at work in society. There are foes at work bent on breaking our homes and determined to stop human progress and the spread of the gospel. In this little city where I am now writing, these agents of darkness have lately been. They have taken the names of all the boys and girls they could get, and are now sending them the foulest papers, and circulars that contain the most infernal suggestions. We shudder when we read of the Inquisition, and treat the ravages of intemperance with indifference. Those who will not lift a hand and voice to stop intemperance, would have done neither to have hindered Philip entering Holland. Those who favor the liquor-traffic, which has destroyed more families than the Inquisition ever did, would have been the friends of the Inquisition, if they had lived in the sixteenth century. These things are “written for our admonition.” Will we heed? “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”

LECTURE XII.

WILLIAM OF 'ORANGE.

On the twenty-fifth of October, 1555, the city of Brussels was crowded with princes and distinguished persons from all parts of Europe. It was no ordinary event that they had come to witness. As far as I remember, history records no other like it. In the midst of this royal assembly is Charles V.—the Cæsar of the sixteenth century. His health is gone; he is feeble. Dissipation and gluttony have done their work. The gout that has taken up its abode in his joints refuses to go hence. But for what purpose has he called these nobles together? He is about to vacate the throne and give his crown to his son Philip. He tells them that in twenty-five years he has built up a great empire that is now threatened by heresy, and that a young man is needed to crush out this heresy. "At fifty-five," said he, "I am an old man with shattered health; but there is my son: I seat him on my throne as the defender of the faith and the ruler of my realm." Then he added: "I wish to put a little contemplation between my life and the tomb." It would have been well if that season of contemplation had led him to repentance and reformation of life. For, five years before this, Charles had issued that dreadful "edict," in which he had forbidden any one to print, buy, sell, read or give away any of the writings of Luther, Calvin, or any other heretic. Further-

more, he said: "We forbid all lay persons to converse or dispute about the Holy Scriptures, openly or secretly, or to read or teach the Scriptures, or to entertain *any of the opinions* of the above-named heretics." Any person doing any of these things, if a man, was to be executed with the sword; if a woman, buried alive, if she did not persist in her errors; if she did, she was to be burned alive. If any one gave food or shelter to a heretic, or did not inform on heretics, he was to be punished in the same way. Even if a person was suspected of heresy, although it was not proved, still, if the judge thought proper, he was to be burned. This dreadful edict had been enforced to the extent that fifty thousand persons had already perished. Philip takes the crown and reigns for forty-two years with the one purpose of carrying out this dreadful edict. It was to enforce it that he built navies, recruited armies, spent vast fortunes, invoked the help of the Popes, the intrigues of the Jesuits, and the horrors of the Inquisition. It was to prevent it from being enforced that William of Orange gave up a life of ease and luxury for one of toil and danger.

THE CHARACTER OF PHILIP.

"There was none like unto Ahab, who did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord" (I. Kings xxi. 25).

"Good were it for that man if he had never been born" (Mark xiv. 21).

These words of Scripture apply almost as well to Philip as to Ahab and Judas. "If you would comprehend events," says an old proverb, "understand men." Let us now try and understand the character and spirit and purpose of Philip. "Egotism and

fanaticism," according to Schiller, "were the title-page and contents of his life." We do not have to go to his enemies, nor are we left in doubt as to the great purpose of his life, for he has said himself: "My mission is the suppression of heresy." Never was a person better suited to his work, and never was work as pleasant to a workman. The chief article in his creed was, "Keep no faith with heretics." He made the most solemn promises again and again, and gloried in breaking them. In a letter to his sister, who was not prepared to go quite so far, he says: "A little wholesome deception can do no harm." Never was there a son more like his father than Philip was like the great father of lies. William soon learned to trust him least when he promised most. In addition to this, he was grossly immoral, for which he suffered untold horrors during the last years of his life. His cruelty was equal to his bigotry and immorality. He took as much pleasure in making others suffer as Howard did in works of philanthropy. Look at him returning home with his young bride. The city is illuminated with fires that are burning heretics. He finds no such delight in his bride as in the tortures of these poor, writhing creatures. "How can you look on and see me burned?" said an old acquaintance to him. "I would carry the wood to burn my own son, were he a heretic like you," was his reply. "Human victims, chained to the stake and burning, were the blazing torches," says Motley, "which lighted this monarch to his nuptial couch."

If Philip ever had any high instincts or tender feelings, he murdered them all when a boy. His idea of God was a monarch something like himself, who de-

lighted in cruelty, and whose chief attribute was vengeance. Never once did he think that there is a God "whose name is Love, and whose other name is Justice;" One who sees the affliction of His people, and can raise up in defense of a just cause men who shall be stronger than an army with banners.

"The Power that led His chosen by pillared cloud and flame,
Through parted sea and desert waste—that Power is still the same."

When the hour is ripe, the man appears. In the fullness of time God sends forth some one who is able to answer the vital question of the hour, resist the evil that is crushing His people, or reveal the truth for which men are hungering. It may be a deliverer and lawgiver like Moses, a soldier like Joshua, or a poet like David, whose words kindle the fires of patriotism and religion in the heart. The need of the age may be a reformer: then one like Luther appears, who fears the face of no one, and whose words are armies that rout and drive back the errors of a thousand years. Whenever time has prepared a fresh field of conflict or labor, and the hour has come for mankind to take a step onward and upward, the stately form of the true hero and leader never fails to come to the front. All this is true, but Philip did not know it.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

"He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and trusted in the Lord God of Israel, so that after him was none like him." For he clave to the Lord and departed not from following Him, but kept His commandments" (II. Kings xviii. 5, 6).

These words are no less true of William than of Hezekiah. Go again to the assembly at Brussels: Philip is taking the crown from the trembling hand

of his father, who is leaning upon the upright and handsome form of a young man of twenty-two, who possesses great wealth and belongs to one of the most distinguished families of Europe. Had you been a stranger there, he would have attracted your attention; and, if you had asked who he was, any one could have told you that it was William of Nassau, the Prince of Orange, who is still called by the people of Holland "Father William," and is known in history as "William the Silent." For more than four hundred years, dukes who belonged to the Nassau family ruled in the Netherlands. By and by Henry of Nassau marries a princess of the house of Orange, a house of great wealth, and one that had been distinguished ever since the days of Charlemagne. Thus in William, who was born in 1533, there was the blood of two distinguished families. His mother, a woman of great courage, patriotism and piety, was in every way worthy of her illustrious son. William was the oldest of twelve children, and inherited large estates in Germany, Holland and Flanders. Even when a boy there was something remarkable about him, for at the age of twelve he attracted the attention of Charles V., who said: "This brave little man must be looked to." He was taken to the court of the Emperor to be educated. There he became a member of the Catholic Church, although his mother was a Lutheran. Charles recognized his ability at the first, and from the time he was thirteen made him his confidant in all things. At the age of twenty this youthful prince was made commander of the Emperor's army on the border of France. William was a careful observer and diligent student of men. Soon after Philip had received the crown,

William was left in Paris as a hostage for the fulfillment of a treaty with France. It was while here that he earned the title of "Silent." Henry II. told him of a plot which Alva, Philip, and himself soon expected to execute. It was to destroy all the Protestants of France and Holland. William was horror-stricken, but showed neither surprise nor disgust, though he resolved that it should not be done if he could prevent it. Knowing well the character and strength of Philip, and counting fully the cost, he went into this struggle. One by one his dearest friends and nearest relations fell by his side, but on he went. He gave up estate after estate, sold all his plate and jewelry, until he who had been one of the wealthiest men of Europe became one of the poorest. He who was rich, for the sake of his people became poor. He expected help and sympathy from the Huguenots, but the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew—which, he says, "struck me to the earth as a blow from a sledge-hammer"—destroyed this hope. In the darkest hour of this dreadful conflict, an attempt was made to buy him. Philip is willing to restore to him all his property, pay his debts, and grant liberty to him and his family to worship God as they wish, if he will only retire to some other country. They say to him: "There is nothing you will demand for yourself that will not be granted." He could toil, and suffer, and die, but he could not surrender the truth he believed, or betray the people who trusted in him. "Neither for property, life, wife nor children, would he mix in his cup a single drop of treason."

Thank God, there are some men who are above price. Here was one that kings were not rich enough

to buy. Like the wife of Sobieski, the Polish hero, when her husband and sons were hid in a cave, and the conqueror came to her and said: "Do you know where your husband hides?" "I do," was the reply. "Tell me, and I will pardon your sons." "He lies here," said she, "concealed in the heart of his wife, and you will have to tear out that heart to find him." So the people of Holland were in William's heart, to live and to die. His life was one of daily toil and peril. Five unsuccessful attempts were made to assassinate him. More than all this, he carried a living sorrow in his heart. His favorite son, at the age of thirteen, was kidnapped from the university by Philip. William made every attempt to rescue him, but without success. Yet through all this he was hopeful—always had a word of cheer for his people, and never lost faith in God. According to the historian, "Upon a thousand occasions, by tongue and pen, he proved that he was the most eloquent man of his day." It is one of his bitterest enemies who says: "Never did an arrogant or indiscreet word fall from his lips, nor did he upon any occasion manifest anger to his inferiors, however much they might be in fault, but contented himself with admonishing them graciously." My eyes have never fallen upon a sentence of his that did not breathe a noble spirit; not one word that showed the smallest desire for revenge. He never forgot, as at times some of the best have done, that

The love of the Lord and man are one.

But, eloquent as he was, no words that his lips spoke or his pen wrote ever equaled the eloquence of his daily life. He was not simply a man of keen

intellect, deep feeling, and persuasive tongue, but a man of deeds, who carried the purest love into the highest sphere of action. If a leader is a person who has the power of kindling sympathy and trust that will cause the multitude to follow him eagerly anywhere, then William of Orange was a natural leader. His appearance inspired confidence; his words kindled enthusiasm. One writer says he was "king of hearts." Another, that "he made a friend every time he took off his hat." He never disappoints us; he almost always does more than we think can possibly be done. He is ready for every emergency; never fails to rise to the demands of the occasion. We do not have to say of him, as we do of so many of the great and good:

With step unequal, and lame with faults,
His shade on the path of history halts.

He was one of those higher spirits that Wendell Phillips says "forget themselves into immortality." Do not think the character of this man is overdrawn. If you will study his life carefully, you will learn that much more can be said. Remember that in a little country from four to forty miles wide, and not more than one hundred and twenty long, "this man, backed by its inhabitants, did battle for nine years against the monarch of two worlds, and conquered him at last."

LECTURE XIII.

.. WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword (Matt. x. 34).

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly does God recast
And mold anew the nation (Whittier).

The people of Holland accepted Philip as their king without a murmur; they expected, however, that he would appoint as Governor-General of the Netherlands one of their own country. Orange, Egmont and Horn were all distinguished men, favorites with the people, and members of the Catholic Church. The appointment of any of these would have been hailed with delight by the people; but Philip, who had no thought of thus pleasing them, gave this office to his sister Margaret. She had been educated by the Jesuits, and the people of Holland had no love for her. More than this, he sent a number of foreign bishops among this dissatisfied people, who had the power to nominate the persons who should fill the most important offices. These unwelcome bishops the people of Holland were compelled to support. Then Spanish soldiers, for whom the Hollanders had a greater hatred than an ancient Jew had for a Samaritan, were quartered in the various cities of their country. Everything was now ready, and persecution began. Peter Titelman perse-

cuted with cruelty that knew no bounds. He burned men and women "for idle words or suspected thoughts; he rarely waited for deeds." One day "Red Rod," the secular sheriff, asked this missionary of the Inquisition if he was not afraid to go about with only two or three attendants. "O no," he said; "you deal with the *bad*. I have nothing to fear; for I seize only the innocent, who make no resistance." Persons who sang a hymn at the grave of a child, or read, to comfort the bereaved, the words of Christ, "I am the resurrection and the life," were put to death without trial. No one was to teach the child of a heretic, or give a heretic a bed to sleep on, or a cup of water to drink. Murmurings were heard on all sides; protests, signed by thousands of persons, were sent to Margaret. She feared an insurrection. At last the "Moderation," as it was called, came. It was a long document, and in substance said that heretics who repented should be beheaded instead of burned. The disappointed and indignant people called this "Moderation" "The Murderation."

THE BEGGARS.

Discontent increased. Numerous petitions came to Margaret, begging for milder treatment, declaring that the edict could not be enforced; showing how business was paralyzed; how merchants and manufacturers were leaving the country; and that workmen were out of employment, and their families starving. Though Margaret cared nothing for the suffering of the people, there were the names of so many wealthy and influential persons to these petitions, that she was perplexed and alarmed. A Spaniard seeing this, said: "Is it

possible that you can entertain any fear of these beggars?" "Yes, we are beggars," said the people; "we beg for our families and our country." The patriots were henceforth known as "The Beggars." They became famous in history; especially the "Beggars of the Sea," without whom William of Orange would have been powerless.

FIELD-PREACHING.

At such a time as this, human wisdom and strength are not adequate to the demands. Man turns to God. "In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he delivered me," said one of old. Secret printing-presses were at work day and night. There was a great demand for Bibles and religious tracts. The seed was growing; the fire was burning. Suddenly, no one seems to have known just how or where, tens of thousands gathered in all parts of the country to sing and pray, and listen to earnest men who were soon known everywhere as the "field-preachers." The condition of the people had much to do with the eloquence and power of these preachers. There were no non-conductors in those great audiences. When the preacher asked the Lord to behold their pitiful condition and to send them help, he touched a chord in every heart.

These preachers were earnest men, who knew neither doubt nor fear. They were as poor as the apostles. They were hunted like wild beasts. They walked every day in the valley of the shadow of death. All had been educated in the school of suffering, and some of them were men of more than ordinary ability.

These preachers, who were all united in opposing the Inquisition, had warm and bitter controversies

among themselves on various speculative questions. Especially did they wax warm in discussing the question of free-will and election. It was in this century and country that the controversy raged which at last produced the famous "Five Points of Calvinism" and "Five Points of Arminianism." The Calvinists were led by Gomar, the other party by Arminius, of whom Neander says: "He was a model theologian in conscientious and zealous investigation." O, why could not these earnest people, who differed in opinion, still be friends, and unite to put down evil! Why did they bite and devour each other, and dissolve the pearl of Christian charity in their acid controversies? But we must not be too hard on them, for there are few, even now, who are so free from this sin that they can throw the first stone. When Louis of Nassau saw how the people were moved by the field-preaching, and what delight they found in it, he said: "There will soon be a hard nut to crack. The king will never permit this preaching, and the people will never give it up, if it costs them their necks." Louis was a prophet.

THE IMAGE-BREAKERS.

The preacher took his text almost always from the Old Testament; the Old was studied by all classes much more than the New. They knew how this book condemned idols and images of all kinds. Had they not read how the kings of Judah had done right in the sight of the Lord when they destroyed the images? Now the Catholic churches were full of images. Are not these the cause of all our trouble? Mobs suddenly gathered in most of the cities. They rushed to the churches, broke the images by thousands, and tore

the pictures into shreds. The priests in one church tried to hide the image of Mary. But the mob took after them, crying: "Little Mary, little Mary, art thou terrified so early? Beware, little Mary, for thine hour is fast approaching."

The field-preachers worked hard to quiet the mob, but fruitless were all their attempts. It was a strange uprising. No priest was hurt, no woman insulted. Any of their number might have made himself rich if he had been disposed to steal; but they had no such desire. In a few days it was all over. William knew that these poor people would pay dearly for this. "Now," said he, "we shall see a national tragedy." Philip now condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death. This, perhaps, was the most sweeping death-warrant that was ever issued. Excepting a few that he mentioned, in three lines he condemns to death three million persons, without regard to age or sex.

ALVA.

The government of Margaret was too mild for Philip, and he turns to Alva, the most successful general of that age, for advice. Alva, who loved war as much as he hated heresy; who had never been heard to speak a kind word or known to perform a merciful act, advised that the king should cut off the heads of these heretics; but until this could be done, he had better dissemble. Philip had found a man after his own heart, for on all sides it is admitted that, for patient vindictiveness and insatiable bloodthirstiness, his equal has seldom, if ever, appeared. This man, with ten thousand of the best trained soldiers in the

world, accompanied with two thousand women of bad repute, set out for Holland. William made a heroic effort to arouse the people and nobles to prevent Alva from entering their country. But Horn and Egmont were unwilling to move in the matter. Orange, "unable," as he says, "longer to connive at sins daily committed against my country and my conscience," and not able, at the present, to do anything for his country, publicly announces himself a Protestant, and goes back to Germany to wait. Alva has things his own way.

The "Council of Blood," its dreadful history we can not give even a brief sketch of now. The scenes of horror that occurred in prisons at midnight will never all be known until the day when God shall reveal all hidden things. The heads of Egmont and Horn, strict Catholics as they were, were struck off. All this time Orange was in Germany, not idle or indifferent to what was going on, but busy studying Philip and watching Alva. "It is my business," said he, "to study the heart of kings." While he muses the fire burns. In their suffering and helplessness the people of Holland appeal to him as "Father William, their only hope." He began immediately to raise men and money, not doubting but God had called him. "How many kings are on your side?" asked some friendly persons, who were afraid to give Orange their help. "Only one; but he is the King of kings," was his reply. "Do you know of Philip's wealth and power?" said a timid person. "I know he is a mighty king," said William; "but there is a King more powerful still, who I humbly trust is on my side." On his banners are "*Now or never; Freedom for fatherland and liberty*

of conscience." He speaks like a statesman, patriot and Christian. He is confident that wrong will fail, and the right prevail. He does not believe that God is dead, nor even asleep. His words were like the tap on liberty's drum. City after city declares for Orange. The foundation of the Dutch Republic is laid.

LECTURE XIV.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

“The man that is not moved at what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind and born to be a slave” (Cowper).

This lecture might be called “Horrors in Holland.” Alva, who feared that Elizabeth would lend William some help, sent two men to England to assassinate her. William, who wished to prevent all the suffering possible, sent to Alva to propose that all prisoners taken should be exchanged, not executed. The only answer Alva made to this humane request was to hang William’s herald as soon as he dismounted. I can not go into the details of this struggle. The soldiers of Orange endured great suffering and fought with great courage. Their leader made no great mistakes. He always had a word of cheer for them. He gained some brilliant victories, but his army was gradually driven back. His soldiers were suffering for food and clothing; he had no money to pay them. His brother, the gallant Louis of Nassau, was killed in a desperate fight, and his army defeated. The soldiers were ready to throw down arms and go home. William spoke a few words and again rallied them. Some one has written these lines:

“Brave boys,” he said, “be not dismayed
For the loss of one commander,
For God will be our King to-day
And I’ll be General under.”

THE SIEGE OF HAARLEM.

Alva now ordered his soldiers to put to death every man, woman and child in every town and city that made any resistance. The people were terrified, and city after city opened its gates to him. Haarlem, a beautiful city, but not well fortified, was the key to all that was left. It remained faithful to William. Alva sent his son, Don Frederic, with thirty thousand men, to capture and destroy it. Against this great army there were less than four thousand soldiers in Haarlem, of whom three hundred were fighting women. As the winter advanced, provisions in the city became scarce, and Don Frederic rejoiced in the thought that they would soon be starved out. On the night of the twenty-eighth of January, 1573, William sent one hundred and seventy sleds, loaded with powder to destroy life, and bread to save it, gliding across the frozen waters into Haarlem. One night one thousand soldiers, under cover of darkness, marched out of Haarlem into the Spanish camp, burned three hundred tents, slew eight hundred of the foe, captured seven pieces of artillery and all the provisions that they could find, and got back to the city with the loss of only four men. The next morning at the gate of the city a banner was flying, with the inscription: "Haarlem is the grave-yard of the Spaniards." The "beggars of the sea" made several desperate efforts to relieve the city, but were not successful. William wrote to England, imploring help. Night and day he tried to get men and provisions over the ice to Haarlem. Three thousand Spaniards were set to work to undermine the walls of the city. Women and little children turned out and

worked on the fortifications. As fast as the soldiers of Don Frederic mined, the citizens countermined. They often met in these underground passages, and dreadful hand-to-hand battles took place. After turning his artillery for several days on one of the gates, Don Frederic, seeing it was crippled, sent a strong force, under cover of darkness, who threw themselves with sudden fury on it at midnight. But the citizens, men and women, were soon on the wall. They toppled the scaling-ladders over, set hoops smeared with pitch on fire and threw them over among their assailants, and pelted them with stones. At last they pretended to give way, and retired behind an inner wall that they had built. Don Frederic thought the city was his at last; his soldiers rushed forward to enter, but just as they reached the "Cross-gate," a frightful explosion of powder, which the towns-people had put under the gate, occurred, and a large part of the Spanish army were in mid-air. Alva wrote to Philip that "such a war had never before been seen or heard of in any land on earth." But on went the siege, till winter had gone and spring came and went. The food in the city was all gone. "We can die but once," said the starving people. "Let us form ourselves in a square, place our wives and children in the center, burn the town, and rush out and cut our way through the Spanish army, or die in the attempt." Don Frederic, fearing that he would not have the honor of capturing the city, when he heard of this heroic resolve, sent a message, and solemnly assured them of forgiveness if they would surrender. They did so. As soon as the gates were open, he turned the soldiers loose upon them, and two thousand persons were butchered in

cold blood. But it was a dearly bought victory to the Spaniards. It had taken them seven months, and many of their ablest officers and thirteen thousand of their best soldiers had been killed. William and his people were more determined than ever to continue the struggle.

Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God hereafter?

Is there any one who thinks it strange that I have selected such a chapter of history as this? Should we not preach the gospel of peace and good will? True. But remember that Christ, who is the Prince of Peace, came to send a sword and to destroy the works of the devil. "First pure, then peaceable." Have not some of the ablest men and most faithful servants of God been soldiers? Think of Joshua and the Judges, the Maccabees, Cromwell and his Covenanters, Washington and his men, and Havelock. Men may fight a good fight or a bad fight. War is criminal murder, or glorious and heroic, according to the principles that are fought for. One thing is sure, that our great business in this life should be a warfare against sin. In this war "there is no discharge" while life lasts. You will have every temptation to stand aside and shirk and act the coward that William had. "This is right," you say. But the evil one whispers: "It will hurt your business or your standing in the eyes of certain persons." So you say nothing. Some one says: "Come, let us do some-

thing for the children that are being ruined." The reply is: "I have no children." Another says: "Let us put our heads together, and see if we can not do something to save the drunkard and prevent the young from forming habits that will ruin them." You say, or Satan says through you: "Let them stay away from the saloons, as I do." Do you not know persons who have lived for twenty-five years or more in one place who never did anything for the welfare of their city or country, who have never been identified with any benevolent or Christian work? They have never taken the least interest in anything that did not immediately concern themselves and their families. Are they fighting the good fight? If you are not using your talents and improving your opportunity, do not think that you would have been with Orange, if you had lived at that time. Every week we have countless opportunities to fight the same foes that William of Orange did, and cultivate the same virtues that adorned and beautified his character. Whenever we are tempted to lie, to waste time, to turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the sad, to listen to or tell a smutty story, and firmly say *no*, and thus put our heel on the head of the serpent, we are doing in our field of action as Orange did in his. Thus may we fight the good fight, and endure hardness as good soldiers, and serve God and our fellow men. It is true of the individual and the nation, as Whittier says:

Never on custom's oiled grooves
The world to a higher level moves,
But grates and grinds with friction hard
On granite boulder and flinty shard.

The heart must bleed before it feels,
The pool be troubled before it heals ;
Ever by loss the right must gain,
Every good have its birth in pain ;
The fiend still rends, as of old he rent
The tortured body from which he went.

LECTURE XV.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life (Rev. ii. 10).

If we do our best, God will assuredly help us. Had we thought otherwise, we should never have cut the dikes on that memorable occasion, for it was an uncertain thing, and a great sorrow for the poor people; yet God did bless the undertaking. He will bless us still, for His arm has not been shortened (William of Orange).

On the twenty-fifth of May, 1574, a Spanish army surrounded the city of Leyden. These were the darkest hours. Orange was sick, and of his recovery there was very little hope. His two brothers, Louis and Henry, had been killed. The people of Leyden resolved to starve sooner than surrender. When William was a little better, he sent to them, by a carrier-pigeon, this message: "Reflect that you contend not for yourselves alone, but for us all." By the middle of August they sent the Prince word that "if not soon assisted, human strength can do no more." To which he replied: "Expect help hourly till it come." Take one look into the city. A famine, with all its horrors, is there. There is a story of a man who was put in an iron cage. Every day the walls came nearer and nearer to him, until they came together and crushed him. So, day by day, the walls were closing on Leyden. Little children, with pinched faces and sunken eyes, pleaded for food, and then laid down and died in the streets, or in the arms of their heart-broken and

starving mothers. Young ladies of the wealthiest families ate their lap-dogs, the roots of trees and leaves boiled in starch, skins of animals in a little milk; and the vilest food was all that was left. Not all, either; for still they had faith in God. In the morning they would rise, shouting, "Death to Spain, Liberty to Holland, and long live Orange." "We have nothing left," they write, "but good spirits and hope of better days." What was there to keep hope alive? Only faith in God. Soldiers dragged themselves home of a night from the walls to find their families dead or dying of starvation. Van der Werf, the heroic commander of the city, was one day surrounded by a starving mob. "What do you want, my friends? Do you want us to break our vows? I tell you I have made an oath to hold the town, and may God give me strength to keep my oath. I can die but once, whether by your hands or the enemies. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. If my death can serve you, here is my sword; cut my body into morsels, and divide it among you." All murmurs ceased. The mob became patriots again. "Yes, yes," they said, "death by starvation before submission." Near the end of August the fever left Orange. He paid no attention to the physicians, who said he must have absolute rest. He called the people together, and told them that if the dikes were cut, and the ocean allowed to flow in, in that way, and that alone, food might be sent to the starving city. Will it not drown and impoverish the whole country? thought some. "Better a drowned land than an enslaved land," said William. The dikes were cut. Early in September, two hundred boats with provisions, and eight hundred

picked men, the choicest of the battle-scarred "Beggars of the Sea," were moving toward Leyden. In a few days the boats were aground. There was no hope of moving until tide and wind were favorable. Can the city hold out? The Spaniards sent word to the sufferers: "As well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to Leyden." But still the banner was floating over this heroic city with the inscription: "Long live Orange and Free Holland." On the twenty-ninth of September the water came in, and the boats began to move again. The vessels of the enemy that had been prepared to meet them tried to stop them. For some time the struggle was doubtful, but soon, by the flash of the cannon, it was seen that the "Beggars" were driving their enemy. The Spaniards jumped from their boats, but the "Beggars" were after them, and with boat-hooks and daggers, slew twelve hundred of them. In the twilight of the next morning, the watchers on the walls of Leyden saw the boats with friends and food nearing the city. They called to those in the city, "They come! they come!" and those who heard shouted back, "The Lord has not forgotten his own." They hardly tasted the bread that was brought until they rushed to the churches, saying: "The Lord has done great things for us, wherereof we are glad." They began a song of praise, but suddenly the singing came to an end; all the people were sobbing. Boisot, the brave commander of "The Beggars," and "Father William," were received with tears and shouts. William suggested that they celebrate this deliverance by founding a university. Since then the University of Leyden has been to Holland what Oxford is to England.

THE ASSASSINATION OF ORANGE.

Philip began to see that this people could never be conquered while Orange lived. So, by the following offer, he tried to bring about the death of this noble man: "If any of our subjects, or any stranger, shall be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us dead or alive, we will cause him to be furnished with twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. If he has committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; and if he is not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valor." Five unsuccessful attempts were made on his life. Once he was shot, the ball entering the neck under the right ear, and coming out at the left jaw, carrying away two teeth. He thought he was mortally wounded, but all he said was: "Don't kill him; I forgive him my death." One day in July, 1584, a poorly-dressed man applied to Orange for money to buy some clothes to go to church in. The generous-hearted Prince gave him the money, with which the wretch immediately bought two pistols; and on the tenth of July, as William was coming from dinner, he shot him. "God have mercy on my soul! God have mercy on my poor people!" This was all he said, except a faint "Yes," when his sister asked him if he still trusted in Christ. Father William was dead; but the work went on. On the evening of that fatal tenth of July, John of Barneveldt and fifteen others met and resolved "to maintain the good cause, with God's help, to the uttermost, without sparing gold or blood." They elected as president Maurice, the son of Orange, who was then only seventeen years of age. His enemies laughed, and said he

was a "twig." All he said was: "The twig shall become a tree." He became the foremost general of his age—gaining victory after victory, until the last Spaniard was driven from his country.

THE CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

"It is impossible," says Motley, "for a nation, even while struggling for itself, not to acquire something for all mankind." There are very few who understand how much William of Orange and his people, in their struggle, acquired for all the civilized world, and for our own country in particular. The governments of earth are wiser, churches are kinder, and Christians, while quite as firm in their convictions and as faithful to Christ as in the sixteenth century, are more tolerant toward those who do not agree with them. If Protestants from England, Germany and France alone had settled this country, they would have given a different tone and shape to both Church and State. Were not the early Baptists persecuted in Virginia? Did not the Puritans of Massachusetts persecute almost all persons who did not agree with them? Their ideas of religious liberty seem to have been the liberty to worship God as they believed was right, and the liberty to stop those who wished to teach a worship in any other way. But there was a settlement in the early days of our country that was willing to grant to others the liberty its people asked for themselves. They never persecuted any one, and their ideas and spirit finally prevailed. Who were they? From what fountain did they drink? How did they come to be in advance of the spirit of their age? It will be both interesting and profitable to learn something of their history.

In 1608, a small band of brave but persecuted Protestants left England, and for twelve years made their home at Leyden, in Holland. During these years they learned the great lesson that William lived and died to teach. In 1620 they bade farewell to Leyden, and in December of the same year they landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts. They persecuted no one. It was at Plymouth that Roger Williams found shelter when driven from Salem. This pilgrim band had learned in William's country what he tried to teach when he said: "Let the word of God be preached to all, without suffering any hindrance to the Roman Church in the exercise of its religion." When he thus spoke, the most liberal reformers were not prepared to go with him. They began to fear, and to say that he cared nothing for religion. Thus, in an age when reformers were bigots, he pleaded for toleration for all—for Jews and Calvinists, for Catholics and Anabaptists and Lutherans. More than any other man, I think, he taught the true mission of Church and State; that they were distinct, and yet both working for the good of man—the one leading man to material prosperity, security and civil liberty; the other to moral freedom and peace of mind, all the time cheering him with a hope of God's hereafter. His private life and public acts, all that he said or wrote, and his motives, as far as we can know them, will bear the closest examination. He was prudent, but always brave; daring, but never rash; conscious of his ability, yet free from egotism; firm, but not stubborn; humble, but not timid; a man of talent and tact at the same time. He was acquainted with books, but he knew men better. He was wise in counsel and able in execution. He could

awaken the indifferent, calm the excited, stir up a nation, and direct the people when aroused. In the moment of success he was humble; in the day of adversity, hopeful. His feet were on the earth, but his eyes were on the stars. He was a patriot without selfishness, a scholar without ostentation, a soldier without revenge, and a Christian without bigotry. He bore on his heart the burdens of his people, and carried in his soul their sorrows and his own; and yet he went through life with a cheerful face. "As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave people; and when he died, little children cried in the street." Like all the purest and the strongest who have ever lived, the secret of his strength was his belief in God and a future life. You will search a long time before you will find a man whose faith in God and His word was so strong and robust, and one so full of courage against all that was opposed to God. The lives of God's servants, whether recorded in the Bible or profane history, are a daily help and inspiration to me. It is well to keep them constantly before us, that they may not only stimulate us in doing right, but shame us when tempted to be mean or selfish.

Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith and hope and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

LECTURE XVI.

THE HUGUENOTS.

They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth (Heb. xi. 37, 38).

No seers were they, but simple men,
Who went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all (Whittier).

What study is so delightful as that which brings us into fellowship with the great men of a country who excite our wonder and admiration, and into communion with the good men who win our love?

Many of the most distinguished religious and political leaders in this country and England for the last two hundred years have been the children of French Huguenots. They have been found in all the honorable pursuits of life, and by their industry and thrift have been one of the most potent forces in building up the manufacturing and commercial interests of these countries; while their pure moral habits and strong religious convictions have given tone to our society and zeal to our churches. There is some doubt about the origin and meaning of the term Huguenot. Some have thought that it was derived from *Hugues*, one of the early advocates of the reform.

Others, that it was a nickname that signified persons who walk at night in the streets; that it was applied to the Protestants, who, because of their enemies, generally met at night. But while the origin and meaning of the word are obscure, there is no doubt as to who the Huguenots were. They were French Protestants. Movements that are really the same in spirit and purpose, often wear different names and dresses in different countries. Thus Socialism, Communism and Nihilism stand for nearly the same persons and ideas. Communism in France is very like Nihilism in Russia. The reformation in all parts of Europe was really the same movement—a stream that flowed from one fountain. That fountain was the Bible. The reformers all got their ideas and moral earnestness from the study of that book. Still, the Protestants of England, Germany and France, in some things, were unlike, because the habits, character and environments of the people were different. Again, the Reformation in most countries can be traced to some giant leader who in a large degree gave shape and tone to the movement. But it seems that the Huguenots never had a great leader who was the center around which they rallied, not one who stamped his own individuality upon the movement.

Luther and Calvin and other reformers in Switzerland and England exerted a marked influence over the Huguenots. Yet they did not acknowledge any of these men as their leaders, nor take the churches in these countries as their patterns. In Germany and England the Reformation began in the universities. In France it began among the most thrifty of the working classes—the mechanics, the wool-carders, cloth-

makers, fullers, glaziers and carpenters. A Roman Catholic writer, Remond, tells us that the early Huguenots were "especially the painters, watch-makers, goldsmiths, booksellers, printers, and others who in their crafts have any nobleness of mind. They were men who

The simple rounds of their duties walked,
And strove to live what others talked.

Very few of their names, even, have reached us, yet they were giants in head and heart, who believed in God and the Bible. In 1523 the four gospels were translated into the French language. Soon after this some of Luther's tracts found their way into the same country. Both were eagerly read, especially by the young people. The gospel leaven was working. About the same time a young man was wandering along the Rhine in search of work. He could glaze and paint glass, draw rude portraits, and measure land; in fact, he was ready to turn his hand to anything by which he could make a living. Like many young men of that day, his soul was hungering for knowledge. He longed

To stride to the front, to live to be,
To sow great thoughts through as he went,
As God sows stars in the firmament.

But he was poor, and so were his parents. "I had no books," he says, "other than heaven and earth, which are open to all." Now and then he heard some one read the Bible, and by and by he learned to read himself. When the day's labor was over, he would meet with other workmen and talk with them, and if they could get a Bible or a part of one, they would

read to each other. When the Romish Church was making diligent search for Bibles to burn them, societies of young persons were formed, each of whom was to commit a certain number of chapters. In parts of France it was said, when the Bibles were burned, that the peasants could refer to any chapter they wished, as they were all preserved in young minds. By and by this young glazier developed into quite a preacher and something of a writer. It is thought that he was the first preacher of the Reformation in the small city of Saintes. This young man was the natural philosopher, chemist, geologist, artist and great potter, Bernard Palissy. Luther and Calvin made so little impression on him that their names never appear in his writings. On the subject of religion one book only was authority: that was the Bible.

In his writings there frequently occur such expressions as "the teaching of the Bible," "the statutes and ordinances of God as revealed in his word." While pursuing his trade and preaching in the town of Saintes, he one day saw a beautiful enameled cup of Italian manufacture. He was seized with the desire to discover the art of enameling; the desire grew into a resolution; the resolution became the fixed purpose and passion of his life. For ten years he worked on this problem. He reduced himself and family to the verge of starvation. No one was in sympathy with him, and most of his neighbors thought he was going mad. He mixed his clays with his own hands, and, as he says, learned chemistry "with his teeth." At one time he sat for six days and nights at his furnace without changing his clothes. When making his last and most desperate experiment, the fuel gave

out, and he rushed into his house, seized and broke the furniture, and threw the wood into the furnace to keep up the heat. It is little wonder that neighbors jeered, and that his patient wife gave up in despair. But at the last great burst of heat the enamel melted, and he had made the great discovery that he had been so long and so eagerly in search of. Yet, in the midst of all this, he never forgot God; for he writes: "You will observe the goodness of God to me, for when I was in the depth of suffering because of my art, He consoled me with His gospel." When the persecutions broke out he was arrested, and would have been burned, but as he was the only person who could make enamels for some palaces that were being built, his life was spared. When seventy-eight years of age he was imprisoned in the Bastille and threatened with death unless he recanted. Though old and feeble, he was as brave as ever. The king visited him and told him that nothing could save him from death unless he gave up his religion. He told the king that neither he nor all the people of France could make him change. "For," said he, "I know how to die." There, in the Bastille, he died. Of him the historian says: "He was a man of truly great and noble character, of irrepressible genius, indefatigable industry, heroic endurance, and inflexible rectitude—one of France's greatest and noblest sons."

I wish now to sketch briefly the persecutions of the Huguenots, from the beginning to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In 1535, six Lutherans were burned in Paris in the presence of the king and a vast multitude. In 1559, eighteen persons, whose only crime was refusing to commune as the priests directed,

were burned at a slow fire. All over France those missionaries of the Church of Rome—the fire, rack and prison—were at work. But persecution has seldom destroyed a people who were worthy to live. And the Huguenots, like the Jews in Egypt, “the more they were vexed, the more they multiplied and grew.” An alarmed cardinal wrote to the Pope: “The kingdom is half Protestant.” Others, less alarmed and better informed, said that from one-sixth to one-fourth were Huguenots. At the death of Francis II. (1560) Charles IX., a boy ten years old, became king. When we think of his dreadful reign, we recall the words of Solomon: “Woe to thee, O country, when thy king is a child.” When the only saying of his boyhood that has reached us is, that until he was twenty-five he intended to play the fool and think of nothing but enjoying himself; what could we hope for in such a king? During his reign of fourteen years there were four religious wars and fifteen massacres. The leaders on the side of the Catholics who were most determined to stamp out heresy, were the two celebrated brothers of the house of Guise. Francis, Duke of Guise, was a great soldier of strength and energy, whose ignorance of religious subjects was only equal to his cruelty and bigotry. His crafty brother Charles, Archbishop of Rheims, by the Pope of Rome was called “the Pope on the other side of the mountains.” On the side of the Huguenots there were Prince Condé, a great soldier, and Henry of Navarre, a still greater one. But the real hero of that period was a man of stately form, of clear ideas and strong convictions; his chief counselor and supporter was his true and intelligent wife. “He was as respectful in his

bearing toward princes and his superiors as he was modest toward his inferiors." A military hero on the field of battle, a patriot and statesman in the councils of his country; in daily life a Christian, who often communed with One greater than himself. Guizot says: "He was a great patriot and a great Christian." On the lists of the great men of France you will hardly find a braver or more stainless character. This was Gaspard de Coligny, "who lived a saint and died a martyr." Philip II., Alva and Catharine de Medicis now laid a plan to massacre all the Huguenots. Catharine was the daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, of Florence. She was the wife of one of the kings of France and mother of three children. An idea of her morals may be gathered from this saying of hers: "Kings and princes are absolved from too strict adherence to the marriage vow." "Her character is a study," says Punshon. "She was sensual without passion, a diplomatist without principle, and a dreamer without faith; a wife without affection, and a mother without feeling." Coligny and the Protestant leaders were invited to Paris to arrange the terms of peace. On August 22, 1572, a man in the employ of the Duke of Guise attempted to assassinate Coligny, but only wounded him. When some one suggested that the wound might be fatal, "Death affrights me not," said Coligny; "it is of God I hold my life, and when He requires it back of me, I am quite ready to give it up." Charles for a long time refused to consent to the death of Coligny, but at last yielded to the influence of the Guises and the entreaties of his mother, using these memorable words: "Assassinate Coligny, but leave not a Huguenot alive to reproach me." At midnight on the twenty-fourth

of August, 1572, the signal was given and the work of blood began. The murderers rushed first to the house of Coligny. As soon as he heard them thundering at his door, he knew their mission. "It is God calling us," said one of his friends. "I have long been ready to die," he replied. In a few moments his dead body was hurled from the window into the street. In a few days a hundred thousand Huguenots had been slain. "By this act," says Carlyle, "France slit her veins and let out her best blood." When the news reached Philip of Spain, he is said to have laughed for the first and only time. Rome was wild with fiendish joy. *Te Deums* were sung, a medal was struck, and a picture celebrated the event. But a terrible retribution followed those who planned and carried out the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Charles was especially haunted and tormented the rest of his life. He could not look any one in the face; he grew more wretched every day, and could not attend to business. "Whether asleep or awake," said he, "the massacred corpses keep appearing to me, with their faces all hideous and covered with blood." This man, who was responsible for one of the most tragic events in history, was haunted by these bloody visions till the day of his death. When dying he said to his nurse: "Ah! nurse, nurse; what bloodshed, what murders! What evil counsels I have followed! What shall I do? I am lost; I see it well." He who sows the wind will reap the whirlwind.

LECTURE XVII.

THE HUGUENOTS.

The wretched death of Charles IX. occurred two years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Then came the inglorious reign of Henry III., with its persecutions. At his death, in 1589, the leader of the Huguenots was Henry of Navarre, one of the ablest generals of that age. He held the same views of religious toleration that William of Orange had held before him, though not a man of such deep religious convictions. At the memorable battle of Ivry he gained a most brilliant victory over the Catholic armies of France and Spain. He astonished and alarmed Catholic Europe, and won the confidence and admiration of the French. Just before the battle he addressed his army, which was much smaller than the enemy, saying: "If you run my risks, I also run yours. I will conquer or die with you. If you lose your standards, do not lose sight of my white plume. You will always find it in the path of honor, and I hope of victory, too." When reminded by a friend that his forces were few and the enemy's numerous, he said: "You do not see all my forces. The good God and the good right, they are ever with me." He kindled the same faith and enthusiasm in the hearts of his men, and, as Macaulay says:

They cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

He marched from Ivry to Paris in triumph, and every day displayed statesmanship as well as generalship. More than three-fourths of the French people were Catholic, and neither they, the Pope, nor Philip could endure the thought of a Protestant king. All efforts were now made to get him to turn Catholic. He was threatened and pleaded with, and told that such a step would bring about peace, and put him in a position to render the greatest service to the Huguenots. "What say you," said he to a friend, "about all these plots that are being projected against my conscience?" Religion was not with him the fruit of deep conviction. He consented to be instructed; then agreed to unite with the Catholic Church, if they would not compel him to say that he believed in the rubbish taught by that Church. He reminds us a little of certain preachers in our day who have signed and accepted some creed with "mental reservations." It was, however, a great struggle with him. To the Huguenots he said: "You desire peace. I give it to you at my own expense. I have made myself anathema for the sake of all, like Moses and Paul. Kindly pray to God for me, and love me always. I shall always love you, and never suffer wrong to be done to you, or any violence to your religion." His conduct can not be defended. There are laws of truth and right that must never be violated for any policy, however wise or promising it may appear. That Henry, in this case, sinned against his conscience, there can be no doubt. But he faithfully kept his promises to the Huguenots. He issued the Edict of Nantes—that great charter of religious liberty. The Protestants were allowed to hold office, have their own schools, and enjoy their own places of

worship ; in short, to enjoy religious liberty to a very full extent. Protestants who wished to convert or expel from France all Catholics, and Catholics who desired to convert or burn all Protestants, disliked this edict. But all others rejoiced. Clement VIII. said : " It is a decree which gives liberty of conscience, and is the most accursed that was ever made." During the reign of Henry IV. religious wars and massacres ceased, and the French became a prosperous people. When, in the year 1610, he fell at the hand of Ravail-lac, a Jesuit assassin, he was the most illustrious monarch in Europe, and France was becoming a more influential and powerful nation every day.

Then came the reign of Louis XIII., or, more properly speaking, the reign of Cardinal Richelieu. He was the power behind the throne, and above the throne. At the age of twenty, he was nominated for the office of bishop. He was objected to at Rome because of his youth. He went to Rome and delivered an address that scattered all objections. His body was as feeble as his mind was strong. When hardly a fraction of his lungs was left, he was still a vigorous thinker. When so near the grave that he had to be borne from place to place on a bed, he still carried the government on his shoulders. The policy of this remarkable man was to reduce the power of dukes, princes, and Parliament, and make the king supreme. " All power," said he, " concentrated in the person of the sovereign is the source of the glory and greatness of a monarchy." To make the power of the king absolute was the great purpose and aim of his life. In the accomplishment of this object he was stern and pitiless, and unscrupulous as to the means he used.

He made all possible effort to conciliate those who opposed him, and if this failed, he crushed them without mercy. He denied boldly the temporal authority of the Pope, and told him that "the king, in temporal things, recognizes no sovereign but God." He went so far as to tax church property, saying that the "wants of the State are real, those of the church fanciful and arbitrary." He compelled even the Jesuits to submit to his authority. The ultra Catholics called him the "Huguenot Cardinal." He kept the Edict of Nantes, not because he believed in religious toleration, but he desired the help of the Huguenots to build up a strong government. Yet all the time he was working for their destruction as a political party. "The way is at last open," said he, "to the extermination of the Huguenot party." At his death he said: "I have this satisfaction: that I have never deserted the king, and that I leave his kingdom exalted, and all his enemies abased."

At the death of Richelieu and Louis XIII., which were only a few months apart, began the long, brilliant and wicked reign of Louis XIV. Cardinal Mazarin and Colbert were the great statesmen of this period. Bossuet, Fenelon, Pascal and Massillon were the great pulpit lights. But, at the death of Colbert, the Jesuits got the ear of the king, and as he was leading a very licentious life, they found less difficulty in controlling him. Thus it was said: "The old woman and the Jesuits have persuaded the king that, if he will persecute the Protestants, he will efface before God and the world the scandal of the double adultery in which he lives." At first the king set apart a certain amount of money for the conversion of Protestants. It was really

for the purpose of carrying on a rather mild, but very persistent persecution.

A little later the king's minister announced "that his Majesty would not suffer any persons in his kingdom but those who were of his religion." Then came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the policy of the government was: henceforth become a Catholic, or be killed. Then began some of the most cruel persecutions that history records. It was a war of the armed against the unarmed—a war against women and children, and the rights of conscience. Children were kidnapped by thousands, and torn from their parents and put in Catholic schools. Women were locked up and subjected to all sorts of cruelty, until many of them became insane. Men were sent to work as galley-slaves the rest of their lives. All the roads were guarded day and night, to keep them from leaving the country. Yet, strange as it may seem, the mildest and most liberal Catholics favored these extreme and cruel persecutions.

CONCLUSION.

I know this sketch has been too brief to be satisfactory, but perhaps it may cause some to read some good history of the Huguenots. A few lessons may yet be learned from what we have passed over. No history can fully show us what France lost by the slaughter and banishment of the Huguenots. The Reformation in France began with the most intelligent and thrifty of the working classes; and after Richelieu had destroyed it as a political party, they retired entirely into private life. In all their trials, while frequently called "heretics," "atheists," "blasphemers," etc., not a word is

found against their morality and integrity of character. Their worst enemies never charged them with immorality or idleness. "If they are bad Catholics," said a persecutor, "they have not ceased to be good traders." A Huguenot's word was as good as his bond; and "As honest as a Huguenot" became a proverb. It was very natural that they should become men of strong character, for they had to swim against a current of strong opposition and fiery persecution. As Milton says, "He who can best suffer, best can do." Is it strange that the slaughter and expulsion from the country of this class was the death-blow to agriculture and manufacturing in many parts of France? At Tours, where forty thousand persons were employed in the manufacture of silk, the number fell to four thousand. Of the eight thousand looms at work at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in a few weeks only one hundred were at work. The population of Nantes was reduced from eighty thousand to less than forty thousand. Of the twelve thousand manufacturers of silk at Lyons, nine thousand fled into Switzerland and other countries.

In 1685 alone it is estimated that over one hundred thousand fled from France to other countries. Thus, when political and religious liberty were crushed, and business was paralyzed, there began a new epoch of stagnation, pauperism, religious hypocrisy and moral decay. The great men of France disappeared. A generation of pigmies came on. The rotten and corrupt Church became first a target for the wit of Voltaire, and was then attacked by the clubs of Robespierre and Marat. As Carlyle says: "Those of their predecessors who distinguished themselves in the crusades

against Huguenots had slipped their foot in *blood*. But these fell lower; their foot slipped in *mud*." One reading of the suffering of the Huguenots will naturally say: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Though the sentence was not speedily executed, still it was executed. The day of judgment came. It always has come; it always will come. If there had not been the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, no one believes there would have ever been the Reign of Terror in 1793. In 1572 and 1685, they sowed the wind; in 1793, they reaped the whirlwind. When Rey, the noble Huguenot preacher, tried to confess his faith on the scaffold, and say a few words to his friends, order was given to beat the drums, and the speech of the dying man was never heard. But there came another day: when the unfortunate Louis XVI. tried to address a few words to his subjects, drums were ordered to be beaten, and *his* voice was drowned. There is another lesson. Notice what England and other countries have gained who showed kindness to the Huguenot refugees. They were homeless, and England gave them a home; strangers, she took them in; hungry, she fed them; and God saw that she did not lose her reward. The windows of heaven were opened, and blessings from above fell upon her. She began to grow in wealth and power the day she gave these suffering children of God a home. Since then many of her purest patriots, ablest statesmen, greatest preachers, most successful men of business, leading philanthropists, and her brightest stars in the realms of science and literature, have been the descendants of the Huguenots. She gave the cup of cold water, and received a great re-

ward. Hardly less great was the influence of the Huguenots in the early history of our own country. Of the character of those who settled in this country in an early day, Mr. Eggleston says: "They were the fine flour of an accomplished people; men of active minds, austere morals, heroic courage, and often refined manners." They were among the best and purest of our religious teachers. They were patriots in the days of Washington. They left their country and property on the other side of the ocean, but they brought with them their habits of thrift and industry. In a remarkable degree they have influenced for good our political and religious history.

LECTURE XVIII.

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them (Joel ii. 3).

And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars (Matt. xxiv. 6).

We are now to look at one of the most important and certainly the most tragic of epochs in modern history. The Thirty Years' War was the Waterloo that decided the great struggle that began in the days of Wycliffe—that conflict between liberty and tyranny, progressive principles and established authority. It is doubtful whether anything transpired in Europe during this period, even in political affairs, in which the Reformation did not play an important part. It was a life-and-death struggle between a living faith and a dead superstition, between progress and fanaticism, between the spirit of toleration and the spirit of bigotry. It was the human mind awakened by the study of Greek and the conscience aroused by the study of the Bible, coming in conflict with a Church that was opposed to both intellectual and religious freedom, that kindled this dreadful war—a war that destroyed gardens and harvests, left cities and towns in ashes, swept away respect for law and order, dug the graves for countless thousands, smothered the sparks of civilization, and carried Europe back to the very verge of barbarism. Yet, out of this

terrible war Europe came free and independent. The evil passions that it aroused have almost entirely died out, while the beneficent influences remain. It is not the purpose of these lectures to give an account of the intrigues of courts, the selfish schemes of ambitious monarchs, or the political complications of Europe. These will only be referred to as it is necessary to enable us to understand this conflict for civil and religious liberty. The Reformation was an attempt to find the "old paths and the good way, and walk therein." It also represented the principles of progressive civilization. Whether the shadow on the dial was to go forward or backward, depended on the victory of its banners. It owed its strength and final victory to the invincible power of truth. God works through agents in accomplishing His purposes. He puts a seed-thought in a man's mind and lets it grow until it takes complete possession of him, so that he can neither see, think, nor talk of anything else; for it he is ready to labor and fight, and willing to die. But it is only by degrees that men come to appreciate a great truth. Like the man whose eyes Christ was opening, at first they only see men as trees walking. It was years before the apostles comprehended the full meaning of the gospel which they preached. Perhaps they never did. So it was a long time before those who pleaded and fought and died for religious toleration were ready to grant to others what they demanded for themselves. Thus it was not only the persecuting spirit of Rome and that vilest of all maxims, that no one need keep faith with a heretic; but the intolerance of Protestants, that brought on this war and made it last so long. Of all the parties then in Europe,

none were willing to grant to others the rights they claimed for themselves, nor were those others able to appreciate them had they been granted. Rome would sooner risk the loss of every thing by force, than to yield the smallest claim as a matter of justice. If a treaty was made that secured a temporary peace, Rome always imagined that she had granted too much, and Protestants that they had received too little. The Augsburg Confession, in 1530, divided the Protestants into two hostile camps. Up to this date they had had but one common foe. That creed made speculative opinions appear so important to those who held them, that they looked upon all others as the foes of God and man. Thus men who in spirit and purpose were essentially one, came to hate each other. Rome had caused men to lose sight of Christ by burying Him under the Church, and now Protestants buried Him under formal renderings of truth. The Augsburg Confession, like all human creeds, checked the spirit of inquiry. Lutheranism since that day has made no great conquests, and has given no new idea to the world. From the day the Confession was published men ceased, in a great measure, to study the Bible, and began to study this human standard; they turned in no small degree from Christ, and fixed their gaze on human leaders. Hatred between Lutherans and Calvinists became so great that they were ready to persecute each other with fire and sword. Thus, when the Elector Frederic IV. was, at the age of nine, put in a Calvinistic school, his teachers were ordered to use blows, if necessary, to drive the Lutheran heresy out of his soul. Protestantism, thus divided, ceased to make conquests, and lost much that it had gained; and the

cause of this sad change, says Schiller, "is to be sought for in the Confession itself." Let the advocates of human creeds study closely this portion of history.

THE CONDITION OF EUROPE AT THE OPENING OF THE WAR.

Spain, once the greatest power in Europe, was now decaying. The gold she had stolen from Mexico and South America was eating like a canker. In attempting to crush Holland she had inflicted a mortal wound upon herself. She had lost the power to produce great things. Her statesmen were ignorant and stupid monks. But she still kept her bigotry and pride, and hatred of the Reformation.

The glory of France was on the wane. Fierce civil wars during four stormy reigns shook her to the foundation. She had destroyed and expelled the Huguenots, her best subjects, and expended much of her strength in doing so. Austria was the rising power, and all her wealth and influence were directed against the Reformation. Switzerland was Protestant, but not powerful. The people of Holland still remembered the words of William of Orange, and were ready to help their brethren in Germany. In England the great question of the age had not yet been settled. Men who could read the signs of the times saw that she was approaching a crisis. Elizabeth had gone, but Cromwell had not come. Under Christian IV., Denmark had risen to be a greater power than she ever was before or has been since.

Far to the north was Sweden, preparing to take a part in this war far out of proportion to her size, population and resources. From Sweden was to come the hero of that age. At the opening of the war

in 1618, Protestantism had no great theological or military leader. Luther, Calvin, and all the fathers of the Reformation, had long since gone to their reward. William of Orange, Coligny, and Henry IV. had each fallen before an enemy that did not scruple to use the dagger of the assassin when the sword failed. Cromwell was only a boy in an English school, and Europe knew almost nothing of the character and ability of Gustavus Adolphus.

THE LEADING ACTORS IN THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

Early in 1618 the fires of war broke out in Bohemia. In Bohemia, a century before Luther, the first spark of the religious wars had been kindled; a century after Luther, the flames of the Thirty Years' War burst out in that country. Into this war every country in Europe was drawn. The blundering bigotry of Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany, was the immediate cause of the war. "History," says Schiller, "exhibits many greater despots than Ferdinand, yet he alone has had the unfortunate celebrity of kindling the Thirty Years' War." He was educated by the Jesuits and received the apostolic benediction from Clement VIII., at Rome. His confessor tells us "that nothing on earth was more sacred in his eyes than a priest." "If it should happen," he used to say, "that an angel and a priest should meet him at the same time, the priest should receive the first and the angel the second obeisance." Before he received the crown he had made a vow to "the Holy Virgin to extend her religion, even at the risk of his life." Knowing this of him, one is not surprised that at the beginning of his reign he went to work to expel all Protestants, even from

those States where they were largely in a majority, and to confiscate their property; and while he revoked all acts of toleration and deprived his Protestant subjects of the right to think, he "magnanimously left them the right to tax themselves." This man was supported by the wealth and influence of the Church of Rome and some of the ablest generals of his day. There was Wallenstein, a military genius of undoubted courage and great wealth, yet who was controlled by no lofty principle, and acted from no high motive. He loved but one—himself. He fought for neither the Emperor, country, nor church, but for Wallenstein. Apart from his ability, there is everything to detest and nothing to admire. In Tilly the Emperor had a general equally as able as Wallenstein, and as faithful as he was able. In religion a bigot, in spirit a Spaniard, he was ready to die for his king or his church. He reminds us more of Alva than of any one in the seventeenth century. Pappenheim and Piccolomini were but little inferior to Tilly. In the early part of the war the Protestant armies were everywhere overthrown by Tilly and Wallenstein.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

This great hero was born in 1594, and was called to the throne of Sweden when only seventeen years of age. Yet, young as he was, he had distinguished himself as a general, and had been a diligent student of ancient history. According to Oxenstierna, he spoke Latin, German, French and Italian, and knew something of the Russian and Polish tongues. Seldom, if ever, did a young man have a better control over both his lower and higher passions. He made tolera-

tion the law of his own country. In his unfaltering faith and blameless moral life he was a bright example to his subjects. The word of Luther had shaken the Catholic Church; now the sword of Gustavus Adolphus was to smite it anew. Although Ferdinand laughed at his small army, and called him the "King of Snow," his ability was recognized by the Spanish General Spinola, who declared that "Gustavus of Sweden is the only Protestant chief whom we dare not provoke." "All Germany," says Schiller, "was astonished at the strict discipline which distinguished the Swedish army; all disorders were punished with the utmost severity, particularly impiety, theft, gambling and dueling. The general's eye looked as vigilantly to the morals as to the martial bravery of his soldiers; every regiment was ordered to form around its chaplain for morning and evening prayers. In all these points the lawgiver was also an example. A sincere and ardent piety exalted his courage. Equally free from the coarse infidelity which leaves the passions of the barbarian without control, and from the groveling superstition of Ferdinand, who humbled himself to the dust before the Supreme Being while he trampled on his fellow creatures; in the hight of his success, he was ever a man and a Christian—in the hight of his devotion, a king and a hero." He has been truly called "the lion of the North and the prop of the Protestant faith." This is the man that the persecuted Protestants appealed to. Nor did they appeal in vain.

LECTURE XIX.

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

As soon as Gustavus Adolphus decided that it was his duty to help the persecuted Protestants of Germany, he immediately began to raise an army and make arrangements for the government of the kingdom during his absence. "He set his house in order like a dying man." On the twentieth of May, 1630, when all arrangements had been made, the king appeared before the great assembly at Stockholm and delivered his farewell address to a multitude who were dissolved in tears. These were his words:

"Not lightly or wantonly am I about to involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that I do not fight to gratify my own ambitions. But the Emperor has wronged me most shamefully. He has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and even stretched his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed States of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them.

"I am fully sensible of the dangers to which my life will be exposed. I never yet shrank from them, nor is it likely that I shall escape them all. Hitherto Providence has wonderfully protected me; but I shall at last fall in the defense of my country. I commend you to the protection of Heaven. Be just, conscientious; act uprightly, and we shall meet again in eternity.

“To you, my Counselors of State, I address myself first. May God enlighten you and fill you with wisdom to promote the welfare of my people. You, too, my brave Nobles, I commend to the Divine protection. Continue to prove yourselves the worthy successors of those Gothic heroes whose bravery humbled to the dust the pride of ancient Rome.

“To you, Ministers of Religion, I recommend moderation and unity. Be yourselves examples of the virtues which you preach, and abuse not your influence over the minds of my people. On you, Deputies of the Burgesses, and the peasantry, I entreat the blessing of Heaven. May your industry be rewarded by a prosperous harvest, and may you be crowned abundantly with all the blessings of this life. For the prosperity of all my subjects, absent and present, I offer my warmest prayers to Heaven. I bid you all a sincere—it may be an eternal—farewell.”

Such words could not fail to awaken the highest admiration for the speaker, and cause those to whom they were delivered to expect great things of such a hero. Nor did he disappoint the highest expectations; for he proved himself to be undoubtedly the greatest general in an age of great generals, and the bravest soldier in an army of brave men. His courage made the coward brave, and in his presence the immoral became pure.

On the twenty-fifth of June, 1630, the king of Sweden landed with his army at the mouth of the Oder, in the midst of a thunder-storm. The camp-fires of an enemy four times as numerous were in sight.

Gustavus Adolphus was the first to land, and kneeling, offered a prayer. The Austrian army fell back before him. His movements were so rapid, his calcu-

lations so correct, his courage and generalship so remarkable, that in eight months he had made himself master of eighty fortified places, and captured numerous magazines and stores belonging to the enemy. He alarmed his foes, inspired confidence in his friends, and astonished all Europe. As winter came on, his enemies hoped to have time to rest and recruit; but in this they were doomed to disappointment; for Gustavus Adolphus announced that the Swedes were soldiers in winter as well as in summer. During the winter he was successful in all he undertook. He captured Frankfort on the Oder, and hastened to the relief of Magdeburg. It was one of the wealthiest and most important cities in Germany. It was here, at the age of fourteen, that Luther entered school. This city was now surrounded by the armies of Tilly and Pappenheim. There were about thirty thousand persons within its walls, of whom three thousand were regular soldiers. They defended the city heroically, and repulsed assault after assault with desperate courage. Their hopes revived on hearing that Gustavus Adolphus was within three days' march of their walls, and Tilly despaired of taking it before his arrival. On the ninth of May, Tilly prepared to abandon the siege. His cannon ceased to fire, and a death-like stillness reigned. The besieged were full of joy. Their hopes were high, thinking that the danger was over. After their long toils, they went to sleep. Well has the historian said: "It was a dear sleep and a frightful awakening." Tilly determined to hazard an assault. He attacked four different points at the same time. The guards, even, were asleep, and the army was soon in the unfortunate city. Tilly left the lives of the citizens entirely in the hands of the

soldiers, who broke into house after house to satisfy their most brutal passions. "Here commenced," says Schiller, "a scene of horrors for which history has no language, poetry no pencil." Neither innocent childhood, helpless age, nor pure womanhood, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Fifty-three women were found beheaded in one church. Soldiers amused themselves by throwing children into the flames, and stabbing infants at their mothers' breasts. The whole number killed in this dreadful massacre was not less than thirty thousand. The city was robbed of its wealth, and then left in ashes. The first effect of the fall of Magdeburg was to stun all Protestant Europe, and then to produce in them the courage of desperation.

The next great event of this war was the battle of Leipsic. Near this city, the armies of Tilly and Gustavus Adolphus met. The two greatest generals of that day stood face to face. Neither had ever been defeated, and the soldiers of each believed his commander to be invincible. One general was to lose on this field his laurels forever. Though the army of Tilly was composed of picked men, and was superior in numbers and had the advantage in position, Tilly was not himself on that day. He had formed no clear plan of battle. He lacked the coolness and firmness for which he was so noted. "The shades of Magdeburg seemed to hover over him." For hours the result of the battle was undecided. But the king of Sweden proved more than a match for Tilly, and the shades of evening saw the invincible army of Tilly completely defeated, leaving seven thousand dead on the field, and five thousand wounded and prisoners, and all their

artillery and one hundred standards in the hands of the Swedes. The next day Gustavus captured five thousand more of the retreating army. Though the army of Tilly was driven south by their victorious conqueror, it was constantly receiving fresh supplies and reinforcements. At last he took his stand on the banks of the river Lech, near the town of Rhain, believing that he could hold that place against any army that the king of Sweden could bring. Even the bravest veterans advised Gustavus Adolphus not to attempt to cross this rapid river. But nothing could change the resolution of the king. "What!" said he; "have we crossed the Baltic, and so many great rivers, and shall we now be checked by a brook like the Lech?" He opened a fire on the enemy from seventy-two field-pieces. By burning wood and wet straw, he so enveloped his men in smoke that a bridge over the river was largely done before the enemy knew it was begun, and then they were unable to prevent its completion. The bridge was finished under their own eyes. Gustavus kept alive the courage of his men by his own example, discharging over sixty cannon with his own hand. Tilly also did everything to encourage his men, until he received a mortal wound from a cannon-ball. Before the Swedish army had crossed the Lech, the enemy were retreating. When Gustavus Adolphus saw the impregnable position they had left, he said: "Had I been the Bavarian, though a cannon-ball had carried away my beard and chin, never would I have abandoned a position like this." All of Bavaria was now open to him, and he went where he pleased. These two great victories had no bad effect on Gustavus Adolphus. If possible, he became more courageous

and tolerant. If we see in him more confidence, it is a confidence free from pride and trusting in Heaven. Such confidence is always the parent of great deeds. Though frequently urged by German princes to avenge Magdeburg, he turned a deaf ear to all such suggestions.

The Emperor was now sorely perplexed. A victorious enemy was in his country, his great general dead, his army scattered, and his people discouraged. Wallenstein, at the urgent request of political enemies, had been dismissed by the Emperor. Wishing to take revenge on the Emperor, he tried to form an alliance with the Swedes; but Gustavus Adolphus had no confidence in his sincerity. Wallenstein was a man of great wealth, and wealth brings friends. These friends now urged Ferdinand to give him the command of the army again. They said if Wallenstein had commanded, this state of things would not have been.

Wallenstein, "who was *nothing*, if he was not *everything*," would not act unless he had unlimited power in all things. He refused to let any one share with him in organizing or directing the army. When it was suggested that the King of Hungary remain with the army, and from Wallenstein learn the art of war, "No, never," exclaimed Wallenstein, "will I submit to a colleague in my office. No, not even if it were God himself, with whom I should have to share my command."

At last the Emperor was compelled to give him absolute command of the army. He soon had a large army ready for action. The Catholics everywhere took fresh courage. Protestants watched his movements with anxiety.

It was early in November, 1632, that the army of Wallenstein and that of Gustavus Adolphus met near Lutzen. When Wallenstein reviewed his army before the battle, knowing that it was much superior to the army of Sweden, he boastfully said: "In four days it will be shown whether I or the King of Sweden is to be master of the world." For fifteen days the armies faced each other, each afraid to make the attack. At Erfurt, where Luther found the Bible, Gustavus Adolphus said farewell to his Queen, who was never to see him again until she saw him in his coffin. Everywhere he went, the people, as well as the soldiers, knelt before him, striving to touch the hem of his garment. The soldiers honored him as the great hero; the people welcomed him as their deliverer. "I am afraid," said he, "that Heaven will send me some misfortune, for this people honor me as a god." Never did his motives seem so pure, his conduct so grand, his humility so great, and his character so noble, as on the morning of his last day on earth. Early in the morning the army was called together for prayer. Then Luther's Psalm was sung; after this, a hymn composed by Gustavus Adolphus, called "Fear not, thou little flock."

"Now," said the King, "I believe that God has given the enemy into my hands." In the beginning of the battle, Gustavus threw his right wing upon the left of the enemy with such force that it fled in confusion from the field. But seeing the center of his army being pushed by the superior numbers of the enemy, he hastened to rally them. While doing this his arm was shattered; then he was shot through the back. "Brother," said he to the Duke of Luneburg, "I

have enough; look only to your own life." Just at this moment several shots pierced his body, and he fell lifeless from his horse. The mournful tidings spread through the army, and increased, rather than destroyed, the courage of the Swedes. They rushed with all the fury of wild beasts upon the foe. Bernard took command for the remainder of the day, and "the spirit of Gustavus led his victorious squadrons anew," although Pappenheim came up with a new army, and the battle was fought over again. At the close of the day Pappenheim, the bravest soldier of Austria, lay dead, and Piccolomini had received six wounds. The Swedes held the field. Of the two armies, nine thousand lay dead, and about twice as many were wounded.

Fourteen years of this dreadful war had passed, and sixteen more were yet to come. Most frightful was the condition of the people of Europe, especially during the last years of the war. Famine stared them in the face. Education and religion were almost forgotten. All bonds of society were broken. When Elijah was called from his labors below to rest above, his mantle fell upon another, who carried on the work of God. So, at the death of Gustavus, his mantle fell on others. There was something in this hero that bullets could not kill. From the day of his death he became the ideal hero of the soldier and general on the battle-field, and of the citizen and statesman at home. He seemed to become an invisible presence that nerved his people for their grandest efforts, and saved them from their greatest perils. In such a large degree was this true that, a year after his death, the Swedish armies were victorious everywhere. We shall not follow the

details of this tragic war any farther, for, although many furious battles were fought, they involved no new principles.

Let us keep in mind this fact—that the importance and glory of the “Thirty Years’ War” is this: that at its close the principles of religious freedom were more nearly triumphant than they had ever been before. No one thinks now of calling on the civil authorities to help to crush heresy by the use of the sword, racks, and consuming fire. *Why?* The answer is this: That those who pleaded and fought for religious toleration during this war were triumphant. It was a war that made another war like it an impossibility.

Gustavus Adolphus was the undoubted hero of his age. There were other great and good men; but, like Saul, who was head and shoulders above the people, so the King of Sweden was above all others in goodness and greatness. His virtues were magnetic and contagious. He drew men to him, and transformed them into his own image. Cowards became brave in his presence. Under his influence, licentious men became pure, and remained so. No success ever intoxicated him. Victories increased his humility, rather than his pride. No cruelty practiced by his enemies ever tempted him to retaliate. He was as much a statesman as a conqueror. “With the sword in one hand and mercy in the other, he traversed Germany as a conqueror, a lawgiver, and a judge.” In all his public and private life, in the letters he wrote and the addresses he delivered, we do not hear of a single word or act that looks like dissimulation or hypocrisy. The words and acts of this noble man shine with straightforward honesty. Whether his life would have continued as pure

and blameless had he lived longer, we can not tell. As it is, the words of Schiller are true: "He is the first and only *just* conqueror the world has produced—one who never forgot moderation in the intoxication of success, or justice in the plenitude of power."

LECTURE XX.

JOHN KNOX AND THE PURITANS.

It is doubtful whether in the distant or the near past there was ever a political or religious party against which so much has been said as against the Puritans. Many people would be blind to the good qualities of a person or a movement if they thought there was any Puritanism about him or it. The secular and religious press, the stump speaker and the preacher, have all had something to say against the Puritans. From a "Puritan Sabbath" and "Puritan Blue Laws," we are apt to say, "Good Lord, deliver us." When one has something to utter against sinful amusements, or any of the vices of the day, he is very likely to say: "I want it distinctly understood that I am no Puritan." Any attempt to suppress foul literature is called a Puritan measure. Whisky men say of temperance reforms and laws, that it is an attempt to revive Puritan customs. In short, most persons look upon the Puritans much as they do on the Pharisees in the time of Christ, and think of them as hypocrites, bigots, the representatives of cant and dogmatism. Yet, there can be no doubt that England and this country, both religiously and politically, are greatly indebted to the Puritans. They purified English laws, religion and literature. What, then, is Puritanism? Who were the Puritans?

Puritanism is a strong, rough oak, that grew on English soil. The acorn that produced that oak was planted in the days of Wycliffe. Though Wycliffe's

bones were burned, his writings condemned, his followers persecuted, the principles that he advocated continued to work like leaven. His spotless life, his brave words against immorality, his ringing protests against Rome, had not only shaken the confidence of the English people in the Church of Rome, but what was better, had created in them a desire for a purer faith. Then came Henry VIII., the "Blue-Beard" of English history, of whom it might have been said, as it was of Herod the Great, "Better be Herod's pig than Herod's wife." This Henry had six wives; he divorced two of them, and cut off the heads of two. They were political rather than religious motives that caused Henry to break away from Rome. In 1532, the king married Anne Boleyn, in defiance of the Church of Rome. In 1534, the "Act of Supremacy" was confirmed by Parliament, and from this has grown the Church of England. With the king it was chiefly the desire to have his own way; but with Thomas Cromwell and others, a desire to return to a purer faith. During the short reign of Edward VI., the "prayer-book" was made. Few felt that the Reformation was complete. Then came Queen Mary, and England went back to Romanism. Many were cast into prison, others burned, and multitudes fled from the kingdom, and were welcomed at Frankfort and Geneva. At the death of Mary, these exiles returned. Calvin had had a great influence upon them; they were impressed with the necessity of a stricter discipline, a purer doctrine, a more thorough reformation. They insisted on making the gulf between England and Rome as wide as possible. These reformers, as they called themselves, soon came in con-

flict with those who were satisfied with the prayer-book of Edward VI., and wished to retain the ritual and many doctrines of Rome. Those who claimed that the English Reformation was not complete, and insisted on a simpler form of worship and purer morals, began now to be called Puritans. It was a nickname given to them by their enemies. "Such as refused," says Fuller, "to conform and subscribe to the liturgy, ceremonies and discipline of the Church were branded by the bishops with the odious name of Puritans." They were the dissenters from the Church of England. Hume divides them into three classes: Puritans in discipline, Puritans in doctrine, and Puritans in politics. Carlyle says that "Puritanism was the attempt to bring the divine law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on earth." Martin tells us that "they actually believed in God, just as much as if the evidence of things not seen stood demonstrated before their eyes. They calculated on God as the astronomers calculate on the motion of the stars." Thus believing in God, they were able to make others believe. Among them were not a few clear, resolute, incisive thinkers, and the personality of God was the great point in their thinking, as it has been with all men and movements that have stirred society to its depths. A man or woman who really believes in God, is a great power in any age or country. The strength and the glory of Puritanism, like that of David, of Paul, of Luther, was its faith in God. Its weakness consisted in forgetting that the Son of God was also the Son of man. It debased man; in its theology there was little that was gentle, or sweet, or kind. It was but half truth. Its history is a history of "grants sane and grants gone

mad." Yet we say, with Whittier, "Glory to God for the Puritan."

It must be remembered that neither Romanist, Churchman, nor Puritan believed in religious toleration at this time, or for some time after this. Each believed that it was the duty of the Church to denounce, and the State to punish, any difference of opinion. All parties believed in calling in the secular arm to compel men to believe and practice the same things. Oliver Cromwell was the first Puritan who grasped the idea of religious toleration, and taught it to Church and State. Here Queen Elizabeth, who welcomed the persecuted Huguenots and Hollanders, said: "Sink the island, but perish Puritanism;" nor would she allow any one to teach school or preach who would not subscribe to the prayer-book. To the French ambassador she said: "I will maintain the religion in which I was crowned and baptized; and I will suppress the Romish religion, that it shall not grow; but as for Puritanism, I will *root it out*." In the eyes of this Protestant queen, Puritanism was more dangerous and wicked than Romanism.

JOHN KNOX.

The Puritans needed a leader to organize and direct them. In John Knox, of Scotland, they found such a leader. He was born in 1505. He was twenty-two years younger than Luther, and four years older than Calvin. In mind and spirit he resembled Augustine, Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards. He was a thoughtful, studious boy, and became a stern and serious man. His mind developed slowly; he did not begin to preach or write until after he was forty. He shrank from

all public service. Friends could not induce him to preach, and when told that the church had called him to that work, he burst into tears, and rushed out of the house. When the French took the Castle of St. Andrews, Knox was among the prisoners. He was taken to France, and for nineteen months worked as a galley-slave. Though sick most of the time, and treated in the most inhuman manner, nothing crushed his spirit; in the darkest hour hope shone like a star. He was often asked if he thought God would ever deliver them, and his answer always was, that "God would deliver them from this bondage for His glory, even in this life." When at last freedom was obtained, his ability was recognized, and he became one of the court-preachers to Edward VI. But he was compelled to seek shelter in Geneva when Mary began her bloody work. At her death he returned to Scotland, and more than any other person made it a Protestant country. He was the father of Protestantism in Scotland. When, in 1560, the Parliament of Scotland asked for a confession of faith, Knox was called to prepare it. His influence was felt in every part of the country. He was more powerful than an army with banners. After hearing one of his sermons, the English ambassador wrote: "He put more life into us than six hundred trumpets all blowing at once."

When Mary Stuart came to the throne of Scotland, she determined to restore the Romish religion, and prepared to celebrate high mass the first Sunday after her arrival. The country was excited and alarmed. Knox said in his pulpit that "one mass was more fearful to him than if ten thousand soldiers were landed in any part of the realm for the purpose of suppressing

the whole religion." He was summoned to appear before the queen. She charged him with stirring up the people against her. He bravely defended himself; and "here," says Carlyle, "more than elsewhere, proves himself. He refuses to soften any expression, or, in short, for one moment to forget that the eternal God and His word are great, and that all else is little or as nothing; nay, if it set itself against the Most High and His word, it is the one frightful thing that this world exhibits. He is never the least ill-tempered with her majesty; but she can not move him from the fixed center of all his thoughts and actions. Do the will of God, and tremble at nothing." When the queen found that she could no longer argue with him, she said: "I will defend the Church of Rome, for it is, I think, the true Church of God." Knox replied: "Your *will*, madame, is no reason, neither doth your thought make the harlot of Rome to be the true and immaculate spouse of Christ." "My conscience is not so," said the queen. "Conscience, madame, requires knowledge, and I fear that right knowledge you have none." "But I have both heard and read." "So, madame, did the Jews who crucified Christ." "You interpret the scriptures one way," said Mary, "and the priests another; whom shall I believe?" "You shall believe God," replied the Puritan, "who plainly speaketh in His word above your majesty and the most learned priests of all Europe." "I can never be quit of you," said the queen; "I vow to God I will be revenged." After this she burst into tears. To quote Carlyle again: "The grand Italian Dante is not more in earnest than Knox. There is in him throughout the spirit of an old Hebrew prophet,

such as may have been in Moses in the desert at the sight of the burning bush; a spirit almost altogether unique among modern men."

Knox died in 1572, and as his body was lowered into the grave, Regent Morton very truthfully said: "There lies he who never feared the face of man."

One who studied the Reformation for years says that "Scotch Puritanism, well considered, seems to me distinctly the noblest and completest form that the grand sixteenth century Reformation anywhere assumed."

THE PURITANS DURING THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

James of Scotland, who became King of England at the death of Elizabeth, had been raised and educated under the strictest Presbyterian influence. He had often said that he thanked God that he was the king of the Scotch Church, the purest church in all the world. The Puritans of England hailed his coming with great delight. But soon their joy was turned into sorrow. There was nothing in Puritanism that suited his tastes or his ambition. He was learned and witty, pedantic, conceited, cowardly, mean, intemperate, and profane. In short, there was nothing grand or noble in his character. Henry IV., of France, said he was the wisest fool in Christendom. Marsden says he was "an habitual swearer, a drunkard, and a liar;" and according to Macaulay, "he was stammering, slobbering, talking alternately in the style of a buffoon and of a pedagogue. He reduced England from a monarchy of the first rank, which it had attained under Elizabeth, to a secondary order, and introduced the despotic, hypocritical, and semi-popish succession of the Stuarts,

which provoked the Puritan rebellion, and indirectly led to the colonization of New England and the triumph of toleration in Old England." This was the man that both the bishops and the Church of England and the Puritans turned out to meet. At the first conference he does not admit Puritans. He lets the bishops know that he sees in Puritanism a dangerous democratic tendency. "No bishop, no king," is his firm belief; and he still farther delighted them by saying that a "Scotch presbytery agrees as well with a monarchy as God with the devil." At this, Archbishop Whitgift was so delighted that he cried out: "Undoubtedly your majesty speaks by the special assistance of God's Spirit." Another said that "the king appears as the sun in his strength." He soon decides that the Puritans "are insufferable in any well-governed commonwealth." Said he: "I will make them conform, or else I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse." By doing worse, he meant to hang or burn them. This was his short method with dissenters.

At last the Puritans succeeded in getting a hearing before the king. It took place early in 1604, at Hampton Court. The Puritans were represented by that great scholar and pure man, Dr. Raynolds. The king turned a deaf ear to their suggestions and requests, except that there should be a new translation of the Bible. This he granted. For that book, which is called King James's Bible, we are indebted to the Puritans rather than to this king. For, as Dr. Schaff says: "He never spent a penny on the work, he never owned or authorized it, and left it to its natural fate." It was during the reign of James that a reformation began among the Puritans. These reformers were led by

a man whose name was Henry Jacob, and they were called Independents. They taught the sufficiency of the Scriptures in all things, and denied the authority of creeds and human traditions. It must also be remembered that while this immoral king was persecuting these Puritans, the heroic Robinson led a small band of pilgrims to Leyden, in Holland, and that these, in 1620, came on the Mayflower to this country.

CONCLUSION.

In studying the rise and history of the Pharisees in the Jewish Church, and the Puritans in England and this country, one is struck with the numerous points of resemblance between these two parties. Each was a gradual development. It is not easy to tell exactly where either began. When the Jewish exiles returned from their seventy years' captivity in Babylon, they brought with them many heathen customs. They were careless about observing the Jewish law. Then there arose a few men who believed in God, and were zealous for the law. They punished promptly and severely those who transgressed the law of Moses. Ezra and Nehemiah were the Puritans of that day. After the days of Nehemiah, there was a zealous party who sat in Moses' seat, who set their faces against all heathen innovations, and protested against all immoral conduct. As years passed, they came to be called Pharisees—"the separated," as the word denotes. Then came the revolt of the Maccabees. Judas Maccabæus aroused the people, saying: "We fight for our lives and our laws." They drove their enemies from the temple, and, after most desperate fighting, cast off the Syrian yoke, and the Jews were once more a free people.

This was the golden age of Pharisaism. Then they began to degenerate, until in the time of Christ they had become a bitter, narrow sect. Faith had gone ; superstition had taken its place. That party that once struck sturdy blows for freedom, now led men into slavery, and put on their shoulders burdens grievous to be borne. Once those who became Pharisees ceased to do evil and learned to do well ; now their converts became the children of hell. Once they defended the poor and oppressed ; now they devoured widows' houses. What the Maccabees were to the Pharisees, Cromwell was to the Puritans. Then came the age of decay, which went on until the glory had departed entirely from Puritanism.

Puritanism was conceived in the days of Wycliffe ; born in the reign of Mary ; was a boy of promise in the reign of Elizabeth ; during the reign of James was a strong young man, buckling on his armor ; in the days of Cromwell, it was a mighty giant, before whom none could stand ; after this it became a feeble old man, crabbed and cross. Puritanism has three epochs : First, that of a stern morality and a strong faith ; during this period the ablest opponent of Rome and the most earnest advocate of an open Bible and a pure faith. We are indebted to it for those two great translations of the Bible, the " Geneva Version " and " King James' Version." Then came the golden age, and the Mayflower, freighted with a courageous little band, whose hearts God had fired with a holy zeal, sailed across the Atlantic ; and although they landed on a barren shore, where, in a few months, half their number died, still the few suffering ones who were left had strength enough to say : " Father, not our

will, but Thine, be done." Then came Cromwell and his Ironsides, with drawn sword in one hand and an open Bible in the other, causing Rome to tremble, shattering idols, and smiting the divine right of kings. Then it had fulfilled its mission, and its light went out.

From the days of Knox to Cromwell, it was strong, vigorous, and manly. In its ranks were the giant minds of England and Scotland—men of the purest life and the holiest zeal. Its hatred of Rome, its moral earnestness and love for the Bible, it received from John Wycliffe; its theology came from Calvin; its greatest religious leader was John Knox; its military hero and champion of human rights was Oliver Cromwell. And although Puritanism has accomplished its mission, and will never appear again, there is the same need in every age and country for earnest men who believe in God and His word—men who desire, above all other things, to do what God wants them to do, and to be what He wants them to be.

LECTURE XXI.

LIFE AND TIMES OF CROMWELL.

“Paint me as I am, or I’ll not give you a shilling,” said Oliver Cromwell, to the man who was painting his portrait, and was endeavoring not to show the ugly wart on his face. This little anecdote gives one a better idea of Cromwell’s character than many long essays that have been written for that purpose. Cromwell was a blunt, honest man, who hated falsehood and hypocrisy with a perfect hatred. If he were living now, he would demand of every one who should attempt to portray his character the same honest work that he required of the painter: “Paint me as I am—my vices as well as my virtues; put down not only my righteous acts, but my sins; tell of my failures, as well as of my successes; show not only my strength, but my weakness also.” But the man who painted his portrait had a small task, compared with the one who attempts to give a true picture of Cromwell’s life and character, and shall help others to understand what he was and what he did for his age and for all coming ages, without covering his faults, exaggerating his virtues, or doing injustice to others. It is always difficult to learn the truth about any one who is a leader in stormy times. Take any of the men who are likely to become candidates for the office of President, and it will be no small task to find out from the political papers what are their motives, their ability, and character. Remember

that party strife and sectarian bitterness were never more furious than during the life of Cromwell. Remember, also, that he was a religious as well as a political leader, at a time when party plotted against party, and "sect raved against sect." It was a transition period in the history of England, and a mighty revolution was going on. With these facts before us, we are not so astonished when we learn from his friends that of all born of woman, a better man or a greater man than Cromwell never appeared; while his enemies assure us that he possessed the spirit of Lucifer himself, and that in power to accomplish evil, was second only to that arch-fiend. Southey would have us believe that he was an ambitious hypocrite, who used means to obtain power as vile as those used by Macbeth. Hume hated him and the cause he represented, and insists that he was a fanatic and a hypocrite of the worst kind. With Southey and Hume most of the earlier writers on this subject agree. But the view which was once generally accepted is now almost universally rejected. No authors have done as much to present Cromwell in a true light, and change public opinion with regard to him, as Macaulay and Carlyle. Macaulay is never more earnest or more eloquent than when his theme is Cromwell. He insists that his ambition was lofty, his powers were great, his motives pure; that he gave to England a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known to the world, and that he is worthy to be compared with Washington. Carlyle's work can hardly be called a biography, but by carefully collecting his numerous letters and speeches, being at the same time particular to show the time and the circumstances that called them forth, he has furnished the

best material for the student of Cromwell's life and age to study. If we are to believe Hood, no name in all history stands forth more transparent, clear and consistent throughout—the most royal name in English history, rivaling in its splendor that of Elizabeth, outshining the proudest names of Norman, Plantagenet, or Tudor.

Whatever may be our view of Cromwell, one thing is certain: that no period in English history is of such interest and importance to an American, as the age in which he lived. What William of Orange did for Holland, what Gustavus Adolphus did for Germany, was done for England by Oliver Cromwell, although Cromwell was a very different man from either William or Gustavus; for of the great men of earth, they were two of the most lovely characters. One is never called upon to apologize for anything they said or did. Not so with Cromwell. It is easier to admire than to love him. He is great, but not lovable. He resembles Luther in spirit and Calvin in theology.

Cromwell was born in 1599. His mother was a Stuart, and belonged to the royal family of Scotland, and in this way he was related to Charles I. The Cromwell family first became famous during the reign of Henry VIII. Thomas Cromwell, the friend of Wolsey, was an able statesman and a zealous reformer, who was the means of bringing out one of the early translations of the Bible, which is still known as Cromwell's Bible. It was this man, according to Shakespeare, to whom Wolsey said:

Cromwell, I charge thee : fling away ambition.
By that sin fell the angels.
O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

This Thomas Cromwell was a distant relative of Oliver's. The father of Oliver Cromwell died when his son was eighteen years of age, at which time Oliver left college and returned no more. At the age of twenty-one he married a prudent and amiable wife, to whom he was faithful, and with whom he was happy. He then settled on his father's farm, and for ten years lived a quiet and uneventful life. His house became the home of the most zealous Puritans, who spent their time in praying, exhorting, preaching, reading the Bible, and discussing the events of the day from a Puritan standpoint. In that country home a greater character was forming than any one dreamed of.

It may be well to notice some of the events that occurred during the early part of his life. Do not forget that Cromwell is always just a year older than the century. When he was a boy, England was approaching a crisis. It was a stirring epoch, that called in thunder tones to all who loved their country or their religion, to quit themselves like men and be strong. How well we remember what we heard or read when we were children! What a deep impression the events of childhood made upon us. They did so much toward creating our tastes and forming our characters. Look for a moment at some of the events that occurred when Cromwell was a boy, and were discussed around his fireside by those stern old Puritans, and think what an impression they would make on him. He was four years of age when Elizabeth died. He was six when all England was startled by the discovery of the gun-

powder plot. Think how this event was discussed by Puritan soldiers and theologians, who believed that the Pope was antichrist, the Church of Rome the harlot of Revelations, and the Jesuits devils incarnate from the lowest hell. And think, too, how an intelligent boy like Cromwell would listen, with eyes and ears wide open. How well I remember, when a boy, the murder of a lady school-teacher not far from our home. It was in my thoughts by day and dreams by night for weeks, and to-day it is all clear before my mind; and still it seems to me a more horrible murder than any I have since read about. Things and events seem large and important, out of all proportion, to a child. We go back to our old home; houses and trees seem to have grown smaller; what seemed to us, as children, a great distance, is really but a few steps; hills that seemed like mountains are hardly hills. I never visit Albion without the first impression being that all the buildings, and the church-houses especially, have shrunk wonderfully since I was a boy. But the things that the boy Cromwell saw and heard were really large. He had reached the age of eleven when Henry of Navarre was assassinated, and it seemed to many that the last great prop of the Protestant cause in Europe was gone. He was twelve when our present English Bible was translated.

This translation was especially dear to the Puritans; for, if it had not been for their urgent requests, it would never have been made. Then, too, the Bible was the one Book to them; few tears would they have shed if every other book in the world had been destroyed. May he not have felt as another had long before, as daily this new translation was read and

talked over: "I must be about my Father's business"? He entered college April twenty-third, 1616. On that very day Ann Hathaway was weeping at the death-bed of Shakespeare. He was nineteen when the Thirty Years' War began. What food for the thoughts of a boy did it furnish, as it swept on through blood to a glorious conclusion! When Harvey announced his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, Cromwell was twenty; and in the same year Kepler, upon discovering the true law of planetary motion, shouted: "I thank thee, O God, that I think my thoughts after Thee." But there was another event belonging to that year that would make a far deeper impression on Cromwell than either of these. It was the bringing to the scaffold of that fine old English gentleman, Sir Walter Raleigh. O, sad hour for England, when Spanish gold and Jesuit influence could do so much. John Eliot saw Raleigh die, and never forgave it. He was twenty-one when that band of Pilgrims who were seeking a kingdom that could not be moved, sailed on the Mayflower. I think it was Wendell Phillips who said that Lord Bacon marches down the centuries with one hand on the telegraph and the other on the steam-engine, saying: "These are mine, for I taught you to invent." It was the same Lord Bacon who, when a boy, was asked by Elizabeth how old he was, and attracted her attention by answering: "Two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign." Cromwell was twenty-seven when Bacon died. He was thirty-two, living a quiet life on his farm, pondering seriously over all these things, trying hard to find out their meaning and to know what he should do, when he heard that John Eliot, who had been a terror to pirates on the sea

and tyrants on the land, had died in the Tower, a martyr to the cause of liberty. It was in this same year that Gustavus Adolphus fell at Lutzen, victorious still in death. Cromwell was two years older than Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, and nine years older than the poet Milton. Baxter, the author of "The Saint's Rest," was sixteen years younger than Cromwell. He was twenty-five when George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, was born, and twenty-nine when the immortal dreamer, John Bunyan, was an infant.

But, to understand Cromwell, we must know something of his theology, as well as of the men and events of his day. "He lived in one of those solemn periods which determine the character of ages to come." Cromwell's ideas of God and religion were drawn much more from the Old Testament than from the New. He believed in treating all God's enemies as Samuel treated Agag when he hewed him in pieces. He felt as the Psalmist did when he wrote: "I hate them that hate Thee, with a perfect hatred." I do not think that what Christ said about the treatment of enemies, and his prayer for his murderers, ever had any influence over Cromwell.

He passed through a terrible season of gloom, darkness and doubt. There were nights and days and months when he was on the verge of despair. He was pondering the great questions of sin, and God, and human destiny. How many of whom the world was not worthy have had an experience like this, and have come out of it strong to do and endure! Nearly four thousand years ago, Abraham was so impressed with the thought of God, and that other thought that always

comes with it and never without it, namely, *duty*, that he gave up everything to seek for himself and others a home with God. What years of pondering over life's greatest problems; what days and nights of communion with God; what struggles with inclination that brought self-knowledge and self-control, had Moses in the wilderness and on the mount! Elijah, Paul, Luther, Bunyan—was not the same true of them all? And was there not a greater and a holier One than any of these, who passed through a most terrible conflict in the wilderness with things visible and invisible, during which He was urged to give up the future for the present, the soul for the body, the right for glory and power; a conflict with great doubts, that were ever whispering, "If thou be the Son"? Yet from that conflict He came, the strongest of the strong, with a purpose as fixed as the polar star, a courage calm and unfaltering, and a faith henceforth never to be disturbed by doubts. It was a conflict not altogether unlike this that Cromwell had—that, I think, most have at one time or another, who find out the real meaning of life. "A great mind," says Schiller, "labors for eternity." We talk of eternity; to Cromwell it was more real than time. To many God is not much more than a name; to him, a presence nearer than the nearest friend, and more powerful than a thousand armies. Would that all might be led to believe in God, not as a figure of speech, but as a most awful fact, and yet one full of hope.

LECTURE XXII.

LIFE AND TIMES OF CROMWELL.

The chief object of these historic sketches is to show what was said and done, suffered and endured, by those who were determined to secure intellectual and religious freedom for themselves and others. Cromwell has been chosen, not because he is faultless, or because we can endorse all that he did, but because he was the great champion of civil and religious freedom in the seventeenth century—a man of the strongest convictions, and not afraid to follow them wheresoever they reached; a man of firm opinions, and yet, for his age, tolerant of the opinions of others.

CROMWELL IN PARLIAMENT.

In 1628, he was elected a member of Parliament. During the first year he was a close observer, but said nothing. In February, 1629, he made a short speech, in which he said: "Dr. Alabaster had preached flat popery at Paul's Cross, for which he had been commended, and granted a living by the bishop." And he asked: "If these are the steps to church preferment, what are we to expect?" These are the first public utterances of a man who, in a few years, was to "arrest the sails of Libyan pirates and the persecuting fires of Rome." Charles, being unable to manage this Parliament, dissolved it, and for eleven years there was no Parliament, during which time Cromwell lived on his farm, saying little, but thinking a good deal. In

Church and State things were growing worse every day. "The king of England and his chief priests," says Carlyle, "were going one way; the nation of England, by eternal laws, was going another; the split became too wide for healing." During these years Laud, rather than the king, governed England. The Puritans began to believe that he intended to betray the country to Rome. Bishop Hall wrote to Laud, saying: "I would I knew where to find you. To-day you are with Rome, to-morrow with us; our adversaries think you are ours, we think you are theirs." Hume does not think it any wonder that the Puritans everywhere regarded Laud as a forerunner of anti-christ. Whether he was trying to make England a Roman Catholic country or not, one thing is certain: Catholics were shown many favors, and admitted to high offices, while the Puritans were turned out of office everywhere, and were also forbidden to teach or preach. The Dutch and Huguenot churches, to which Elizabeth and James had granted the privilege to hold their own services, were ordered to worship according to the forms of the Church of England, or quit the country. Puritans were arrested in various places for preaching or writing tracts. Many of them had their ears cut off, and were condemned to prison for life. Bostwick's wife encouraged him to endure his sufferings; and when his ears were cut off on the scaffold, she received them, and kissed them. When a man with a dull knife was sawing off the ears of Prynne, he exclaimed: "Cut me, tear me; I fear thee not; I fear the fires of hell, not thee."

All this time Cromwell was on his farm, with his wife and children, selling cattle, draining low lands,

waiting, ready to act whenever the call should come. He had thoughts above his farm, and thoughts that ran far into the future. He was thinking about his home at St. Ives; and another home, also, that was more to him than all else. In a letter written in those dark and threatening days, he says: "My soul is with the congregation of the firstborn; my body rests in hope; and if here I may honor my God, either by doing or suffering, I shall be most glad." Every day the burden of taxes became heavier; everything was taxed; persecution became more bitter; the king and the people were getting farther apart. Many worse men have lived than Charles I. It is not difficult to point out his good qualities. But he could not read the signs of the times. He spent his life in resisting public opinion, and finally lost his life in an insane fight with the spirit of the age. He tried to enforce laws and customs that the people had outgrown.

CROMWELL AND THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

In 1640, a Parliament was called, of which Cromwell was a member; but, not being able to manage them, the king sent them home in three weeks; but soon called another, which was the famous Long Parliament. The election, all through the country, was exciting. Cromwell had only a majority of one. "That vote," said his opponent, "has ruined both Church and Kingdom." The leader of this Parliament was Hampden, a cousin of Cromwell's—a man of piety and patriotism; a man of great moral purity and intellectual strength; "almost," says Macaulay, "the solitary instance of a great man who neither sought greatness nor shunned it." Baxter

said, in his "Saints' Rest," that one of the pleasures he hoped to enjoy in heaven was the society of Hampden. Cromwell soon began to attract attention; and none seem to have recognized his power sooner than Hampden, who, pointing to Cromwell, one day, said: "If we should come to a breach some day with the king—which God forbid—in such a case, I say, that man will be the greatest man in England." There was little hope of an agreement between the king and the Parliament; so it was dissolved. "The people's guns are spiked," said the king's friends. But that night Cromwell wrote: "I fear me much that this battle is not yet begun."

Both parties now made vigorous preparations for war. Carlyle thinks "these were the most confused months England ever saw." Cromwell believed that great thoughts must be in men who do good fighting; soldiers that fight well must have a high calling and holy purpose. Soldiers, he thought, who were conscious that they were the servants of God, would sooner or later gain the victory over those who were only the servants of man. He would face those who were fighting for the king of England with men who were fighting for the King of Heaven. "They are men of honor," said he. "We must have men of religion—honest men, who make some conscience of what they do." Thus Cromwell, with no knowledge of war, undertook to raise and discipline an army. He drew his sword in defense of what he believed to be the cause of freedom and of Christ. He had put his hand to the plow, and would not turn back. He said that for his part, if he saw the king in the enemy's ranks, he would as soon fire at him as at any one, and advised all

persons to quit his army at once who did not feel the same. The perfect discipline and the moral purity of his soldiers were the wonder of that age. Of them it was said: "Not a man swears but he pays his twelve-pence; no plundering, no drinking, disorder or impiety, is allowed." These were the famous Ironsides, of whom Cromwell said: "Truly, they were never beaten at all." "If his history had closed," says Foster, "with the raising and disciplining of these men, it would have left a sufficient warrant for his greatness to posterity." Strange army, this; men reading their Bible daily, believing that in it God is speaking directly to them; men praying morning and night, conscious that they are talking to the mighty God, who is very near; men who had no doubt but that they were fighting on God's side—who believed steadily in another world, and lived and fought as if standing on the threshold of eternity.

It was on the field of Marston Moor that the ability of Cromwell as a soldier first shone forth. There had been some small fighting before this, in which the king's army had generally been victorious. The great Hampden had fallen mortally wounded, and a son of Cromwell's had been killed. Of that event Cromwell said: "It went to my heart like a dagger; indeed it did." The battle of Marston Moor was fought July 4, 1644. The king's army was commanded by Prince Rupert, the Puritans by Fairfax. Cromwell commanded the left wing. Early in the day Fairfax was beaten and chased from the field. But Cromwell's men stood firm. He restrained their fiery zeal until he believed the hour had come; then said he, "Charge, in the name of the Most High." The Ironsides rushed

upon the enemy, and drove them in confusion before them, taking their cannons, and turning them upon the flying foe; and before the day closed, the victory was complete. Take a few extracts from a letter written by Cromwell to Col. Walton, the day after the battle. They will help any one to understand the character and motives of this man. Walton's son had been killed by a cannon-shot:

“It is our duty to sympathize in all mercies, and to praise the Lord together in all chastisements or trials. Truly, England and the Church of God hath great favor from the Lord in this great victory given unto us, such as the like never was since the war began. It had all the evidences of an absolute victory, obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the godly party. We never charged but we routed the enemy. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I can not relate now. Give glory, all the glory, to God. Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon-shot.” “Sir, you know my own trials in this way; but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. God give you comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russell and myself he could not express it—“it was so great above his pain.” This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. At his fall his horse, being killed with a bullet, I am told, he bade them open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. He was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to

bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven, wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. It is a remarkable battle throughout." No glorying in what he had done, but much of gratitude to God for the victory, and a sincere effort to comfort a bereaved friend.

Nearly a year after this the battle of Naseby was fought. Of Cromwell we are told: "He spent much of his time with God in prayer the night before." During the hottest of the fight he was seen cheering his men by these words: "God is with us! God is with us!" Again the king's army was defeated. "Who," cried poor Charles, "will bring me this Cromwell, dead or alive?"

We can only mention some of the great events that came thick and fast. Wherever anything was to be done, Cromwell was the man to do it. There was a rebellion in Wales. He promptly crushed it; then hastened to the north and defeated a large army. Then came the trial and execution of the king, January 30, 1649. There was trouble in Ireland. Most heartless, cruel persecutions were being inflicted on the Protestants. The Catholic Bishop of Ireland believed there was no way of curing these Protestants but by hanging and burning. The Parliament desired Cromwell to stop these murders; and he went, "followed," says Milton, "by the well wishes of the people and the prayers of all good men." He made short, quick work. He took the strongest fortified places in the country. When the brave O'Neal heard that he had taken Tredah, he said: "If Cromwell has taken Tredah, could he storm hell, he would take it also." In the midst of this war he tried, in his way, to be a Reformer, and published an address, "For the Undeceive-

ing of Deluded and Seduced People." On his return, all London turned out to honor him. He was not in the least elated. He knew how little there was in such things. "See," said one, "what a crowd has come to see your lordship." "Yes," was his reply; "but if I were to be hanged, how many more there would be!"

In 1650, the battle of Dunbar was fought. The Scotch army was commanded by Leslie, and was as much superior to Cromwell's army in numbers as it was inferior in discipline. Cromwell, with eleven thousand, was to face a foe numbering twenty-three thousand. All save Cromwell lost courage. It was generally believed that his good fortune had left him. "Hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others." "The Lord will find a way of deliverance and salvation," he wrote. A cold rain and sleet fell all night before the battle. Prayer-meetings were held in the English army, and Cromwell went from place to place, saying: "Pray, and keep your powder dry." The Scotch made the attack. Cromwell's Ironsides rushed to meet them, singing Psalm cxvii. "The Lord has delivered them into our hands," shouted Cromwell. Then said he: "Now let God arise; let his enemies be scattered." What was the result? The Scotch army was destroyed—three thousand dead on the field, ten thousand prisoners. A prayer-meeting before a battle, calling upon a nation to pray for a reformation, would have been supremely ridiculous to Hume, if he had not thought it was a trick of the prince of hypocrites. Hume was mistaken. Cromwell had his sins. There may have been some fanaticism and bigotry in this man; but hypocrisy there was none. Novalis calls him "a God-intoxicated man."

O that, in the men who rule our land, in those who stand in the pulpit, between the living and the dead, there were to-day the same strong faith in God, and the same moral earnestness, that dwelt in the soul of this great man. If this were so, we would not have political parties favoring in their platforms and advocating in their speeches Civil Service Reform, with no serious intention of putting it in practice. We would not have men subscribing to creeds which they have long since ceased to believe. "It is a good thing to be zealously affected in a good cause."

LECTURE XXIII.

LIFE AND TIMES OF CROMWELL.

Thou therefore gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them.

For, behold, I have made thee this day a defended city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land.

And they shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee (Jer. i. 17-19).

We now turn from Cromwell the soldier to Cromwell the protector, or, as his enemies said, the "usurper;" really, Cromwell the king. For, of the many who have worn crowns, few were as truly kings as this uncrowned man. Whatever may be said of his right to dissolve Parliaments, one thing is certain, that during the time he ruled, the commerce of England flourished, her colleges prospered, the heavy taxes under which the people had groaned so long became lighter, and England was prosperous at home and feared abroad.

Many have blamed Cromwell for dissolving the "Long Parliament," which before the civil war did so much for the cause of liberty. But it must be remembered that Hampden, Pym, and its chief men were gone. For a long time it had done nothing that showed either wisdom, courage, or greatness. Its glory had departed; it had become so feeble that it was called, in derision, the "Rump Parliament."

Months passed in debates that came to nothing; it seemed as if they were trying how not to do anything. To Cromwell, every hour was important. The king's business requires haste. "I must work while it is day." One morning he takes his old seat and listens to a war of words. He can sit still no longer; he has had enough of this. "It is not fit," said he, "that you shall sit any longer; you shall give place to better men. I have sought the Lord night and day that He would rather slay me than put on me the doing of this work." He tells them of their personal sins, turns them out, locks the door, puts the key in his pocket, and walks off. He said afterward: "We did not hear a dog bark at their going." When asked why he did this, his only answer was: "The Spirit of God was so strong upon me that I would no longer consult with flesh and blood." Then came the "Little Parliament," sometimes called "Barebones Parliament," from one of its members, Barebones, who was nicknamed "Praise-God Barebones." Rouse, the author of an edition of psalms that are still sung in some churches, was also a member of this House. They were earnest men, but not great men. Carlyle thinks that they wanted to introduce the Christian religion into real practice. We have conquered the enemies of Christ; let us in real earnest set about doing the commandments of Christ. But they were not men of large knowledge or clear ideas. Little did they know about governing a nation. They would never undertake any great work. They would never be any help to Cromwell, that was clear. He sent them home, and then became "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland," though, according to

Macaulay, with less power than a President of the United States. He was offered the crown. He was urged to take it again and again. He wanted time to think on so great a matter. "The answer of the tongue," said he, "as well as the preparation of the heart, is from God. I want time to ask counsel of God and of my own heart." He was alone with God and his own thoughts. He prayed; he pondered; he tried to get light; he came to a decision: "I am not able for such a charge." He did not believe it was the will of God, or for their welfare.

CROMWELL'S FOREIGN POLICY.

From the accomplishment of his purposes, which were twofold, he never turned aside, and, like his Ironsides, he was never beaten. His purpose was, first, to arrest the persecuting fires of Rome and defend the rights of Protestants everywhere. Second, he hoped to make the name of an Englishman as great as the name of a Roman in Rome's most palmy days. The great nations of Europe were combined to crush the cause of freedom. The policy of Cromwell was to unite all the Protestant States of Europe in a league, with England at their head, against Popery, the enemy of all liberty. The ship of State may have sailed on calmer waters, but never with more majesty; and never did it command more respect than when Cromwell was at the helm. The dying Richelieu seems to have foreseen his power, for he warned his successor to steer clear of "those rough-shod Puritans."

Cromwell had in Robert Blake, "the sea-king," a soldier who was as victorious on the waters as he had been on the land. Blake's men, like the Ironsides,

were men of strict moral purity. Blake everywhere was victorious. He drove the Spanish ships from the sea, compelled both Spain and Rome to release English prisoners and pay for ships they had destroyed. At one time the Pope, who trembled at the names of Cromwell and Blake, paid twenty thousand pistoles. English merchants doing business in Italy or Spain were allowed to have their Bibles with them. Cromwell sends Blake into the Mediterranean, and neither Catholic nor Mohammedan vessels could stand before him. The story of English valor and English victories filled the world. The account of Protestant persecutions in various places reached England. Milton wrote:

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother and infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

The massacre of the Vaudois by the Duke of Savoy caused Cromwell's eyes to first fill with tears, and then flash fire. He subscribed for their relief two thousand pounds, appointed a day for prayer and a collection, and forty thousand pounds more were raised. He terrified the Pope by telling him that English cannon should be heard at Rome if these persecutions were

not stopped. He would not sign a treaty with the king of France unless he would pledge that these persecutions should come to an end immediately. The king of France protested; the French ambassador asked leave to return to Paris; and Cromwell told him he was welcome to go, and intimated that he himself, with an army, would soon appear before the gates of Paris. This had the desired effect. The king of France wrote a letter to "Our Dear Brother Oliver," and agreed to all his demands. The crafty Mazarin treated Cromwell with more respect than he ever did another person. His fear by day, and the specter of his dreams by night, was Cromwell before the gates of Paris. It was a common saying that this Cardinal was more afraid of Oliver than of the devil.

THE DEATH OF CROMWELL.

His health for several years had been poor; he is worked down, and worn out. Charles Stuart, "on the word and faith of a Christian king," offered a large reward to any one who would remove this fellow "by sword, pistol or poison." Attempts were made. His mother, aged ninety-four, called him to her dying bed. Here last words were: "The Lord cause his face to shine upon thee, and comfort thee in all thy adversities, and enable thee to do great things for the glory of the most high God, and to be a relief unto his people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. Good night." Grand woman. Happy the man who has such a mother.

Then came the death of his daughter Elizabeth. This was a death-blow; he never rallied. Godly men stood around his death-bed. He talked to them about

God's covenant. He asked them to read Philippians iv. 11-13. "That scripture did once save my life when my eldest son, poor Oliver, died, which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed it did." When verse thirteen was read—"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me"—"Yes," he said, "he that was Paul's Christ is my Christ, too." To his children, weeping by the bed, he said: "Children, live like Christians; I leave you the Covenant to feed upon." "We could not be more desirous that he should abide than he was content and willing to go," says Maidstone. This great man died September 3, 1658. Milton has well said:

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd.

Cromwell was right when he said: "God in his own good time will vindicate me." Day by day we are getting to understand him better and love and admire him more. He stands forth to-day as one of the great men of his century, if not the greatest; and one of the noblest characters that has appeared in any age. When a thousand things were to be done, and the weighty affairs of State were resting upon him, he had time to write kind letters to wife and children; letters that breathe a most fervent piety, and show that he was more anxious about their religious welfare than about anything else. In a letter to his daughter, he said: "I desire you to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord; to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would make Himself manifest to you in His Son." His religious duties were attended to, no matter who

the visitors were. When the ambassadors of Holland spent the evening at his house, after supper he gave out a hymn, and handing the book to the ambassador, said: "That is the best paper that has passed between us yet." Then, with his wife and daughter and visitors, he took a walk on the river bank; then there was reading and prayer in the family, and all retired.

Again: a man is to be judged by his companions as well as by his public and private words and acts. Those persons who seek his society, and whose friendship he seeks, with whom he consults and in whom he delights, will do a great deal in forming his character. You can not separate a man from his friends, any more than from his words and deeds. Few persons have tried as faithfully to surround themselves with wise and good men as did Cromwell. Though not a scholar, the most scholarly men of England were his friends. He recognized Milton's ability, appreciated his pure life, and made him Foreign Secretary. He drew close to himself the gifted Andrew Marvell, sought the friendship of Baxter, made Sir Mathew Hale his Chief Justice, and said to Dr. Owen, as soon as he saw him: "You are a person I must be acquainted with." Which of all the kings of Europe in that century had friends and advisers of such wisdom, scholarship and purity? "For if there was a man in England who excelled in any faculty or science, the Protector would find him out and reward him according to his merit."

Remember, still farther, that in an age when kings and statesmen, priests and preachers, looked upon toleration as foolish in politics and criminal in religion, he stood out alone as the great champion of religious liberty, and declared that man was to answer to God

alone for his faith. Presbyterians and Baptists, Episcopalians and Quakers, all enjoyed his protection. To the clergymen of the Church of England he said: "Continue to read the scriptures to your people, and to preach in your church as you have been accustomed to do, and even a little more frequently." If to some extent he proscribed Catholics and Episcopalians, it was for political and not religious reasons. He asked the Presbyterians, who were bitter in their opposition to toleration: "Where do you find in the scriptures a ground to warrant the assertion that preaching is exclusively your function?" They insist that a man shall be orthodox; he tells them that a man must be merciful as well as orthodox. Thomas Edwards wrote a strong work called "A Treatise against Toleration and Pretended Liberty of Conscience," in which he said: "Toleration is the grand design of the devil—his masterpiece and the chief engine he has at this time to hold up his tottering kingdom. All the devils in hell and their instruments are at work to promote toleration." What wonder, then, that Milton said: "Presbyter was priest spelt large." Yet nothing turned Cromwell aside from his purpose to secure toleration for all, and he labored to extend the rights of citizenship to the outcast and persecuted Jews.

He was a man of power rather than of knowledge. In most directions his knowledge was limited. He studied but one book, the Bible, and is a striking illustration of the saying: "Beware of the man of one book." He thought, he spoke, he wrote in Bible language. That book daily furnished the food that nourished his intellect and heart and strengthened his will. Alfred, who laid the foundations of the British

government, and Cromwell, who saved it in the hour of its greatest peril, and made the glory of the latter house greater than the former, each got his ideas and inspirations from the same book. In all Cromwell's lectures and speeches you see that he desires above all things that his life shall be right in the sight of God, for he knows that very soon he must give an account of his words and deeds. Thus, when he does not see clearly what to do, he calls a day of fasting and prayer, "to ask for God's enlightenment as to what should now be done." In a letter to his wife, after telling her that his health is a little better, he says: "But that will not satisfy me unless I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father, and get more of the light of His countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions." Of the Government he says: "If God will not bear it up, let it sink, for I have learned too much of God to dally with Him, to hold with Him in these things." The sound of eternity is ever in his ears. He is always brave in the presence of men, and always humble in the presence of God.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

LECTURE XXIV.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MILTON.

In Milton's character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union (Macaulay).

"Paradise Lost" is one of the few monumental works of the world, with nothing in modern epic literature comparable to it except the great poem of Dante. Milton is the supreme poet of his nation, with the single exception of Shakespeare (Masson).

This man cuts us all out, and the ancients, too (Dryden).

His name is almost identified with sublimity. He is, in truth, the sublimest of men (Channing).

Most persons think of Milton only as a poet, and to many he is only the author of "Paradise Lost." Knox was the theologian of Puritanism, Cromwell its soldier, and Milton its poet. These were all stern men, of moral purity and strong religious convictions. To them the Bible was of supreme authority, and they read it daily to find out what God wanted them to believe and do. But Milton was more than a great poet. He was a profound scholar, whose mind was stored with the richest treasures of ancient and modern thought. He was a man whose unquenchable love of freedom made him a life-long champion of intellectual and religious liberty.

"Reformation," says Channing, "was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was the solace of his declining years."

Great men and great events belong to his age. He lived in one of those grand periods "which determine

the character of ages to come." Spencer and Queen Elizabeth had only been dead a few years when he was born, and Shakespeare was still living. Cromwell and Milton were young men at the same time. He was personally acquainted with many of the best and greatest men of his day, and through books conversed with the most distinguished of all ages and countries. Though differing from Cromwell in many things, his intense love of liberty caused him to admire Cromwell as he did no other person, and to call him "our chief of men." When Milton was Cromwell's Secretary, and the growing power of the Commonwealth was felt and recognized everywhere, it was said that the two agencies that had done most to give it character abroad "were Milton's books and Cromwell's battles." Aubrey says that foreigners flocked to England "only to see Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, and John Milton." Though in the numerous political pamphlets that he wrote there are bitter sayings and numerous blemishes, they are all written on the side of religious and civil liberty.

Milton was born in London in 1608. His father was a man of some property; was passionately fond of music, and determined that his son should have a good education. Of his father said the poet: "Both at the grammar school and under other masters at home, he caused me to be instructed daily." By the time he was twelve years of age he was in love with his studies, and scarcely ever went to bed before twelve or one o'clock. At the age of sixteen he entered Cambridge University. Here he spent eight years, as his father thought, preparing for the ministry. But at the close of his college life, it was clear to him that he could not

subscribe to the creeds and traditions of the Church. Although it was his own intention, as well as his father's, that he should enter the service of the Church, he gave it up because in doing so one must become a slave and submit to the government of tyrants. "I thought it better," said he, "to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing." His strict morality while in college was in such striking contrast with the conduct of the majority of the students, that they gave him the nickname of "The Lady of Christ's College."

At an early age we find him forming a great purpose, which he resolutely cherished until his object was accomplished. Whether he studied books, or took a journey in foreign lands, or meditated alone, it was with this one object in view. No amount of labor, domestic trouble, personal disappointment, or calamity, ever tempted him to give it up. He determined only to know "that which is of use to know," and his mind was "set wholly on the accomplishment of the greatest of things." After the eight years in college, he spent five years in hard study at home. He writes: "When I take up a thing, I never pause or break it off, nor am drawn away by any other interest till I have arrived at the goal I proposed to myself." He felt an inward prompting, which grew stronger every day, to write a great poem. He believed that by labor and intense study he would be able to leave "something so written to after-time, as that they should not willingly let it die." Not only did he continually nourish his intellect and strengthen his will by the study of the best books, but he believed that to write a

great book one must have a pure mind in a pure body. Moral development must go hand in hand with physical development. The book can be no better than the man behind the book. "I argued to myself," said he, "that if unchastity in a woman, whom St. Paul terms the glory of man, be such a scandal and dishonor, then certainly in a man, who is both the image and the glory of God, it must, though commonly not so thought, be much more dishonorable." The immoralities of men of genius are often excused, as if they should not be required to conform to the ordinary laws of society. Milton believed in nothing of this sort. This was his belief: that a man who would write well in "laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem, . . . not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men unless he have in himself the experience and practice of that which is praiseworthy." But this is not all; he is looking to God for help and inspiration. He will live and write "as ever in my Taskmaster's eye." In answering a friend's letter, he says: "You make inquiries as to what I am thinking of. Why, with God's help, immortality. Yes, I am pluming my wings for another flight." This poem is to be the result of "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." The passion of youth and the vapors of wine shall not go into it. In short, he is striving hard to prepare himself for a great work, in which he shall glorify God and help man. To this end, by hard study, he is making the best thoughts of the best books his own; he is keeping his body under; he will

be pure even in his dreams. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," he will not only think on these things, but he will practice them. Of Virtue, he says:

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue! She alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spherie clime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Then, after having done all he could to qualify himself in mind and heart, he calls on the great God to bless his undertaking and establish the work of his hands. Dr. Johnson, who had no great love for Milton, said: "From a promise like this, at once fervid, pious and rational, might be expected "Paradise Lost."

In 1637, Milton's mother having died, his home was broken up, and he determined to take a journey abroad. He visited Paris, Florence, Naples, Rome and Geneva. It was not to seek health or pleasure, but to equip himself for his life's work that he took this journey. He seems to have taken little or no interest in the works of art and great buildings—"poems in stone" for which the cities that he visited were noted. Puritans had no love for art. He was cautioned not to talk on religious subjects, especially when in Italy. Although he tells us that he did not seek controversies, whenever he heard the true faith attacked he defended it, even in the city of Rome. The person that he was

most anxious to see of all others was a blind man seventy-four years of age, a prisoner of the Inquisition; this was Galileo. He was a prisoner because he knew more than the Jesuits. Galileo had two great objects in life—to gain knowledge and to impart knowledge. He was the author of several excellent works; he invented the thermometer; improved the compass; constructed the telescope, through which he saw wonders in the heavens above. He tried hard to make his persecutors understand what he had seen. But he says: “Unfortunately, my proofs were not apprehended; and notwithstanding all the pains I took, I could not succeed in making myself understood. What could a clear, strong argument do for stupid bigots and wooden-headed monks?” One is reminded of the words of Schiller: “Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious.” We have some idea of the impression this valuable apostle of science made on Milton, when we remember that Galileo’s name and victories are mentioned in “Paradise Lost.”

Milton heard that the great civil conflict had begun in his own country, and he felt it was his duty to return home. “The sad news of the civil war in England,” said he, “called me back, for I considered it base that while my fellow-countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be traveling abroad for intellectual culture.”

In 1640, he had got far enough along with his great work to write the name “Paradise Lost.” Twenty-seven more years passed before it was written.

In 1643, he married a Miss Mary Powell. She was seventeen; he was thirty-five. She was a society girl; he a student of books. Her family were strong Royal-

ists; he was a Puritan of Puritans. A month after their marriage she got her husband's consent to visit her parents. Once at home, she determined to stay there. He insisted that she should return; she would do nothing of the kind. Milton then sat down quietly and wrote a work in favor of divorce when persons are of incompatible temperaments. This argument appears to have had such an effect upon his wife that she desired to live with him again. She went to London, threw herself at his feet, asked his pardon, which was granted, and lived with him until the day of her death.

This was the age of pamphlets. Milton wrote twenty-five in defense of liberty, civil and religious. It was not the work that he loved. It was with bitter regrets that he turned away from his poem. But duty demanded it, and he would do his duty. With him liberty was before everything. He believed that the sword of Cromwell, that was drawn in defense of toleration, was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Even when he is bitterest in his denunciations, every line shows that he was aspiring to be pure and do right. When he became Cromwell's Foreign Secretary, he gave himself up entirely to the service of his country. Writing night and day, his eyes grew weak, and then he lost sight altogether. His great work is really not begun, and he is in utter darkness. Then came the death of Cromwell; Charles II. is on the throne.

"Revolutions are of two kinds," says Pattison; "they are either progressive or reactionary. A revolution of progress is often destructive, sweeping away much which should have been preserved. But such a revolution has a regenerating force; it renews the youth of a nation and gives free play to its vital

powers. A revolution of reaction, on the other hand, is a benumbing influence. In such a conservative revolution, the mean, the selfish, the corrupt, come to the top; man seeks ease and enjoyment rather than duty; virtue, honor, patriotism, disappear altogether from a society which has ceased to believe in them." The coming of Charles II. to the throne brought about just this state of things. "Days," says Macaulay, "never to be recalled without a blush—days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave."

In these dark days, when the principles that he loved better than his life were trampled under foot, when his name was a scoff and a by-word, his property and eye-sight gone—then it was that Milton became truly great. Old, poor, blind, and almost friendless, he went to work and did that which, as a youth, he had proposed to do; namely, to write something that men "would not willingly let die." "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes" were all brought forth in those dreadful days. Samson is, to a great extent, his own biography. In all of them he reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. According to Macaulay, the seventeenth century produced but two original works, and "Paradise Lost" is one of the two. It is the great epic poem of Puritanism. There is in it none of that milk of human kindness, that sympathy, that Shakespeare is so full of. There was little sympathy in Puritan theology; it was too stern for tears. In "Paradise Lost" we have Puritan theology in a poem.

Milton is worthy of imitation in many things. In boyhood he selected a lofty purpose. He held to that purpose all through life, never turning aside until it was accomplished. He was a bold and able advocate of religious toleration. Nothing could quench his love of liberty. The questions of right and wrong were never matters of indifference to him. At the call of liberty he gave up his travels abroad and returned home; then for a time laid aside the cherished work of life and took up his pen to write pamphlets in defense of liberty. In the service of his country he lost his eye-sight, and then, when his country had no further use for him, without a murmur he turned to his great work and finished it, as in his "great Taskmaster's eye."

LECTURE XXV.

JOHN BUNYAN.

“Behold this dreamer” (Gen. xxxvii. 19).

In England, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the “Paradise Lost;” the other, “Pilgrim’s Progress” (Macauley).

To his contemporaries, Bunyan was known as the Nonconformist Martyr, and the greatest living Protestant preacher (Froude).

“Nobler men than the English Puritans,” says Froude, “are not to be found in English history;” and we may add that among the Puritans there is not a nobler character than, and no name so familiar as, John Bunyan. For of those who read at all, there are very few who have not read “Pilgrim’s Progress;” and those who read it once generally read it more than once. Only a few have ever seen the writings of Knox, or read the speeches and letters of Cromwell; but Bunyan’s readers are as numerous as the stars of night. Now and then you find some one pondering over Baxter’s “Saints’ Rest;” and here and there are the admirers of Milton, who find pleasure and profit in turning the pages of “Paradise Lost.” But the readers of Bunyan are everywhere, and among all classes. The author of no fairy story has charmed and delighted so many children, while he warns, strengthens and encourages the youth, and feeds and comforts the aged. May we not, then, expect to find in the life of this “poet-apostle of the English middle classes,” who, as

Coleridge says, "composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar," much that is rich in instruction and of thrilling interest? He lived during the most stirring times of the eventful seventeenth century. He witnessed much that was awful and glorious in political revolutions and religious reformations. He saw the opening of the civil war, and watched it as it swept on through blood to the death of Charles I. He beheld with interest Cromwell's victories and reforms. He joined with a number of citizens in thanking Cromwell for dissolving the Long Parliament when it had lost its patriotism and ceased to be a power for good. While Bunyan was preaching and writing, Roger Williams, another Baptist, was suffering for the cause of freedom, and dreaming of liberty for the oppressed of all lands, and also working and praying for the protection and salvation of the Indians. Milton, in the cause of civil liberty, was writing his eyes out, and preparing heart and head to produce "Paradise Lost," a work which men would not willingly let die. Owen, Howe and Baxter were also writing, preaching and praying.

In the year 1628, at Elstow, a little town near Bedford, John Bunyan was born. His father was a tinker, and an honest, hard-working man. "I never went to school to Aristotle or Plato," says Bunyan, "but was brought up in my father's house, in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen, my father's house being of the meanest and most despised of all families in the land." At that time but few children of the class to which he belonged ever went to school. But in Bedford there was a grammar-school, to which Bunyan was sent when quite young, and there

he tells us that he “learned to read and write according to the rate of other poor men’s children.” Like many boys before his time, and many since, while at school he formed bad habits, and began to walk in the ways of sin. He learned to rob orchards; and in lying and swearing, he tells us that he had no equal. His lying consisted in inventing wonderful stories for the entertainment of his companions. While his sensitive conscience and the theology of that day caused him to speak of himself as the chief of sinners, it does not seem that he was guilty of any other sins than those mentioned. He never drank, though frequently at the ale-house. His companions were low; yet he was never unchaste. To use his own language, “If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged by the neck, John Bunyan would be still alive and well.” With most persons then living, he not only believed that there had once been a witch at Endor, but that there were witches in every village of England, and that all about were men and women really possessed with devils. He tells of profane men who were struck dead for swearing; the earth opening and swallowing up a lying thief; and of a most wicked ale-house keeper, into whom the devil entered, and tormented him until the day of his death. At the age of seventeen he entered the army, but whether that of the king or Cromwell is not certain. He married a poor orphan girl, who had been brought up by wise and pious parents. Bunyan was now twenty years of age. They were very poor, not having so much as a dish or a spoon between them. His wife had two books, which her father had given to her—“The Plain Man’s Path to Heaven,” and “The Practice of Piety.” Sometimes

they read these books together; and when they did, he says, "she often told me what a godly man her father was." There began to grow in him a taste for better things, and he often wished he was a better man. Still he clung to his sins, and went on telling lies for the pleasure and entertainment of his companions, swearing continually, and spending Sunday as a day of amusement. His wife still had a good influence over him. Sometimes he went with her to church, and now and then heard a sermon that alarmed him, and made him thoughtful for a time. One day, while standing in a shop, cursing as usual, a loose and abandoned woman heard him, and protested that she trembled for him, and believed that he would corrupt all the boys in town. At this reproof he hung his head in shame, and wished he was an innocent little boy again. He now made some feeble effort at reform; but soon his resolutions grew weak, and again he was living a life of sin, without God and without hope. A poor man who had found help and comfort in reading the Bible induced him to read it, and in this he found pleasure; and, to his own great wonder, by and by he left off swearing altogether; life became real to him; it was too serious to trifle with. "Whence came I?" "What am I?" "Whither am I going?" "What does God want me to do?" These were the problems that he determined to solve. He was in downright earnest. He was coming to hate sin as God hates it, and longed to be delivered from its guilt and consequences. Many were the temptations that beset his path. Voices called him this way and that. Sirens sang to entice. Evil spirits whispered doubts in his ear. He tried to find the path to peace and purity by keeping the law of Moses. He

failed. In his own sight he was the worst of sinners. In "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," which is well called his "spiritual biography," he tells us of the terrible struggles through which he passed. When, in "Pilgrim's Progress," he shows us poor Christian almost crushed beneath his burden, he is giving us a picture of himself. Why did the thoughts of his sin almost drive him mad? for, as we have seen, he was not a sinner above all who dwelt in Bedford. The theology of that day, which taught that the smallest sin deserved eternal damnation, had something to do with this state of feeling. Then Bunyan, of all men, had a sensitive conscience and a vivid imagination. He was drawing near to the cross; and no one can trifle with sin when the cross is in view. He was making some progress in controlling his sinful inclinations. The more one knows, the more he feels his own ignorance and realizes how much there is yet to learn; so the more he hungers and thirsts for righteousness, and the higher he rises in the true life, the more does he become conscious of his own shortcomings. Every day highs above highs to which he has not risen appear before him, and he hears voices from above, saying, "Come up higher."

Bunyan's struggles would not have been so great, his progress would have been more rapid, had not the theology of that day kept him from understanding that Book which is for the wayfaring man. But every day he makes some progress; he finds out that he has a soul to save as well as a body to feed and clothe; that he must give up all sin; for while in the true way there is room for the body and soul, there is not room for "body, soul, and sin." He treasures the Word of

God in his heart, and, like the good seed, it begins to grow. One day these words came into his mind: "He has made peace through the blood of the cross." He now turns from the law that was given by Moses to the grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ. Mt. Sinai, with its frowns, thunders and lightnings, no longer hangs over him. Calvary is coming into view. He begins to think of Christ as "a man at the right hand of the Father, pleading for me." Like Paul, his hope and glory were in the cross.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Mr. Gifford, the Baptist minister at Bedford, who, I doubt not, is the "Evangelist" of Pilgrim's Progress, did all in his power to help Bunyan.

He finally attains to that condition of soul that every one has who has ever become truly a child of God, and to which every one must come who shall ever become a follower of Christ. He is ready to make a complete and perfect surrender to God. The language of those in this condition is: "All that Thou commandest us we will do; and whithersoever Thou sendest us we will go." "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Had I a thousand gallons of blood in my veins," exclaims Bunyan, "I could freely spill all at the command of my Lord and Saviour." Bunyan was now immersed in the river Ouse, and united with the church of which Mr. Gifford was pastor.

The Baptist Church, at the time Bunyan united with it, was in its infancy in England. But it was com-

posed of persons who read the Bible and formed their own opinions. They were thrifty, industrious, law-abiding citizens. In studying the Bible, they became convinced that infant baptism was not taught in the New Testament, and not practiced by the apostles. And, as Froude says, "If the sacrament is not a magical form, but a personal act, in which the baptized person devotes himself to Christ's service, to baptize children at an age when they can not understand what they are doing may well seem irrational, and even impious."

Bunyan, in the new life, felt that it was his duty to tell the good news to those who were longing and struggling for deliverance, as he had once struggled. His great desire is the salvation of sinners. "In my preaching," says he, "I have really been in pain, and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn. My heart has been so wrapped up in the glory of this work, that I counted myself more blessed and honored of God by this, than if he had made me the emperor of the Christian world." He feels as if an angel stood behind his back encouraging him. He preached with power and enthusiasm. That great scholar, Dr. Owen, said he would gladly lay down all his learning if he could preach and write like Bunyan. Whenever he preached, it was with power and authority. His influence daily increased. He was called Bishop Bunyan, and was recognized as the first preacher of his day. Although he was a dreamer, and lived in an age of dogmatic and speculative preaching, his preaching was always persuasive, practical and

kind. Take one sample from a sermon to parents: "Take heed that the misdeeds for which thou correctest thy children be not learned them by thee. Many children learn that wickedness from their parents for which they beat them. I tell you, if parents carry it lovingly towards their children, mixing their mercies with loving rebukes, and their loving rebukes with fatherly and motherly compassions, they are more likely to save their children, than by being churlish and severe to them. Even if these things do not save them, yet it will greatly ease them at the day of death to consider, 'I have done by my love as much as I could to save and deliver my child from hell.'"

But when Charles II. was fairly established on the throne, a law was passed not only compelling all dissenters to give up their worship, but requiring them to worship according to the forms of the Church of England. Bunyan, of all men, disliked to disobey the authorities; yet he believed that he should obey God rather than man. He tells Justice Keelin that the Bible commands us to pray with the spirit and the understanding; not with the spirit and the prayer-book. The Judge frowns, and warns him to be careful how he speaks of a book that had been in use ever since the days of the apostles!

On the twelfth of November, 1660, Bunyan was arrested and put in jail, and it was over twelve years before he gained his liberty. He stood well in the community, and he was allowed larger freedom than was usually granted to prisoners; in fact, he might have obtained his liberty at any time if he had been willing to promise that he would not preach again. He said he had a gift that he was bound to use, and he

knew it was not sinful for men to meet together and exhort one another to follow Christ. "If I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the gospel again to-morrow." It almost broke his heart to leave his wife, and especially his poor little blind child, which "lay nearer to my heart than all I had besides." "Yet," said he, "I must do it—I *must do it*." He was a reformer. In him dwelt the spirit of the Hebrew prophets. I think it is Dean Stanley who says: "The spirit of the world asks, first, Is it safe? second, Is it true? The prophet asks, first, Is it true? second, Is it safe? The world asks, first, Is it prudent? second, Is it right? The prophet asks, first, Is it right? second, Is it prudent?" Thus the spirit of the world never undertook or carried on any great reform, and never will. The reformer never asks, Is it dangerous? Is it useful? Is it pleasant? but, Is it right? Is it true?

Joseph's life in prison gave him an opportunity to help his fellow-prisoners, and from the prison he stepped almost to the throne. So the prison gave Bunyan an opportunity to do his great work. It became a *home* to him. As he says: "So, being delivered up to the jailer, I was led home to prison." Here he had time to read and think, and dream immortal dreams. He read but few books; he studied only one; but that was the best. The Bible was his book of philosophy, of theology, of literature and of poetry. He talked with Moses and the prophets; he had fellowship with David and the poets whose lips had been touched with the live coal; he held sweet converse with Christ and the apostles.

Of Bunyan's works, it is not my purpose to write. They must be read to be understood and enjoyed. He

was the author of about fifty works. "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners" is really his own "spiritual biography;" or, as Macaulay says, "one of the most remarkable pieces of autobiography in the world." "The Holy War" has been well called the people's Paradise Lost and Regained in one. In the "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," he gives a terrible picture of a man on the downward way. He preaches against swindling and dishonesty in strong and terrible language. It is a good book to read in these days, when there are so many and such strong temptations to be dishonest. It might be read with profit once a year by all persons who are in business. In this work he gives his view of death-bed repentance, which he thinks is seldom of more value than "the howling of a dog." "I am no admirer," says he, "of sick-bed repentance; for I think, verily, it is seldom good for anything."

But his great work is "Pilgrim's Progress," which is said to have been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. One writer mentions nearly forty works whose authors gathered their inspiration from Bunyan. Dr. Johnson, who seldom read a book through, made an exception in the case of "Pilgrim's Progress," and wished that it was longer. It is, according to Macaulay, invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language.

Bunyan lived sixteen years after he was released from prison. They were years of peace and prosperity. In all parts of Europe, and even in America, his writings were calling sinners to repentance, and comforting and strengthening saints. Wherever he went,

great crowds flocked to hear him preach—as many as twelve hundred persons gathering in London at seven o'clock of a dark winter morning. He always rejoiced to hear of conversions, but did not like compliments. A friend once said: “What a sweet sermon you preached to-day!” “You need not remind me of that,” said Bunyan; “the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit.” Divisions among Christians grieved him, and he was one of the first in modern times to plead for Christian union. He was opposed to party names, and wished to be called a Christian, or a Believer, “or any name which was approved by the Holy Ghost.” He did not believe in close communion, as many of our Baptist brethren do to-day, though he did not believe that persons who were grossly immoral should come to the Lord's table.

He went to Reading, where there was a bitter family quarrel. He succeeded in bringing about a happy reconciliation, but it cost him his life; for on his way home he was overtaken by a storm, and took a severe chill, and died in a few days. His last words were: “Take me, for I come to Thee.” His faith in Christ plucked the sting from death.

There is much in his theology that we do not believe. Yet he was an honest, earnest man, who surpassed all the Puritans in charity, sympathy, and a knowledge of human nature. More than any one else of that day, he seems to have understood that sin makes hell, and righteousness makes heaven; that wherever there is sin unrepented of and unforgiven, there is hell, no matter where the person is, or what his surroundings are. He says:

Sin is the worm of hell, the lasting fire;
Hell would soon lose its heat should sin expire;
Better sinless in hell than to be where
Heaven is, and be found a sinner there.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESS.

WHAT THE BIBLE HAS DONE FOR
CHILDREN.

We often speak of what the Bible has done for woman. We show how Christianity found her a slave and elevated her to a condition only a little lower than that of the angels. We tell the truth when we say she lost nothing by being the last at the cross and the first at the tomb. We contrast her condition in heathen lands with her position in Christian countries, and say if the gospel had done nothing but give woman a home in which she is happy and a social circle in which she is queen, it has done a most glorious work.

Again, we speak of Christianity as a civilizing power. We show how the missionary in Ceylon, among its flowers, in Greenland, among its snows, and in Africa, among the negroes, has not only told the savage of the life that is to come, but has taught him how to turn this present life to a good account. We can show that the oppressed are fewer, that the weak are better protected, that laws are kinder and juster in those countries that are only partly under Christian influences. I think it can be clearly shown, as has been said in a new work on "Modern Philosophy," "that the civilization that is not based upon Christianity is big with the elements of its own destruction." I agree with the French skeptic, who said, after all his favorite plans had failed: "I am satisfied that nothing

but *Christianity* can save our country." It is not of what the Bible has done for woman, nor of what Christianity has done for nations, that I intend to talk, but I wish to show you what they have done for children. "Woman Without Christianity" is the title of a chapter in a late work, but Children without Christianity is what I wish to consider now.

When the Prince of Midian was asked by Gideon to describe his brothers, whom they had slain, he said: "Each one of them resembles the children of a king" (Judges viii. 18). This is very much the way parents look at their children now; in their eyes each one of them resembles the child of a king. We say: "If I do say it myself," and "If this is my child, a more obedient, a more affectionate, a more truthful, or a smarter child never lived." In short, "they *resemble* the children of a king." The author of "Helen's Babies" did not leave out many mothers and fathers when he dedicated it "To the parents of the best children in the world." We all have happy recollections of childhood. We remember it as a sunshiny period, when we thought all was gold that glittered, and believed that heaven was not far above the trees.

I do not know that Adam and Eve left Eden any more reluctantly than most of us bid farewell to the garden of childhood. The fact that we never find a girl over sixteen years of age, is proof of what I have said. Childhood is becoming a kind of Mount of Transfiguration, and the children, like Peter, want to build the temple and stay there. In former times heaven was spoken of as a place where *aged* saints, clothed in white, walked and sang with angels in the presence of God. But to all of us heaven is largely

composed of children, and in fact it would be but little of heaven if there were no children there. But the questions I wish to consider now are these: Was childhood always such a happy period? and is it now in other than Christian countries? And if not, what has produced the change?

CHILDHOOD IN HEATHEN COUNTRIES.

Every traveler who has said anything of the social condition of the tribes of Africa and Asia, or of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, has not only shown that children have no moral and religious training, but that their physical condition is most wretched, they being neglected and exposed to all sorts of dangers. One would not do injustice to most heathen parents if, in describing them, he was to use the language of the apostle, and say they are "*without natural affection.*" Their children seem to be seldom in their thoughts. In Japan, says a well-known writer, a father may kill his child at pleasure. We have some skeptics to-day who fancy themselves philosophers, and who are continually telling us that the civilization of China is superior to that of Christian countries, although I notice that none of them wish to move there with their families to enjoy that superior country. Now, the treatment of children in China is so inhuman that we would doubt the stories that have reached us if they were not so well established. When, for example, they wish to produce a hideous monster to attract the attention of some Chinese Barnum, they prepare a sort of a vase, open at the top and bottom, in which they imprison a child, leaving head and arms out. As the child grows it is molded into the shape of the vase.

After years this is removed by breaking, and the horrible specimen is ready for sale or exhibition. Infants are frequently murdered or exposed, especially if they are girls. The birth of a daughter is always regarded as a great misfortune. "I have no children," said a man to a traveler. "Did I not just see a number in the room?" "Ah!" he replied with a sigh, "they are only girls." Vehicles pass up and down the streets of their cities and carry away infants that are thrown out, and they are buried in the same ditch, whether dead or alive.

But, turning from the present condition of children in China, let us glance at child-life in Greece and Rome at the time when they reached their highest civilization. Look especially at Rome during the reign of Augustus, which is called the "Golden Age." I do not find a parent who expressed any hope for his children, or that had any anxiety about their training; and in the literature of that age I have found as yet but one expression of pity for a child. "The age of our fathers," said Horace, "worse than that of our grand-sires, has produced us, who are yet baser, and are doomed to give birth to a still more degraded offspring." Juvenal wrote in despair: "Posterity will add nothing to our immoralities; our children can but do and desire the same crimes as ourselves." One evening, in a palace, a boy slipped and broke a crystal goblet. His master ordered that he should be thrown into a pond to be devoured by the fishes. The boy fled to Cæsar and begged—not that his life might be saved, for this he did not hope—but that he might have a less horrible death. "At this time," says Seneca, "innocence was

not rare, but non-existent." A glimpse at the childhood of Claudius Cæsar may give us some idea of the wretched condition of children at that time. He knew nothing of the pleasant and protecting influences of home, nothing of a father's care or a mother's love. His training in infancy was left altogether to a cruel slave, and both body and mind of the unhappy boy were weakened by the inhuman treatment he received. His mother spoke of him in a most unmotherly way as a monster, which nature had begun but never finished. Upon seeing a dull person she would say: "He is as great a fool as my son Claudius." Had Claudius been a poet, with such a mother, it would have been impossible for him to have written, as Cowper did:

My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son?
I heard the bell that tolled thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.

The blessed season of childhood, to which it is our delight to go back in memory, was a dismal blank to Greek and Roman poets. Philander, Cicero, Virgil and Horace were kind and affectionate men and voluminous writers, yet they do not make a single allusion to their mothers or their early homes. The birth of a child in a Greek or Roman home was often anything but a season of rejoicing. If, when the child was shown to the father, he stooped down and took it in his arms, it became a member of the family. If, however, he did not notice it, the little one was doomed to die, and was generally exposed, upon some barren rock, to the mercy of the wild beasts.

CHILDHOOD IN CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES.

Everything pleasant and beautiful is used as a symbol of childhood. Printing-presses are running night and day, books are written and papers are published by the thousands, for children. Even the weekly press is regarded as very incomplete that has not a child's department. You tax yourselves cheerfully to educate children. You hold conventions and institutes without number to consider the questions of their intellectual, moral and religious culture. Once all the services of the Lord's day were a horror to the children. The old people may have feasted, but there was hardly a crumb that fell from the sanctuary-table for the children. There may have been meat for men, but there was no milk for babes. The parents tied their children to bedposts. But now children's meetings are continually held, in which they are instructed and pleased. I hope the time will come when there will be something for the children in all our services. You can hardly speak of a little child now without your voice breaking into tears, and yet they are not tears of sadness. Youth is no longer a dismal period. Every one talks of happy children, and men and women wish they were children again. There is scarcely a modern poet who has not written some gem about children. In the whole realm of ancient literature there is no such exquisite reference to infancy as that made by Dr. Holland: "Who can tell what the baby thinks? Who can follow the gossamer links by which the manikin feels his way out from the shores of the great unknown into the light of day?" There is not a mother or father here who has not

had the same feelings (although you may not have been able to express them so well) as Bennett had when he wrote "Baby May:"

Health, for which there is no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Joy in care, delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett, and that's my baby.

There are grown people here who will thank Hood for expressing so well their memories of childhood:

I remember, I remember the fir-trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky;
It was childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy.

But why go on? For you all know that what a pin is when the diamond has dropped from it this world would be without children.

WHAT HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THIS HAPPY CHANGE?

In the first book that was ever written, we are told of Isaac, the child of promise, who was born about three thousand five hundred years ago. From that time on, among the descendants of Isaac, children were looked upon as they never were before. To each mother her little one seemed a child of promise. Why was Abraham chosen to be the father of the most remarkable people the world ever saw? "When the children of Abraham became a nation, and a law was given, it was not a law for the old people, but a law to be read before the children, so that the children, which have not known anything, may hear and learn to fear

the Lord God." And this teaching was to continue as long as they lived in the nation which God had given them (Deut. xxxi. 13). Listen, again, to the word of God:

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates (Deut. vi. 6-9).

And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up (Deut. xi. 19).

The Psalmist also felt the importance of this command, for he said:

We will not hide these things from our children, but will make it known unto them,

That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children:

That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandment (Ps. lxxviii. 6, 7).

Thus, by precept upon precept, they were made to feel their responsibility to their children, and by line upon line they were made to understand that the parent's first duty was to teach the children the law of God. Thus, we read of Hannah, who asked for a child, that she might give him to the Lord; and of the parents of Samson, who, before his birth, prayed that they might know what to do to the child that should be born. The Jews, even in their

most degenerate days, had a much stronger affection for and a higher appreciation of their children than the surrounding nations. If one of the Cæsars had slain the children in and about Rome, as Herod, in Bethlehem and the country around, there would not have been such a wailing, lamentation and weeping as that which was heard in Rama. So intense was the feeling of the Jewish women against Herod that Josephus speaks of the clamor against him by "the mothers of those who had been slain by him." Now, at that very time when, in Greece and Rome, fathers were exposing their children to death, and mothers were, if possible, a shade worse than the fathers, a child was born in Bethlehem, who made the cradle a sacred place before his resurrection threw light upon the tomb. Well may we say, "Joy to the world," when we think of that birth, for it surrounded childhood with a halo of glory. An old legion says that the children He placed His hands upon were thought more of than ever before. It seems to me that He must have taken all the children of our day in His arms. What a babe's clothes are when the infant has slipped out of them into the arms of death, would the Bible be if the infant of Bethlehem was not there. You know how children were in the mind of the Apostle Paul, and how John wrote a letter to the "little children" who were Christians.

Thus we see that the religion of the Bible is peculiar in the sacredness that it gives to childhood, in the love and care it enjoins in its behalf.

The Jewish law sanctified childhood; Jesus yearned over it with peculiar tenderness, and gave it his special blessing.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

If, as we have tried to show, our hearts are kinder and our children happier than they were in Greece and Rome, and than they are in China, then the Bible is the Book and Christ is the Person who has brought about the blessed change. What is seen now is but a glimpse of what may be seen—of what will be seen—when more of us shall become diligent students of the Bible and consistent followers of Christ. The Sunday-school is not yet what it should be ; not what it might be ; not what it will be.

First. Many parents are careless as to who shall teach their children, or where they send them to school. They do not feel the importance of teaching them the Bible, or of surrounding them with Christian influence. The "New York Herald" says there are over thirty thousand children of Protestant parents now in Catholic schools. One thing is certain: the salvation of the children is not of first importance with those parents. These may not all join the Catholic church; but they will be of but little account in any other church. You will hear them defend the forms of the Church of Rome. They think that members of the church should not read and interpret the Bible for themselves; and that the Sisters are the best people in the world. There is something else that is quite as bad, if not worse: that is, to send children to skeptical and materialistic teachers, who are continually intimating that this is a dead universe, governed by an absent God—who speak of prophets and apostles being inspired just as poets and painters are now. No arithmetic can calculate the evil that is being done by a class

of persons who are forever talking about all religions being true ; that one religion is as good as another ; that none of them are worth anything. There are parents who tell us that they don't want to prejudice their children in favor of any doctrine. They want them to grow up and choose for themselves. These parents wish to be considered *broad* and *liberal* ; while the truth is, that such talk indicates a weak mind or a bad heart. Mrs. Barrigar says : " I let the children do just as they like about going to Sunday-school. I am afraid if I sent them, they would get a distaste for such things." " Do you let them do as they like about going to the day-school ? " " *No, I send them.*" " Are you not afraid they will get a distaste for such things ? " " My son has joined the church ; and the most satisfactory thing about it is, that I never said anything to him about it—never tried to induce him to take the step." The result of such talk is that a generation of infidels is springing up around us. What would you think of a parent who said : " I never advise my child to seek good society or to go to school ; nor will I forbid him going to gambling places or spending his evenings in saloons. I am very much rejoiced that he has chosen to go to school. The most satisfactory thing about it is that I never warned him against bad company, nor prejudiced him in favor of good." Again : " I will not advise my children to eat bread and meat, nor will I tell them not to eat arsenic and strychnine. I tell them to choose. I don't believe in prejudicing them against arsenic ; it is not right to bias their minds against strychnine." Who does not know that truth is more nourishing than bread, and falsehood more dangerous than strychnine ? If you are not

prompt and diligent in teaching your children the truth, the devil will teach them falsehood. If you do not influence them to act, he will. If you do not teach them to pray; if you do not teach them so that they ever be anxiously conscientious, the devil will put conscience to slumber in a deep sleep, that only awakes to everlasting weeping.

With reference to every subject, there is a truth, and the work of our life should be to find and possess that truth, at whatever cost of time or labor. When the rain descends and the floods arise, all but truth will fall; and at that day when all things shall be tried by fire, all but truth will be consumed. It is of the greatest importance to us and our children that we possess the truth. This is a subject upon which we must feel intensely and believe positively, if we ever exert an influence for good. If you study the Bible so as to get just one truth clear from the rubbish, if you teach it so as to save one soul alive, your life, as a student and a teacher, is anything but a failure; for, by so doing, you have saved yourself and those you taught.

Second. *The homes of some church members are almost as godless as the schools of which we have been speaking.* Not long since I had a conversation with a lady who told me that her children cared nothing for religion, and that she really doubted the truth of Solomon's saying: "Train up," etc. She was sure, if parents were ever anxious to have their children saved, it was herself and husband. They sent them to Sunday-school, and tried to get them to join the church. Let us see: They never went to prayer-meeting; could not afford to take a religious paper, although several trashy weeklies came to the house.

They never went with the children to Sunday-school, but took them to the circus. They sent the children to dancing-school, to learn graceful manners, and at the close of the school, went to see what they did, and praised them, and thanked the dancing teacher for the pains he had taken with them. But they never had a word of praise for the Sunday-school teacher. Because children brought up this way were not Christians, Solomon had not told the truth! The man who was so rejoiced that he had not influenced his child—if that son had never become a Christian, he would have blamed Solomon. Education and example, they say, have nothing to do with a person being a drunkard. Some are born with the thirst. Said a man to me, whose son was intemperate: "I always took my toddy when I felt like it; but always told my children not to drink to excess." A doctor who, although a member of the church, was in the habit of getting on sprees, awoke one morning and saw his two boys tumbling about on the floor. The older one said: "Johnny, let's fall again, like pa does." Yet, I suppose if these boys were to turn out drunkards, or infidels, the father would say, "Solomon did not tell the truth." O that we appreciated the value of a child, so that how to teach him should always be upon our minds; so that we may talk as simply and earnestly as Whitefield did about the lost soul that day when the plumes upon the head-dress of the Duchess quivered, and Chesterfield cried out, "*Good God, he is gone!*"

Third. The most encouraging feature in the religious world, the most hopeful sign of the age in which we live, is the amount of Bible truth that is being planted in the young heart. Upon the hearts of thou-

sands of children indelible impressions are being made, that will carry them up to the throne. This Book has been the source of every reformation. It has not only given the Reformers light, but the power to walk in the light. Murray says: "For six months I have consulted but two books in preparing my sermons—the New Testament, and Webster. The New Testament has furnished me with thoughts and inspiration; Webster has helped me to express myself clearly and forcibly." President Edwards says that, after reading the Bible, "there came into my soul, and was diffused through it, a new sense of the Divine Being." Who can tell how many Reformers shall spring from the ranks of the Church, now in the Sunday-school? For months they quietly packed away the blasts in those great rocks at Hell Gate. There was no visible result. But at last the hand of a little girl touched the battery, and the work was done. In the Sunday-school teaching, the powerful blasts of God's truth are being stored away fifty-two days in a year. They shall shiver the strongholds of sin. "How far yon little candle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Look at Daniel's visions and John. The image shall be broken, and the beasts destroyed.

But we shall never know what the Bible has done for the children, until we stand among the redeemed. If, at the last day, when those gates that are now ajar are thrown wide open, there is only one thing we can say, may it be with reference to our children, and the children we have taught: "Those Thou hast given me I have kept, and *none* of them is lost."

SOME THINGS ABOUT LYING.

The Lord hates a lying tongue and a false witness that speaketh lies (Prov. vi. 17, 19).

He that speaketh lies shall not escape (Prov. xix. 5).

Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man the truth with his neighbor (Eph. iv. 25).

Destitute of the truth (I. Tim. vi. 5).

All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone (Rev. xxi. 8).

Some idea of the value of truth may be learned from such scriptures as these :

He that speaketh the truth in his heart (Ps. xv. 2).

Thou desirest truth in the inward parts (Ps. li. 6).

Buy the truth, and sell it not (Prov. xxiii. 23).

The church is the pillar and ground of the truth (I. Tim. iii. 15).

Charity rejoiceth in the truth (I. Cor. xiii. 6).

If you have listened to these verses which I have quoted, and will give me your close attention for a few minutes, I am sure that the importance of this subject, and the wisdom of speaking upon it, will appear clear as we proceed.

There are some persons who have never been tempted to gamble, to steal, or to drink; but none have reached the age of ten, who have not been tempted to tell a falsehood. There are some temptations that come especially to the young—temptations that do not trouble the old at all. But the old, as well as the young, are seduced from the path of truth.

Falsehood is more nearly related to the devil than anything in this world. Says Christ of the devil :

“There is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it” (John viii. 44). “Why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie unto the Holy Spirit” (Acts v. 3). So, on the other hand, truth brings us near to God. In seeking it, we please Him; in obeying it, we become like Him.

The Persians, thousands of years ago, though ignorant of many things we know, had found out the importance of truth. Hence, they taught their children three things: “To ride, to draw the bow, and to *speak the truth.*”

Your child may graduate in the best school in the world; but his education is sadly defective, if he has not learned to speak the truth. Better speak incorrectly than falsely: By small departures from the truth, one may not only form the habit of telling lies, but will find pleasure in that which is false. There were some of this kind in David’s time: “They delight in lies” (Ps. lxii. 4). What is worse than all, this may be done without our being conscious of it. As has been said, “So much of his heart was eaten away, that there was not heart enough left to know that the rest was gone.” On the other hand, by strict fidelity to truth in little things, we may soon be able to say, with Paul: “I can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.”

CARELESS LYING.

There are many who are careless in listening, and careless in reporting what they hear. They are not malicious, only careless; and yet, by this carelessness, do an untold amount of mischief. No one can be too

careful in listening to anything that they intend to repeat. It is dangerous to do anything carelessly ; dangerous to handle sharp tools or firearms carelessly ; but words are more dangerous than they.

LYING ABOUT PROPERTY.

There are two ways in which this is done. Some wish to be considered rich, and for this purpose tell falsehoods. But before the tax assessor, these same persons tell falsehoods in the other direction. There are persons who are truthful in ordinary affairs ; who would not tell a falsehood in any social affair ; who can be relied on in business matters ; who would punish their children severely for lying ; who yet, year after year, will make a false statement to the assessor about their property, and then swear to it. And these same persons tell us that they believe that Book which says : "All liars shall have their part in the burning lake." Can it be said of these that they have on that part of the armor called the "girdle of truth" ? Think you that this is a sin that God will wink at ?

OFFICIAL LYING.

Before a man who is elected can enter on the duties of his office, he must take an oath to enforce the law faithfully. How many there are who do not even try to keep this oath ! How many men are elected with the understanding that certain laws will not be enforced ! They take the oath, with the intention not to keep it. Does not every officer owe it to God, himself, and the people who elected him, to sacredly keep his oath ? God, who desires truth in the inward parts, will not hold such guiltless.

POLITICAL LYING.

This has become so common, that many do not think it wrong. Political speakers and party papers are perfectly reckless in what they say about the opposite party. Can you form any idea of the way an election will go by what a strictly party paper says? Let the best man in the country run for any important office, and he will be lied about, and accused of almost every crime. Corruption should be exposed; no guilty man should escape; but no man should be lied about.

There are partisans in the religious as well as in the political world, who can not be trusted to make a statement of the belief of any church but their own. How often have I heard it said that we, as a church, believe certain things, that we do not believe any more than we do the infallibility of the Pope. And I have heard it said that we denied things that we believe with all our hearts.

THE WAY CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO LIE.

Many parents and teachers make promises to children that they never keep. I read once the life of a man who kept all his engagements faithfully—who *never* failed to speak the truth. He hated falsehood as he did the devil. He appeared to be truth incarnate. I wondered at this, until I learned one day how strict his father was in keeping promises. His father, when he was eighty years old, promised that his son should see a certain stone wall pulled down; but, forgetting his promise, one day when the boy was away he employed some men to pull it down. After it was all taken away, the father remembered his promise. He had

the men rebuild the wall, so that the boy should see it taken down. No wonder a boy with such a father became the embodiment of truth. We can not be too careful in speaking and acting the truth before children. Their eyes are good ; their hearing is sharp ; their perceptions are quick.

But time would fail to tell of those who borrow money and promise to pay to-morrow, when they know they can not ; of those in business and social circles who make promises that are like ropes of sand ; of those who take a pledge not to drink strong drink, and break it whenever it suits them ; of those who tell wonderful stories about themselves—what they have seen and where they have been—because they can entertain a crowd by so doing ; of that giddy whirl of fashionable society which tends to make people untruthful in little things.

CONCLUSION.

There is only one safe way ; that is, always, at all times, no matter what the circumstances are, to tell the truth. There never was a time—there never will come a time—when the telling of a falsehood could do good, or be justifiable. Some who have saved their lives by a lie, have told us afterwards that they paid too high a price. Lying has never done any good ; it has always done harm. It always pleases the devil ; it always displeases God. It destroys the foundation on which all true character is built.

When I see a person trying to get out of trouble by a falsehood, I think of those words : “There was a certain foolish man that built his house upon the sand.” Does it seem to you that the easiest way out of a diffi-

culty is by an untruth? Remember, "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Every small departure from the truth is but a step into that "*flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.*"

Says George Macdonald: "It is a big thing to say, I am honest." So it is a "big thing" to be able to say, "I am truthful." May speaking the truth and being true become in each one of us a holy passion. May we never cease this strife until truth shall be incarnate in these mortal bodies.

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